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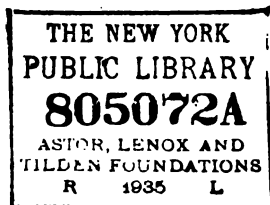
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THE

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VOL. VIII.

JANUARY, 1851.

No. 1.

BRINGING GIFTS TO CHRIST.

A CHRISTMAS HOMILY.

WHEN the wise men of the East, after diligent inquiry, had found the young child Jesus lying in the manger, they presented unto him the gifts they had brought, the costly things of Eastern traffic, — things that monarchs were wont to give each other in token of friendship or respect, — gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Such were the first offerings made to Christ, — such the first homage paid him who was to find on earth no place for his weary head. How they contrasted with his present condition, — gold, frankincense, and myrrh, there in the stable of an Eastern inn, brought as the tribute of the age and wisdom of a far country to the first rising star of a new faith! How they contrasted with his whole life, — a life of weariness and self-sacrifice, of poverty and meekness, of ministering, rather than being ministered to! Gold, frankincense, and myrrh for him whose only crown was of thorns, whose only royal robe was flung about him in mockery, whose only sceptre was a reed, who died upon a cross! Gold, frankincense, and myrrh for Christ! It was well meant; but what had he to do with these?

However incongruous the kind of gifts thus presented may seem, the feeling that prompted the long travel and the costly presents is one which it were well for us all to have. Dwelling in a distant country, subjects of another faith, rumors of a new

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prince about to come had reached these venerable students of the heavens; and, at the appearing of the new star, they had left their quiet pursuits that they might pay their homage — the homage of years and wisdom — to him who, according to the teachings of their art, was to exercise a mighty power in the world. Filled with anticipations of such a sort, they must have faltered when the star stood over the stable of a common inn of the little city Bethlehem. But they had faith, and, leaving their gifts at the feet of the young child, returned to their own country.

The nature of the mission and the character of the kingdom of Christ are now beginning to be truly understood. He stands before us greater than kings, the first of created beings; not one worthy of homage, but the only worthy object of homage, save Him who is his Father, as He is ours. Not as kings desired, those old days, to be worshipped on obsequious knees, with vain words and costliest gifts, does he ask us to reverence him; not outward pomp and show and cost does he seek the tokens of real love and a true service; not such gifts as the world has does he ask, or will he accept. His place is in the heart: the reverence of the heart he seeks, and only the consecration of the heart will he accept. Only do we wisely reverence Jesus when we prostrate ourselves before him, and consecrate every gift we may possess, every power we may acquire, to his service.

We have, all of us, gifts of nature, heaven-descended bestowals of some sort or other. These we are apt selfishly to consider our own, and use for our own purposes. We take to ourselves the glory, instead of giving it to God, and deprive him of that right which he has to their highest use. A man of great intellect and superior intellectual attainments will look into the world to see in what way those talents may be made most available to himself. He tries to find what the world desires, — what will please it best, and secure the rewards he craves. How much of the talent, genius, promise, of the world has been prostituted so! how many have been turned to basest uses! A man like Byron or Bulwer-Lytton has in his hands the capacity for untold good or evil. The world for whose taste he panders is evil, and so his vast powers are turned over to the side of Satan, — his gifts presently consecrated to, accepted by, the great element of evil. The sculptor, painter, astronomer, philosopher, have like power; and

the various branches they pursue, as they unfold them, may develop the power and love and wisdom of God, — may sway and lift the soul, or they may plunge it into the deep waters of sensuality and atheism. Great men have too often turned their powers this way, and the world suffers grievously from their error. Their powers were not lent them for such purposes. They are not theirs to do with as they choose. They have no right to court the approval of men, or magnify themselves in their eyes, at the expense of holiness, purity, truth. These gifts are God's loans. They are to be consecrated to the service of the Redeemer, laid humbly at his feet, and devoted to his purposes. No power has got its true direction — is in the right sphere of development — that is not consecrated to the work of Christ; that is not used in subservience to the highest ends; that has not always before it the accomplishment of something more or less directly connected with the unfolding and establishment of the truth as it is in Jesus. Men — like West or Cole the painters, like Nichol the astronomer, like the present popular lecturer on natural history in our neighborhood, or like him who, from the "old red sandstone" of Scotland, has developed truth that overthrows the skeptical assertions of the "Vestiges of Creation" — who use their powers to develop God's purposes and plans, to interpret the history of God's works and ways; who never lose sight of the great underlying truths, and the great overruling Providence, — such are men whose gifts, consecrated to their Master, are doing well a work which genius has too often despised and left undone. No goodlier sight can be than such men submitting their powers to the disposal of the Spirit of truth; themselves, as it were, standing by, and only lifting the curtain that we may see into such truths as their efforts have developed. Blessed the men who will bring their gifts, the best that they have, and lay them at the feet, and devote them to the service, of the holy Jesus!

Just now there is one attracting the admiring attention and respectful homage of this Western hemisphere, as she has already of the more enlightened portion of the Eastern. Never did a private individual, never did a woman, attract so much notice, such enthusiastic regard; — alas that it should be so foolishly and annoyingly testified! Never did success of statesman or warrior equal that of this humble woman; never did human

praise seem more lavish or better deserved. And why is it all? Why that our oldest and most sedate, as our youngest and most thoughtless, — ay, these rather than those, — should be so moved from the centre of their gravity? Is it because a young woman who has stood before kings, and won the praise and the bounty of crowned heads by her marvellous voice, has come to these far shores to startle us with notes almost superhuman? Partly, but not mainly, I think. That *voice* might attract *as great* crowds, but not *such* crowds, — might turn some heads and hearts, but not such as now bend beneath the potent sway and nameless witchery of her song. *It* could not alone achieve the fame which will always attach itself to her memory. It is not her *gift* that has made her celebrated and beloved, but that she has presented unto Christ her gift, consecrated it to him, his service, and uses it to blessed ends, — an angel of sweet charities wherever she goes. It is not that she sings as angels might, but that she does as angels do, — stoops to the wants and woes and wretchedness and ignorance of men, and leaves her benison as she passes. Thus she gets this mighty grasp upon the souls of men, calling up the best feelings of their nature, revealing to them hidden elements of virtue in themselves, making them go away feeling better that they have heard her. Long before I had heard a note of hers, her *deeds of love*, in happiest unison with the holy spirit of the Master, had thrilled me, as the *voice* could never, and made my being vibrate with the harmony. Great performers often move one with wonder and admiration at the perfection of their art, but the *soul* remains untouched; so evidently there is no high consecration of their powers. Here the deep waters of the Spirit are moved at their fountains, for art has become the handmaid of nature, and been baptized of grace; and you feel that this woman, instead of selfishly using her powers for her own aggrandizement, is doing what God would have us all do with our powers, — applying them to the noblest ends, making her gift a coöperative principle in the great duty of showing forth the goodness of God and the loveliness of virtue.

Now, here is a grand duty of life. We have all gifts of greater or less magnitude, and they ought *all* — the humblest power of the humblest individual — to be presented to Christ, and used in his service. They are all we have to give, and they are what he asks. Not myrrh and frankincense, more grateful to the pam-

pered senses of luxury and pomp, than one humble power of a man, or a woman, or a child, given up to Christ; turned from ignoble purposes, selfish ends, — sanctified so.

But some one says, "How can I do this? I am a plain mechanic, working all day hardly at my trade, busy with my hands in a prescribed routine of labor. I am poor, have had little advantage, do not see any special gift that I have, nor how I shall present it to my Master, or what do when I have done it." Another says, "I am a lonely woman, getting my pittance by my needle, scarcely keeping my body from the wants and inclemency of the season, with no time for others, and no gifts for Christ." And here a child looks up in wonder, that it should have any thing to give to Christ. All these say, It is well for the great and gifted to consecrate their powers, but *they* have none.

This is because men do not understand what their gifts are, nor wherein consists a consecration of them. It is a gift to be able to handle a plough or an axe or a needle, or to run about in the untrammelled liberty and glee of childhood. Whoever, by holy thought, makes these subsidiary to his own spiritual training, sees in these God-given capacities causes for gratitude and demands for action, uses them for others as well as for himself, consecrates them to the service of that Master whose great work it was to interpret God, by means of whose gospel it is that he knows how to refer these back to the Deity, and connect them with the thought of him. It is not the amount of power for which a man is responsible, but the direction he gives to that amount given him; and if the one-talent which exhausts itself at the bench, or in the seam, or in the fleet limbs of childhood, is used humbly, honestly, religiously, it has been consecrated to its highest purpose, is more pleasing to Jesus than all vain oblations and sacrifices of costly things, and will do for your souls what gold and frankincense and myrrh never could do for the first worshippers about Messiah's cradle.

But we are none of us so poor as to be merely working with our hands for daily bread. Every one is something more, better than this, — has more capacity, other gifts, — even the very humblest, — for Christ. We are not merely machines for the accomplishment of so much daily labor. Our life is not first, nor mainly, here. We are moral, spiritual, — all of us; have moral,

spiritual gifts, powers capable of culture; and, if cultivated in the right direction, if consecrated, yielding a large and blessed return. We may not have voices which shall charm a world; but we have lips that may sing sweetly of the love of God, or that may speak the words of truth, of charity, of sympathy; that may plead for the oppressed, rebuke wrong, and magnify God. We may not be able to collect the wealth that shall endow hospitals, or establish charities or churches; but we can do the simple deed of love, the homely, unseen, needed act, that shall cheer a fainting heart, minister to a distressed body, or pacify a disquieted spirit. We may not move with our eloquence, or astonish with our grace; but there is an eloquence and a grace in the quiet bearing of one's burden, in the meek acceptance of the cross beneath which you totter in resignation, patience, faith, that shall outweigh the mere eloquence of unholy lips, the graces of unsanctified lives. In any sphere in life in which you move, though it be only in the confined limits of your sick chamber, there is a chance for the noblest consecration of the highest gifts, God gives a soul, to the service of Christ. For his highest gifts are the spiritual powers which ally us to himself, — powers which we may pervert, and by perverting they shall drag us as far below our present selves, as by right using we shall lift ourselves above what we are now. Perverted, they make us earthly, sensual, devilish, without God in the world, mere grovellers in the pollution and mire of sensuality and sin; but used well — for Christ — they lift us into his image, and make us joint inheritors with him; participating now in the triumphs into which his spirit leads, and preparing the way for the complete victory hereafter.

To Christ, then, we need to bring *all* that we are or have, — every thought and purpose of our hearts, every capacity of our spirits, and every faculty of our bodies; to present our bodies and our souls living sacrifices, holy and acceptable, which is our reasonable service. In vain shall we seek him, if it be not to lay at his feet our best, our costliest offerings; the powers given us, and the powers attained by us. Many are they who have seen the star in the East, and who have come to look upon the child, and have called themselves votaries of his; but they have left no earnest tokens of their faith lying at his feet, have subjected no power or passion or will to him, have never known one genuine

act of sacrifice to the cause of Jesus. Many are they who covet the reputation of his worshippers, who would make men think that they had paid an accepted homage, who have joined or built a church, or battled for some sect, while all the time the unregenerate heart, with its vile appetites and passions, burned within them, and no one power had been submitted to the sway of gospel truths, no one effort consecrated to the Saviour's service. It needs some substantial token to prove the sincerity of a man's professions, some costly offering, hardly earned, and brought from afar, — the gold, the frankincense, the myrrh, of a pure heart, of earnest, manly, growing virtue ; not a formal declaration of allegiance, but a presentation of gifts, — an entire, hearty resignation of them to a higher and a better Will. The magi *left* their gifts, — not only brought and showed and offered, but *left* them, — such gifts as monarchs make to monarchs, the costliest things their far country could produce. Can we do less, — less than *leave* our offerings, our gifts, with Christ, to be used by him, as his spirit working in us shall direct ?

And this should be a glad service, rendered with rejoicing ; a free gift, brought not with listless, lagging feet, because we *must* ; but with joy and gladness, because we *will*, — a free-will offering of the heart, of the best gifts in our possession. God loves a cheerful giver, and the deed only blesses when it is done with cheerfulness. How shall the glad, hearty consecration of our powers to Christ bless us ; — our deeds, our affections, our aspirations, our desires, the best we have and all we have ! It is this the Saviour gave *to* us, it is this he asks *of* us ; and he may well feel that they dishonor him, and are dead to all his love, who have only a paltry offering, a form, an outside faith, a cold prayer, a languid aspiration, a selfish life. He has given his *best* to us, — his *life* ; why shall we not give our best to him, — *our lives* ? It should be done ; it must be done ; else, having refused to consecrate our gifts to him while here, we shall be refused of him hereafter those gifts which he has promised the faithful.

J. F. W. W.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Pile on the Christmas logs,
Higher and higher :
Cheerily, cheerily
Crackles the fire.

Now let the bells ring out
Merrily, merrily ;
Now let the children shout
Cheerily, cheerily.

Let no harsh voices sound
Drearly, drearily ;
Let nought but joy abound,
Merrily, merrily.

Now let home-voices sound,
Brimful of meaning ;
Now let bright eyes abound,
Radiantly beaming.

Let not a note be heard
Breathing of sorrow ;
Let not a soul bring here
Care for the morrow.

Pile on the Christmas logs,
Higher and higher :
Cheerily, cheerily
Crackles the fire.

Herald of future bliss !
Joyously dawning ;
Hail to thee ! hail to thee !
Bright Christmas morning !

Indeed 'tis a day that may well be bright,
For the "Star in the East" hath made it light,
And the sacred birth of the Undeiled
Is promise of bliss to the little child.

And now is the mother's true time for prayer,
 When all her household are gathered there,
 And the joyous young group around her knee
 Are filling her heart with Love's mystery ;
 And the Holy Love which encircleth all
 Is the God who marketh the sparrow's fall :
 He has guarded her loved through every ill,
 And, living or dying, has kept them still ;
 For His is the true love which never errs,
 More holy and steady and strong than hers.

Then pray on your Christmas holiday ;
 Pray for your loved ones while yet ye may ;
 Pray, ere there cometh the trial-hour,
 For the Christmas prayer hath redeeming power.

ARRITA.

If the repentance of the sinner communicates joy to the heavenly world, there must be pleasure in the sight of Fidelity fondly sweeping among the waste of things for the lost piece of virtue ; Hope sitting on the shore of evil, trying to discern the form of the beloved one in the distant wreck ; Affection welcoming the weather-worn memories of other days, opening its doors to the promise and aspiration of a new life, and healing the wounds which sin has made. If Love cannot forgive, how shall Justice ever ? — *Richard Edney.*

THE religious tie is perhaps as strong as can bind two hearts together ; the tie that comprises time and eternity, God and man ; that has for its basis the most solemn and liberal, the most simple and magnificent, exercises of the soul ; that sweeps the earth in quest of objects to pity or to save, and still finds in the nearest and homeliest duties the repose of contentment, the affluence of satisfaction, and the lustre of fame ; that moves with Destiny, and reposes on Providence ; that loves Love, exalts in the Pure and swells in the Light, as the new-starting bud of the spring anemone. — *Richard Edney.*

THE CURRENTS IN THE VOYAGE OF LIFE;

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON.

BY REV. A. P. PRABODY, OF PORTSMOUTH, N.H.

ACTS, xxvii. 17. — "They strake sail, and so were driven."

THE ocean is permeated by currents, which often bear a ship in a direction opposite to that in which her sails are set, and which noiselessly sweep her on, when she seems becalmed. Thus the navigator cannot trust for the knowledge of his position to his log alone, but must daily renew his observation of fixed points in the heavens. In no respect does the trite comparison of life to a voyage apply more forcibly than in this. We do not always make progress in the direction in which we set sail; and, when we think ourselves stationary, we are unconsciously borne away by strong currents, whose force we did not anticipate, and cannot calculate. Thus, in order to know where we are, and how far and in what direction we have gone, we must take observations of the heavens, — of the law of God and the life of Christ. For such observations the present is a peculiarly appropriate time; and, that I may aid you in your self-examination, permit me to group what I have to say under the two chief items of my nautical comparison, — the currents and the sails; the influences to which we yield, the energies which we put forth; the degree to which we float on circumstances, that in which we govern them.

Life is full of currents. No one of us is the same that he was at the beginning of the last year. Many of us, I fear, have trusted ourselves entirely to the currents, and have let them bear us on without resistance. But, if so, it has been to our loss and damage. It is idle to say that the world is generally right, and that the influences around us may be safely trusted. There is one fact which shows us the contrary. We can as yet point to no community, to no extended circle of society, the majority of whose members are guided by principle, live as spiritual beings, and keep religious ends in view. So long as this is the case, there will be a solemn emphasis in the declaration, "Whosoever will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God;" and in the

exhortation, "Be not conformed to this world." Where the tone of general feeling and habit is not positively bad, it is low, unspiritual, unfavorable to the growth of kind or devout affections. Then, too, there are certain eddies of immense power, into one or another of which most of us are drawn, and in every year's spiral circuit are constantly approaching the vortex.

I have no doubt that among you there are many who are conscious of having, during the last year, made no effort to improve, and, at the same time, of having deliberately taken no retrograde movement, and who imagine, therefore, that this year finds them with the same characters with which they entered upon the last. But this is very far from being the case. Through the influences to which you have passively yielded, all your prominent traits of character have acquired a fixedness, depth, and power, which render them more fully yours, and make them much more difficult of change. Are you self-indulgent? Your power of self-control is less than it was a year ago. You approach nearer the verge of excess. Your prudent friends oftener tremble for you, and the more because you are so wholly unaware of the change, so secure of a virtue which you take no pains to defend or cherish. Are you indolent? Sloth has hung new clogs about your feet, new weights upon your spirit. You are roused to effort with more difficulty than formerly, and are fast sinking into a lethargy, from which the resurrection-trumpet alone can startle you. Are you living for pleasure only? Though the zest of enjoyment may be less, the necessity of pursuit is greater than formerly. The void in your soul, which you seek to fill with the frivolities of life, grows deeper and more exacting; and there never was a time when trifles seemed so essential and momentous to you as now. Are you an eager competitor in the arena of traffic and of gain? The love of money has been growing upon you without your consciousness. You perhaps think yourself generous. You may have been so. You may now be not wholly otherwise; but you are less generous than formerly. The more you acquire, the harder it is for you to give. Avarice is fastening upon you, clenching your grasp, freezing your heart; and, if you leave yourself to the current, death alone can save you from a sordid and miserly old age. Are you living without religious thought or purpose, without prayer, without reference to the world of

retribution? You perhaps imagine heaven as near you as in your childhood, and suppose that you can readily recall the religious impressions of your early days. But the current has been setting away from the celestial shore. Thoughts that were once familiar have grown dim and distant. The image of God, that used to rest on outward scenes and passing events, no longer meets your eye. Your conscience has become less quick, discriminating, and tender. Without your formally disowning a single duty, or denying a single truth of Christianity, it has lost every year more and more of its hold upon you, and your character never showed so little of its influence as now. Thus by the mere lapse of time does character always change for the worse, where there is no effort to make it better.

In what I have said, I by no means speak reproachfully of God's world. It is a good world, and every thing in it is excellent, beautiful, and perfect in its place and use. Yet, of many things, the heaven-appointed use is the overcoming and renouncing of them. They are tests of strength and principle,—obstacles to be surmounted by earnest effort; and, by means of them, our souls gain vigor. But the world without God—the world with a thick veil drawn between earth and heaven—in which the majority of our fellow-men live, is a bad world, and all its influences are bad. We cannot yield to them, without making shipwreck of faith, piety, and spirituality; without losing the freshness and beauty of the virtues that we once practised; scarcely without suffering those virtues to become at first mere outward decencies, and then to lapse into the vices that are the most nearly allied to them.

It is sad to watch the advancing years of one who makes no effort to improve. I might trace for you the course of a young man, who started in life with refined tastes and generous sentiments, with approval and admiration for all that was excellent,—in fine, just such a young man as Jesus would have regarded with love, and pronounced not far from his kingdom. But he was not in the kingdom. His good habits were not founded on principle. His approval of goodness sprang not from love of God in the heart. His generosity was a sentiment, not a virtue. With his opening manhood, whatever of the good seed had been sown in his soul sprang up among thorns. His lot was cast among those who looked to no end beyond the gain or pleasure of the day;

whose souls had become materialized by engrossing occupations, or by equally engrossing amusements. There was neither refinement nor spirituality in their communings; but all their influence was adapted to repress feeling, to deaden sympathy, and to confine interest and effort to earthly good. With them piety was fanaticism, and charity was Quixotism. Under such tutelage, those who have followed this young man with a friendly eye have witnessed the gradual wearing away of what gave a charm to his early promise. His face has lost its frank and guileless expression. His voice has parted with its rich and fervent tones. He has no longer a ready appreciation of the beautiful and the good. His heart has no response for elevated sentiment. He has become worldly, sordid, and mean, or else frivolous, giddy, and reckless, or, it may be, headstrong, harsh, and obdurate; and the friends of his youth fail to recognize any of those traits which awakened their early love for him, and their fond hopes in his behalf.

In like manner, I might draw the picture, which has too many originals in real life, of the young woman who almost took Mary's place at her Saviour's feet. But she did not take it. The covenant-angel hovered long over her steps, and only waited for her to speak the word of invitation to fold his wings over her spirit; but earth-born angels — the cares or the gayeties of opening womanhood — contended with him for the possession of her soul, and, because she remained passive, they won the day. While she suspects not that her character has undergone any change, she has gradually lost her interest, not only in religious truth, but in all subjects possessed of intrinsic dignity and excellence. She has grown heartless, frivolous, and selfish. No generous impulse stirs her activity; no prompt and cordial sympathy marks her social life. She has, it may be, in a family of her own, the happiness of others confided to her care, — the immortal souls of children entrusted to her nurture. And she is perhaps faultless in the order or the thrift of her household, — in the show for the world's eye, or in the arrangements for the material comfort of those under her roof. But in her youth you would have expected that she would be one of those, of whom it is said in Holy Writ. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Yet you can trace nothing of all this in her domestic character, — no spirituality, no outgoing of refined thought and elevated feeling, no influences adapted to educate the

souls under her charge for lofty purposes, — for virtue, piety, and heaven. In looks, voice, manners, and character, she is simply a woman of the world, endowed with just those superficial excellencies, without which she must forfeit her good name among those as worldly as herself, but utterly unfit for every relation, office, and duty appertaining to the spiritual life.

Such is the growth of character earthward, from the "heaven" that "lies about us in our infancy;" such the "shades of the prison-house," that "close upon" those who abandon themselves to external influences, — float on the current, — take life as they find it.

Here, then, we have a most important and timely topic for self-examination. Let each ask himself, "Have I, during the year that has just closed, been conscious of moral effort? Have I strenuously employed my own judgment; given heed to my own conscience; followed my own convictions of duty; sought to bring the highest motives to bear upon my own independent will? Or have I passively yielded myself to surrounding voices and examples, — suffered circumstances to determine my course; random influences to control my will; a habit formed, I know not how, to bear sway over my life? Have I been under the government of fixed principle, or of random impulse? Have I had in view moral and spiritual aims, earthly aims, or none? Have I sought to grow in goodness? or have I taken it for granted that I was already good enough? Have I exercised constant watchfulness over my soul and life? or have I left my soul unguarded, my life unguided?" These are the self-questionings with which we should enter on another of the few stages of probation which remain for us, before the account of our earthly life is rendered to the Judge of the living and the dead.

I have thus spoken of the passive life which we are so prone to lead. The wary navigator uses all diligence to ascertain the direction and strength of the ocean-currents. He shuns them if he can; and, if not, when they would bear him from his port, he so sets his sails and steers his ship as to stem or cross them, and, while within their influence, never remits his vigilance, or loses a momentary advantage of which he can avail himself. Such is the law of Christian navigation towards the celestial city. The Christian never yields to the current, but always seeks to stem or cross it. And, though the mariner may encounter calms or

adverse winds, and with all his skill may make no headway, or, with sails all set, may lose more than he gains, thanks be to God the wind that fills the Christian's sails never veers and never lulls. That wind is the breath of prayer, and it always sets heavenward. The full sail and the favoring wind—effort and prayer—are the vital forces of character and of progress. Neither is complete without the other. Effort alone terminates in hand-work, in formalism, in heartless obedience, in the form of godliness without its power, in the body of devotion without its soul. Prayer alone degenerates into vague, feeble sentimentality. Nor need the two be disjoined at any moment. They must concur, like the sail and the wind, in every progressive movement of the spirit. The true prayer is that which not only desires, but strives; not only meditates on God, but aspires toward him; not only communes with, but transcribes, the divine excellence. And true religious effort is acted prayer,—prayer lived out,—inasmuch as it is inspired, sustained, and strengthened by consciousness of God's presence, reference to his will, and desire for his blessing.

Never were such prayer and such effort more needful than now. Our times have peculiar perils. There is, I suppose, little danger of open infidelity, but much of that indifference which does not deem religion of sufficient importance for hearty denial or opposition. The temptations to gross vice are not, I suppose, more numerous than at previous times, though their pestilence is always abroad. But material industry has been so rapidly developed, and such a stimulus has been given to every form of worldly activity within the last few years, as to engross men's thought and interest in worldly affairs more fully than half a century ago would have been deemed possible. With daily intelligence from the whole earth, with materials for speculation from all the courts and markets of Europe, with tides in the political and the mercantile world ebbing and flowing almost as often as the tides of the ocean, with public and private enterprise stimulated to the last degree, our danger is of merging our spiritual being in mere outward activity; of being machines rather than men; of letting material things crowd God, character, heaven, and eternity out of view. Retirement and quiet have grown obsolete terms with many. Self-communion they deem a venerable pulpit-phrase, handed down from the cloisters of the middle ages. Character they think synonymous with reputation; worth, with thrift; vir-

tue, with activity. So long as the mails are stopped and places of business closed on Sunday, they are willing, for the sake of old associations, to let religion utter its voice in the church, on condition that it shall not intrude on secular time, shall have no place in the affairs of the nation, and bear no sway in the seat of traffic. But religion, as an inseparable element of being, as the guide of life, as the highest aim and end of man, is an idea sadly uncongenial with the spirit of our times. Would we maintain it, it can only be by persevering prayer and earnest effort, by the faithful discipline of our own souls, and by diligent communion with the Father of our spirits.

My friends, has the past year borne witness to such prayer and effort on our part? Strong currents have been setting against devotion; against self-communion; against independent, conscientious action. The year was one of unusual excitement and activity on themes of secular interest; and, with many of us, the actual and lawful claims of worldly affairs seemed, though we had no right to make them, engrossing. Have those of us who call ourselves Christians kept our Christian calling steadily in view? Has the end of our faith — the heavenly prize — held its place in our sight high above all secular prizes, all earthly ends? Have our souls maintained their independent life and activity? Have we sought, watched, cherished, the growth of principle, of character, of piety toward God, of justice and charity to man, of inward sincerity and purity? Have we remembered that we are but sojourners here, — citizens of a heavenly country?

I trust that, at least among those who have named the name of Christ, the last year did not pass wholly without prayer and religious effort. But it demands our earnest inquiry, whether they were sufficiently diligent and fervent to stem all opposing influences, and to ensure our actual growth in goodness. The navigator, among strong currents, trusts not to the fact of his having set sail against them, and never lets a fit time pass without ascertaining his place by observation of the heavens. It were well for us to do the same as regards our spiritual estate, — to mark from time to time our feelings and habits with reference to God, Christ, duty, and eternity; so that at any epoch, by comparing our present with our past condition, we could answer the momentous question, "Progress or no progress?" Was the first sabbath of the last year, as your preacher strove to make it, a season of solemn

self-recollection? Did you then inquire in what relation you stood to the objects of religious worship, reverence, and duty? If so, you may now perhaps be able to answer such questions as these: "Do I feel, less than a year ago, the power of my easily besetting sins? Are temptations which I then found strong, weaker now? Have virtues which were difficult grown easier? Is my sense of the divine presence more constant and controlling? Does heaven seem nearer, and its life more attractive? Do I think of Christ with warmer affection, and take more delight whenever I recognize in myself marks of kindred to him? Is prayer a less embarrassing and a happier exercise? and does its spirit diffuse itself more habitually and constantly over my daily life? Do I more readily check resentment, petulance, censoriousness? Have I become more forbearing, generous, charitable? Is my consciousness of the divine acceptance more clear; my hope of heavenly happiness firmer and brighter?" Such questions as these it were well that we were able to answer, not yearly, but daily. Not without benefit, though seemingly mechanical, has been the practice adopted by many excellent people, of making daily or frequent record of their states of feeling and character; of the way-marks of their spiritual progress. Such a diary, if not kept in form, we can keep on the fleshly tablets of our hearts; and thus, by daily observation of the unchanging luminaries of the spiritual firmament, and the comparison of our present with our past selves, may know whether we are making progress; whether we are simply stationary; or whether prayer has been too cold, and effort too languid, to hold our place against adverse currents of example and influence.

I have thus set before you themes for self-examination, appropriate at all times, especially so at a season like this. Such thoughts may seem out of harmony with the congratulations and hopes of the New Year; but how congenial are they with the scenes of desolation, grief, and mortal agony, which for some of us must mark its record! The procession of the year's dead will soon begin to move, and who of us will lead it God only knows. But never can it be easier than now for us to prepare to join it. We, who watch by the dying, are often witnesses of their regret that the subjects of religious thought had been postponed till death drew near; and, whether it be through the serene joy which mature faith and piety shed over the parting scene, or through

the trepidation and anxiety of those who attempt to hurry on the preparation-robe while death's messenger is at the door, we never leave such a scene without a new impression of the momentous importance of a Christian life, as the only sure means of a happy death. May the admonishing voices of the season and of the Divine Spirit so touch our hearts, and hallow our coming lives, that, when time for us shall be no longer marked by the revolutions of these lower heavens, we may be found meet for that sphere where the sun never sets, and the moon goes not down; "for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

NOAH AND THE FLOOD.

BY REV. JAMES W. THOMPSON, D.D.

(Continued from the December No., p. 538, vol. vii.)

WE have now given the substance of the Bible-account of the deluge; and it must be admitted, that it has difficulties in the way of our faith very hard to overcome. They need not be stated here. Found in any other book, with nothing in science or history to corroborate it, we should say the story was intrinsically incredible, and put it down at once as a gross exaggeration of the truth, or a pure fiction. But, with the light on the subject derived from other sources, — seeing, too, how well-preserved are the links of tradition from Noah to Abraham and from Abraham to Moses, — it becomes us to pause long before we venture to say, that, in its main features, it is not authentic. Now, what is there to confirm this account of the deluge? It is verified by two important witnesses; namely, geological science and tradition. Although learned geologists may differ as to the *universality* of a deluge, and also as to the degree to which the fact of such a deluge may account for certain phenomena usually ascribed to it, — such as the spoils of the ocean deposited upon the tops of mountains, and the remains of animals imbedded in countries where they have never been known to live, and fossil plants and trees far away from their native latitudes, — yet they agree that the appearances of the earth in many parts clearly indicate the violent action of water in such force and quantity as is paralleled

by nothing within the knowledge of man. They agree that in the earlier periods of the earth it must have been subjected to stupendous and devastating convulsions in the form of *floods* and *volcanic eruptions*. Evidences of these they find everywhere, plain and indisputable. While, then, geology may fail to establish the fact of the *particular* deluge we are considering, or of any single universal deluge, it has nothing, as we understand, to weaken the probability of *such* a one; and enough to make it certain that one or more deluges of great extent must have occurred at a very early age. So much for geology. Now as to tradition. The ancient Egyptians believed — so says the “*Timæus*” of Plato — that the earth had been subjected to several conflagrations and *deluges*, whereby the gods arrested the career of human wickedness, and purified the world from guilt. The sect of Stoics taught the doctrine of world-destroying *catastrophes*, — the *deluge* sweeping away the whole human race, and annihilating all animal and vegetable growths; and the *ecpyrosis*, or conflagration, dissolving the globe itself. The Hindoos are more explicit, devoting an entire Parána to the circumstances of their traditional flood. Here is a translation: “At the close of the last Calpa, there was a general destruction, occasioned by the sleep of Brahma, whence his creatures in different worlds were drowned in a vast ocean. The Lord of the universe, loving one pious man, who implored him, and intending to preserve him from the sea of destruction caused by the depravity of the age, thus told him how he was to act: ‘In seven days from the present time, O thou tamer of enemies! the three worlds will be plunged in an ocean of death; but, in the midst of the destroying waves, a large vessel sent by me for thy use shall stand before thee. Then shalt thou take all the medicinal herbs, all the variety of seeds; and, accompanied by seven saints, encircled by pairs of all brute animals, thou shalt enter the spacious ark, and continue in it secure from the flood.’” The Chaldeans also had a Noah, named Xisuthrus; and this is the story told of him by Berosus: “The Deity appeared to him in a vision, and warned him that on a certain day there would be a flood, by which mankind would be destroyed. He therefore enjoined him . . . to build a vessel, and take with him into it his friends and relations, and to convey on board every thing necessary to sustain life, together with all the different animals, both birds and quadrupeds, and trust himself

fearlessly to the deep. . . . He obeyed the divine admonition, and built a vessel five stadia in length and two in breadth. Into this he put every thing which he had prepared; and, last of all, conveyed into it his wife, his children, and his friends. After the flood had been upon the earth, and was in time abated, he sent out birds from the vessel, which, not finding any food, nor any place whereupon they might rest their feet, returned to him again. After an interval of some days, he sent them forth a second time; and they now returned with their feet colored with mud. He made a trial a third time with these birds; but they returned to him no more: from whence he judged that the surface of the earth had appeared above the waters. He therefore made an opening in the vessel, and, upon looking out, found that it was stranded upon the side of some mountain, upon which he immediately quitted it. . . . He then paid his adoration to the earth; and, having constructed an altar, offered sacrifices to the gods." — The Greeks also had traditions of great and desolating floods. Those of Ogyges and of Deucalion in particular are familiar to us. That of the latter, as described by Ovid, translated by Dryden, has many points of resemblance to that of the Bible. After describing the progress of the flood till it had buried the earth and all creatures, Parnassus, the Grecian Ararat, comes in sight, and,

"High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting moored his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perished man: *they two were human kind.*"

Now, whether these traditions be regarded as running back, and having their root in the Noachic story, or as referring to independent events of a similar nature, they all go to establish the point, that, in the early ages of the world, a general belief existed that a wide-spread deluge, terribly destructive of life, from which only a very few human beings had escaped as by miracle to replenish the earth with inhabitants, had occurred. How can we better account for this belief than by admitting the general truth of the statement in Genesis as the ground of it; or by allowing the reality of other similar deluges, and so admitting the intrinsic probability of this one? Of the accuracy of that statement in its main points, we see, then, no sufficient reason to doubt. If asked

whether we believe the deluge was literally universal, our reply is, that that is a question for natural science rather than biblical criticism; but that, at any rate, the description is faithful to the *appearance*. They who survived the flood saw the highest mountains covered with its waters, and they naturally inferred that there could be no land dry in all the earth. If asked whether pairs of all animals then existing in any part of the earth were preserved in the ark, we answer, It is enough for us to believe that those were thus saved that were native to the country of Noah, and liable to be swept away and destroyed; for, to an Asiatic mind of that day, the whole earth was of very small extent, compared with its present ascertained dimensions. If asked whether all mankind, save Noah and his family, perished in that flood, we reply, This was undoubtedly the belief of Noah and his descendants in the Jewish line, even down to the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews; and we see no insurmountable objections to it. If the authority of Sir William Jones is not overset by the Champollionists and other hieroglyphical expositors, it is proved "that the inhabitants of Asia, and consequently of the whole earth, sprang from THREE BRANCHES OF ONE STEM; that we find no certain monument, or even probable tradition, of nations planted, empires and states raised, laws enacted, cities built, navigation improved, commerce encouraged, arts invented, or letters contrived, above twelve, or at most fifteen or sixteen, centuries before the birth of Christ; and that seven hundred or a thousand years would have been fully adequate to the supposed propagation, diffusion, and establishment of the human race." So that one of the principal objections, — the supposed want of time for peopling the earth since the date of the flood, — and another, still more important, the supposed incongruity of races, — fall to the ground. How far the judgment above expressed is entitled to confidence, this is not the place for us either to discuss or summarily to decide. Indeed, we are disposed to leave all such questions to the investigations of science, guided, as they ought ever to be, by a profound and religious reverence for truth.

We conclude by mentioning a few incidents in the life of Noah after he left the ark. In the first place, he received a divine assurance, which gave him great joy, that the world should never again be visited with such an overthrow; and that assurance was

set in the heavens, arching the clouds with a bow of beauty. Whether now for the first time he saw that bow, or whether an inward voice taught him to regard it, though a familiar object, as thenceforth a divine pledge, we are not informed, nor is it material. Sufficient that there the Lord had placed it; and that, beholding it, his faith was assured, "that, while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." And, in millions of hearts since, the sight of that bow has awakened the grateful associations which were formed by it in the breast of Noah, and led them to call one to another, with the son of Sirach, "Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it." Homer speaks of the rainbow as though he had been familiar with the thought of Noah, —

"Jove's wondrous bow of three celestial dyes,
Placed as a *sign* to man amid the skies." —

In the confidence inspired by this "sign," Noah began again the labors of the field; and, among other things, unfortunately (as the sequel proves) planted a vineyard. The vineyard grew, and bore fruit; and of the fruit Noah made wine, and of the wine he drank, and under its intoxicating influence fell asleep. On awaking, he discovered that his condition had been a matter of ridicule to one of his sons, whilst in the other two it had produced only shame and sorrow. Whereupon he pronounced a curse upon Canaan, and benedictions upon Shem and Japheth. But why curse *Canaan*, an unoffending grandchild, son of Ham, instead of the real offender, Ham himself? And what did his curse amount to? What power had he to determine that the children of one son should be subject to those of another? He had no such power; and the curse of this disgraced man was as impotent as it was unbecoming. It has been common to regard it as having all the authority of a kingly edict or of an inspired prophecy, as though God had delegated to him, while in a fit of passion, power to see and fix the various destiny of his offspring! No such thing. He had no such power; and, if the fortune of the descendants of Ham was less favored than that of the children of his brothers, — of which we see no evidence, but quite the

contrary, — we may rest assured, that the angry curse of Noah had nothing to do with it. This curse, with the occasion of it, leaves a blot upon the otherwise stainless name of the father of the new world, and makes us almost wish that no record of it had been preserved. We add only, that Noah survived the deluge three hundred and fifty years; having lived long enough to see his descendants greatly multiplied and spread abroad, and dying at the age of nine hundred and fifty, — an example of longevity never but in one instance exceeded. In a future number we may trace the fortunes of some of his immediate posterity. Meanwhile let us devoutly and reverently contemplate the wisdom and care of the Almighty Providence which watched over the cradle of our race; and if, through the memorials which have been handed down to us, we are able to trace our lineage to Noah and to Adam, let us not rejoice so much that we are their offspring, as that, through them, we are the children of God. And wherein we see them failing through weakness, and yielding the purity and dignity of their nature to temptation, let us arm ourselves with the strength that cometh from above, and be imitators, not of their folly and transgression, but of their faith, and the simplicity and righteousness of their best days.

REMARKS ON THE EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS.

THE Epistle to the Galatians is probably the oldest of Paul's writings that have come down to us. The reasons for this opinion are the following: —

The account, which Paul gives of himself in this epistle, mentions only two visits to Jerusalem; whereas three visits are recorded in the Acts, before the one in which he was apprehended. As the subject of which the apostle treats in the epistle requires him to particularize all his conferences with the chief of the apostles, it may safely be inferred that the letter to the Galatians was written before the visit recorded in the fifteenth chapter of Acts. Besides, the third visit is for the express purpose of settling the very question which is the theme of the

epistle. How does it happen that no notice is taken in the letter of the deliberation and decree recorded in Acts xv. ? Had the council met before Paul wrote to Galatia, it seems hardly possible that he should have made no allusion to the apostles' decree.

We find Paul forced to argue the point at issue, as a subject on which there were different opinions; and concerning which he, as an "apostle not from men, nor by an individual, but by Jesus the Messiah and God the Father," had as much right to speak authoritatively as any at Jerusalem. We find him in his argument availing himself of circumstances trifling in comparison with the decision of the council; which circumstances go to prove that the visits referred to in the epistle and the visit recorded in Acts xv. were different.

The epistle states, that, at Paul's first visit, he saw Peter, and no other of the apostles, except James, the Lord's relative. Why is James thus designated? Peter, after his escape from prison, says, "Go, show these things to James and the brethren." Paul also, in the account he gives of his second visit in Galatians, chap. ii. names James without any further description. How is this to be accounted for, unless on the supposition that Paul's first visit was during the lifetime of James the elder; and his second, that recorded in Acts xi.; about which time James the elder was put to death? If Paul's first visit had been the one recorded in Acts xi. and his second that related in Acts xv., then both visits would have been after the elder James's death, and there would have been no need of any distinction besides the name. The fact that James junior required to be specified proves that the brother of John was alive when Paul came to Jerusalem for the first time after his conversion.

Again, the account which Paul gives of his second visit, and that given in Acts xv., do not harmonize. In the epistle, Paul says that he went up by revelation; in Acts, after no small dissension and disputation, they determined that Paul and Barnabas and certain other of them should go up to the apostles and elders about this question. Paul says that his conference was in private; the meeting of the council was public. In the epistle, all the apostles seem to be of a different opinion from Paul; at the council, they are all agreed. When Peter came to Antioch, Paul withstood him; at the council, Peter speaks in favor of the Gentiles. All these circumstances go to prove that two visits were

intended; and that the one to which the epistle refers as Paul's second is not the one at which the council was held. Further, after the council, would an attempt be made to compel Titus to be circumcised? Or, if this be admitted, would Paul have deemed this circumstance worthy of notice, when he had the decree of the council to sustain the position which he takes throughout the epistle?

These considerations, thus briefly stated, lead to the conclusion that the Epistle to the Galatians was written before the council at Jerusalem, — a conclusion which few who have written upon the subject have arrived at, but which cannot well be avoided, if due weight be given to the evidence. It is, however, worthy of notice, that Michaelis, who assigns the date after the council, maintains that Galatians is the oldest of Paul's epistles.

If the result arrived at be true, it does much to illustrate the meaning of some passages in the letter under consideration. "Tertullian ascribes Paul's zeal against Judaism to the recentness of his conversion, and to his want of that experience, by which he afterwards learnt to become a Jew to the Jews, as well as a Greek to the Greeks." Without agreeing with this opinion, it must be apparent to every student of the epistle, that it bears marks of haste; that Paul feared his claim as an apostle might not be generally acknowledged; and that his visit to Arabia, as well as the two he had made to Jerusalem, were fresh in his mind. No chronologist assigns a less time for these transactions than four years; and some maintain that the time to which Paul refers in the second chapter of Galatians was seventeen years after his conversion. If we assume either of these dates, the apostle must have been at least thirty-four years old at the time of which he speaks, and more than forty when he wrote to the Galatians.

The great question which disturbed the peace of the church, in the apostolic age, had been agitated in Galatia. Paul's converts, who had received his message with gladness, were confused by the doctrines of men who wished to be both Jews and Christians, and who taught that a convert must be initiated into Judaism before he could become a Christian. If it was objected by the Galatian that Paul did not so teach, it was answered that Paul was in the minority, and moreover was not one of the eleven, and hardly worthy to be called an apostle.

The earnest advocate of Christian liberty meets these objections,

vindicates his authority and the power of the Christian faith, and endeavors, by argument suited to produce conviction, to stop this controversy at its commencement.

In order to obtain a favorable hearing, it was necessary for him to establish his claim to the office he held. Hence he begins with declaring that no body of men nor any individual made him an apostle, but Christ and God. He then expresses his astonishment that his converts had so soon departed from the faith. He denounces in the strongest terms those who would thus pervert the gospel, and again declares, "The gospel preached by me is not from man, nor from men, nor was I taught it but by revelation." To confirm this statement, he gives an account of his intercourse with the apostles, the number of times he had been to Jerusalem, and whom he saw there; and how that they, the chief apostles, taught him nothing, and imposed no new doctrine for him to teach, but proved their approbation of his course by giving him the right hand of fellowship. As a further vindication of his equality with the apostles, he narrates how he withstood Peter; and thus comes to the subject of the epistle. Peter and himself, Paul asserts, agree in denying the efficacy of the Jewish law as a means of divine acceptance, although they were both Jews. If, in this denial, they are sincere, then to return again to the law is to acknowledge that they had erred. "If we are convicted of sin for seeking acceptance by Christ, then Christ is a minister to sin." "If there be acceptance by the law, then Christ died in vain." He proceeds, "O foolish Galatians! before whose eyes Jesus Christ, crucified for you, was so plainly depicted, who has seduced you from obedience to the truth? Did he who bestowed the spirit upon you, and worked miracles among you, do thus from performance of a law, or from obedience to faith? As Abraham, he believed God, and this made him acceptable. Know ye that the faithful are the sons of Abraham? The Scripture, foreseeing that God would accept the nations by faith, proclaimed the glad tidings to Abraham, 'that in thee shall all nations be blessed.' So that they of faith are blessed with Abraham, who had faith. As many as stand in support of a law are under a curse. For it is written, 'Cursed is every one who continueth not to do all the precepts in the book of the law.' That by the law no one is accepted by God is manifest, 'for the accepted shall be saved by faith.' The law, however, is not of faith, but 'he who doeth

these things shall be saved by them.' Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, having become a curse for us ; for it is written, ' Every one hanged on a tree is cursed,' that the blessing of Abraham to the nations might be by Jesus Christ, that we might receive the promise of the spirit through faith."

The apostle then maintains that the compact between God and Abraham cannot be broken by a subsequent law. Besides, the promise is not to his offsprings, as to many, but as to one, and to thy offspring, which is Christ. Furthermore, it is a promise, gratuitously made, and therefore being born a Jew gives no claim to it. Why, then, the law? It was introduced through the ministration of angels, by the presence of a mediator, because of transgression. There is no mediator of one, but God is one. The law recognizes two parties, but God who made the promise is only one. Hence, to be accepted as a Jew, you must comply with your part of the covenant, and keep every iota of the law. Christianity is more merciful. The law shut us Jews up, like children in a school, secluded from the rest of the world. When faith came, we were no longer under a schoolmaster. For, through faith in Jesus Christ, ye are all sons of God, inasmuch as whoever of you were baptized into Christ are covered entirely with Christ. There is no Jew nor Greek ; there is no slave nor freeman ; there is no male nor female : ye are one in Christ Jesus.

Even if a Jew claim from Abraham, he is under wardship, only an infant, until, educated by Jesus Christ, he learns his privileges, and fears not, like a loving son, to say, " My Father."

As confirmation of what has been said, there is a passage in the Scriptures so written as to contain an allegory. Abraham had two sons ; one by a slave, the other by a free woman. These women are two covenants. One, from Mount Sinai, bearing children to bondage, that is Hagar ; for Hagar is Mount Sinai in Arabia, and ranks with the present Jerusalem, and is in servitude with her children. But the Jerusalem to come is the free woman, who is the mother of us all. We brethren, like Isaac, are children of promise. But, as the natural son used to tease the supernatural, so is it now. Yet what says Scripture? " Cast out the slave with her son ; for the son of the slave shall not inherit with the son of the free." Brethren, ye are not children of the slave, but of the free. Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free.

In this way, Paul argues for Christianity as a universal religion. At a time when the other apostles were undecided, the apostle for all nations stands forth a fearless advocate of the spirit of Christian liberty. The error against which he contended was subversive of Christianity. As the law would be an incumbrance, and would prevent the gospel from becoming a religion for all mankind, it would change its whole character. It would be substituting another gospel. It was making it a mere offshoot from Judaism, and went far to destroy its divine authority.

The moral consequences were ruinous. The notions then prevalent with regard to the law related only, or chiefly, to the ceremonial part of it. . Very little benefit could be derived from this observance. We have a proof that this was what the Jews of that time understood by the law, from what Paul says of himself, Phil. iii. 6; a declaration, which he certainly would not have made, that he was blameless, if it regarded morals. The same is illustrated in Justin Martyr's dialogue with Trypho.

Not only did the Jews oppose the law to Christianity on the ground that they should obtain divine acceptance as being descendants of Abraham, which, if believed, required the performance of the whole law, or else they were under a curse; but there were many time-servers among professors of Christianity, who hoped to screen themselves from Roman persecution by claiming to be Jews. This epistle is proof of the fearless independence of Paul in so boldly coming forward, in opposition to the prevailing sentiment, an advocate for the universality of Christianity. How much after-generations are indebted to him for this, it is impossible to determine. He who could say, "I am marked in my body as a slave of Christ," would not be enslaved by the weak and poor principles of the times. He who could so earnestly and yet so affectionately rebuke the Galatians cannot be accused of being a temporizer.

W. A. W.

A WINTER SABBATH WALK.

It is a lovely sabbath afternoon in the depth of winter. Our hearts have been soothed and elevated by the holy services of the sanctuary. The exhortation has come to us with power, "Quench not the Spirit;" and we have lifted up the earnest prayer that its holy flame may never become cold and dim within us. Now let us go forth into the solitude of nature, and "hear what the Spirit saith" from the pure heavens above and the ~~dazzling~~ fields below. We will not walk through the streets, silent though they be; but will seek our favorite summer haunt. We must strike out a path for ourselves; for our well-guarded feet are the first to tread the unsullied snow, which enshrouds field and hill behind the peaceful village. We pass over the unbroken level field, we toil up the ascent with an exertion which brings expansion to our lungs, and roses to our cheeks. Now we have gained the great iron highway, which links us with many a populous town and city, and brings us near to many a cherished friend, once far removed by weary miles of travel. One day in seven, we may freely walk here; for the mighty avenue is silent now, and the iron monster rests from his labors. Through the bosom of the "everlasting hills" this way has been cut; and while it has invaded the sanctity of nature, and in some respects impaired her beauty, in others it has but heightened her charms. Before us and behind, through the long narrow vista of the road, are seen mountains blue in the distance. On the one side rise above us finely wooded hills, sometimes cleft by dark ravines, where the voice of God makes low, solemn music among the pines. Below us, on the other hand, lies the quiet village, seen at intervals as we emerge from behind the frequent walls of earth, which remain where the road was sunk into the hills. When the swift train rushes by, its thundering sound now imprisoned behind these walls, now bursting through in the open space, its voice is so like the swelling and dying away of the waves on the sea-shore, that those of the villagers, to whom the ocean is a dear and familiar friend, feel their hearts thrill at the resemblance to its measured roar.

But let us look again at the village. There it lies, embosomed

in its amphitheatre of hills, looking as if neither sin nor sorrow could find entrance within its bounds. In summer it is almost concealed from view by its embowering trees. The scene is greatly changed since we last took this our sabbath walk. The latest flowers then were scarcely withered on their stems; and, a few weeks before that time, the woods were dressed in all the splendors which precede their desolation. And by the way-side the aster and the golden rod "in autumn beauty stood." Now the dark forms of the evergreens are in striking contrast with the pure new-fallen snow.

And now in the distance we catch our first glimpse of the village cemetery, usually the limit of our walk. One by one, beyond the intervening evergreens, appear the white slabs, and the more conspicuous monuments, which mark the earthly resting-places of our friends. Let us enter the gate, and pass reverently, but not mournfully, over the ground, which no human foot has trodden since it received its last mantle of snow. It is indeed a lovely spot, even amid the desolation of winter. It is silent now, silent as the grave itself; but in the summer season the song of the birds, the ripple of the mountain rivulet, and the softened hum which rises from the village, combine with the loveliness of hill and vale to make it a cheerful spot. To me there is an indefinable attraction about the burial-place even of strangers, unless it be wholly desolate and dreary. Nothing of gloom or terror lingers round it; but it brings a pensiveness, and still an elevation, to the spirit, akin to that which breathes in the chastened beauty of a moonlight night.

But here we are not among strangers; for the names inscribed on the stones around us call up vividly before our minds many a form long familiar to our eyes. The charitable deeds of one, and the patient endurance of another, the loveliness of childhood, and the Christian cheerfulness of age, speak to us, not so much from the sod beneath as from the illimitable space above and around us, where their spirits may now be free to range. Our thoughts dwell not with that which was buried beneath the ground; for to us these humble graves speak not of decay and death, but of "the life immortal." To how many a stricken heart have they made that life real, and that unseen world near at hand, as it could not have been but for the passage of some familiar friend through the mysterious portal which we call death!

Here let us pause beside this little mound, raised above the cherub-form of a pure infant. The children of our company endeavor with their small hands to remove the snow, that they may discover whether the flowers we last laid there still remain beneath. To them the grave has no terrors, nothing of gloom. It has been a joy to them to scatter fresh flowers upon it. They have questioned their mother by the way anew of their angel sister, "whom having not seen they love;" and her gentle being is a bright link between them and the spirit-land, an earnest of the life beyond the tomb.

Now approach with me this simple monument, which, pointing heavenward, seems with silent eloquence to direct our thoughts above. It bears a name enshrined among the sacred memories of many hearts, — the name of the youthful pastor, who, for a few brief weeks, walked among his people, "and was not, for God took him." Here repose his ashes in this lovely spot, where he once said in the fulness of his admiration, "One would be almost willing to die, that he might be laid in the midst of so much beauty." Standing beside his grave, we may look down on the valley he so dearly loved, where he found "religion in the beauty of the meadows." From this grave also beams the strong light of immortality; for it cannot be that so much promise has failed of its fulfilment. A ministry so earnestly begun must have its consummation, though our eyes discern it not. Walks he not still among the people of his choice? Why should we not believe that —

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen,
Both when we wake and when we sleep"?

Why should we not feel ourselves surrounded and sanctified by the presence of those, who, if they loved us once, must love us now, "with a love stronger than death"? Earth grows holier when we regard it as thus intimately connected with the heavenly state. Oh that we might ever walk as beings "compassed about with a cloud of witnesses," who survey not only our outward acts, but our inward thoughts and emotions! How would our souls be elevated and soothed by the conviction that we were daily walking in such society! As the spirit of the Infinite Father pervades all space, as the blessed Son is ever ready to visit the waiting soul, so may those who have become all spirit be permitted often

to revisit us dwellers on the earth; if, indeed, they be not ever around us, ministers of God to our souls.

There are many others of these lowly beds, by which we might linger, and muse on the earthly lot of those whose mortal remains sleep below. Not forgotten are they by those who laid them here; for, in the summer season, the blossoming plants and the fresh flowers strewed above their heads are silent witnesses to "the love that will not die," but will gain new strength and purity through the bright ages of eternity.

But let us come down from "the mount of vision." A holy air breathes over the spot. It has breathed also on our souls, and we shall retrace our steps with hearts elevated and refreshed by this communion with nature and the spirit-world. M. W.

THE WITNESSING SPIRIT.

A THOUGHT is something real. Unto eyes
 Angelic, unto ours, one day, when flesh
 Shall cease to prison up the spirit-sense,
 The things of faith may be the things of sight.
 The Holy Ghost, in dove-like form, came down
 On His pure head, who, by the Jordan's bank,
 Received its waters in baptismal rite.
 Like tongues of fire it came, with inspiration,
 Unto the Preachers of the Christian faith.
 And *every* thought God sends into the soul
 Is a reality, though unexpressed
 In outward form. He saith unto his angel,
 "Go!" and he goeth. So, in dreams, he warned
 The men of olden time. So now He speaks,
 With inward voices, to each child of man.
 And when, in prayer, *our* thought ascends again
 Unto its Source, a something doth depart
 Out from the spirit. Wings invisible
 Carry it upward, in a form of love,
 Unto His Throne. It stands an angel there,
 And pleads for us.

It is not all delusion,
 When, in the Sacrament, the Romanist
 Eateth the body and the blood of Christ.

Something from him, the Saviour, doth come down
 Into believing souls, as when, of old,
 Virtue went out of him, and healed the plague
 Of her who touched his garment.

(Dost thou yearn,
 O lonely soul ! after the loved and parted ?
 Is there a word you long to whisper them ?
 Some pleading for forgiveness, some assurance
 Of an affection spanning the dark gulf
 That death has made ? That word is heard in heaven !
 That loving thought hath flown from out thy heart
 Straight to an angel-bosom ! This dim world
 Is not all shut from glimpses of the heaven
 That lies beyond it. Nearer than we dream,
 Ofttimes, are spirit-messengers. The lines
 Electric, which man weaves about the earth
 To talk with, do but feebly shadow forth
 How the wide universe of spirit-life
 Stands linked through infinite distances. Whate'er
 Thou whisperest in the closet shall be heard
 As though 'twere shouted from the housetop.)

Space
 Hath nought to do with spirit. Even here,
 A thought, before it is expressed, shall find
 Echo in kindred spirits. Mysteries
 Of warning, sympathy, strange intuition,
 Fill up our life with wonders.

“ Heaven lies
 About us in our infancy,” — and ever !
 “ A cloud of witnesses doth compass us,”
 And angel-voices whisper to the heart,
 Amid the din of business. Christ himself
 Is the Messiah still to every soul
 He died to save ! Oh ! mightier is the power
 That draws us upward than that drags us down !
 Cast aside self ! Open the spirit-eyes
 Of love and faith, and heaven shall stand revealed,
 And thou shalt grow in likeness to the angels.
 So shall thy “ conversation be in heaven ;”
 So shalt thou die to earth, and rise with Christ ;
 So shall thy “ life be hid with him in God !”

EXPENSE OF TIME.

A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.

WHILE the shade of sadness, brought on by the departure of the old year, lingers about the heart; before the mirth and gayety, which the freshness of the new inspires, shall be stamped with the signet of overt folly; before the memory of the one, and the anticipations of the other, shall have gone to one common grave, let us appropriate a few moments to some thought on the expenditure of time.

Should we refuse to listen to plausible proposals of aggrandizement? Were it unwise, then, to search diligently for the means of gaining or saving time?

Life is justly allowed by all to be the most precious of our possessions, while we yet commit a practical paradox, and spend time, of which life is composed, as though of all things it were of least worth.

The existence of property among men has given rise to registries of its transfers; and, in the transactions of business, the practice of keeping faithful and accurate accounts is deemed indispensably necessary. Thus these accounts become not only the evidences of expenditure, but the records of the value of whatever may have been bought or sold. By referring to them, the relative value of commodities at different times, as well as the value of such commodities in our own estimation, may be determined.

This system of keeping accounts has become, by its direct and indirect operation, an efficient support to the existing organization of the social fabric. By its instrumentality, clearness and precision have been given to the distinctions to be made between *meum* and *tuum*; and that order and security introduced, under the protection of which, men dwelling at antipodes negotiate and execute with each other in perfect confidence.

By this means, men in civilized life are enabled to hold property for themselves and their assigns, with that title which gives them credit among their fellows; while, under the ruder elements of the savage state, the only guaranty to possession lies in that

personal prowess, which, when it sleeps, is ever pillowed upon arms, and which avenges with blood all predatory aggression.

Again, property being the means of subsistence, men are prone to regard it as of paramount importance. As they enter upon life, they find all about them eagerly engaged in its acquisition. From the earliest years of infancy, they are taught, in every variety of manner, its worth; and this not so much with the view of its intrinsic value in making it the engine of their own or others' happiness, as to nurse the love of acquisition; since they frequently go on to acquire, long after they have lost the power to enjoy. To awaken an appetency for it, the mind is futitized with "precept upon precept, line upon line." Maxims in verse, and proverbs in prose, are inculcated "in the house and by the way, on sitting down and rising up;" and these are enforced and re-enforced by the omnipotent practical illustration of parental example. Small sums are placed at the disposal of the young, with which to exercise their sagacity in negotiating, or their parsimony in hoarding.

Thus has the love of gain been engrafted on every principle in man's mental and physical constitution, until, intertwined and interwoven, it has become part of his being. But, in illustrating this fact thus strongly, no disparagement is intended to its utility, so far forth as is compatible with other grave and weighty obligations. The so-called homely virtues, prudence, economy, thrift, and industry are praiseworthy and commendable. They are so when employed in procuring an honorable subsistence; they are doubly so when considered as taking hold on those principles which lie at the foundation of whatever is valuable in man. For "he who is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much;" and he who scrupulously sees to it that nothing, however small, is suffered to perish, is also alive to the value of all excellence and worth, whether in sentiment, feeling, or action.

We are not of the number of those who disdain to eat bread by the sweat of the brow, or who despise the earnings which proceed from industry in any honest calling. We have more of pity than of envy or respect for him who has, through indolence or pride, spurned labor; — labor, the only special gift to man when the great seal of Heaven was fixed upon the grant which made this earth his heritage! We feel sincere compassion for the man so far removed from the sweet sources of human sympathy as not

to know the means, if thrown on his individual resources, by which to obtain his daily bread.

It is, then, neither to the man who limits his exertions to the bare sordid acquisition of wealth, nor yet to him who has been taught to despise all industrious occupation, to whom we are to look as models of excellence.

It is rather to him who rightly values time, and who makes it the standard of value; who regards the man that wantonly deprives him of it as justly amenable to the civil tribunal for criminal misdemeanor, robbing him of that which he cannot return, and squandering that which it is beyond his power to collect; with whom moments are of infinite value, not so much for the amount of money that may be acquired within a given number of them, but as being separate portions of his existence, each one of which is a material item in the precious gift of fleeting life.

And are there any who do not thus appreciate life? who regard it as a season of successive toil and sorrow? who inquire, Why this solicitude about a few moments? why make us wretched with the thought that we may not enjoy in oblivious mirth the few hours we redeem from labor and care? To such we would say, Have you never felt a yearning for the infinite, the perfect, the right, the true, the good, and the beautiful? — never felt the distress attending a state of uncertainty, nor aspired for more copious supplies of knowledge? Has the beauty of nature never dawned upon you, and have you explored her hidden chambers? Has the wisdom of man, through sixty centuries, found nothing you ought to desire to know, either in his language, his literature, or his art? Has the world furnished no specimens of character, of which you are ignorant? Does nothing remain undone in the cause of human progress and improvement? Are there no institutions of tyranny and oppression to be broken down; no vicious to be reclaimed; no suffering to relieve; no ignorant to be enlightened; no passions or habits to be guarded or controlled? Are there no attributes in the Creator to adore?

We have seen that men, in the lapse of time, have grown wise in the modes of acquiring and securing the property which will augment their temporal aggrandizement. It yet remains to be learned, that the true standard of value is to be found only in Time; that this is the only purchase-money of knowledge,

worth, character; and that wealth is a mere adventitious circumstance.

Let that wisdom which has been applied to the acquisition of wealth be applied to the saving of time. Let accounts be kept of its expense. When such a record is kept, how will stand the items for a single day? To frivolous thought and idle conversation how much? to gossip how much? to slander, disputings, detraction, and crimination, how much? To charity, good-will, self-government, and self-improvement, how much?

May we not hope that man's destiny is as yet scarcely contemplated? In the increased attention given to education, and in the manifold benevolent institutions of the day, is there not to be discovered the gleaming of that light, which, radiated from the mountain-tops, shall be suffused amid the thickest gloom, and pour its gladness into every vale, — the dawn of that time when man shall have applied that order and assiduity in the husbandry of time which is now employed in amassing wealth? When this is united to a wise discrimination, which appropriates no moment but to a noble object, then will it be seen, that length of life is not so much in the number of its years, nor happiness in the abundance of earthly treasure.

"Oh! take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it, then, a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours; —
It is the signal that demands despatch."

D. S. N.

SABBATH COMMUNINGS.

November 10, 1850.

COULD I only be in your quiet shaded church this morning, amid the silent worshippers, with your voice, my kind friend, to read the lesson for to-day, and your thought to be my interpreter thereof! Yet would I choose my own text, and, bowing as I do beneath its solemn import, pray you, with all the earnestness of a devout Catholic, to become my Fenelon, — my father-confessor, and shrive me from my sins; or, as we Protestants (with less

living faith, I fear) should express it, help me to the renunciation of my sins, that they may be remitted at a higher confessional.

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven; whose sin is covered." Ps. xxxii. 1.

"After this manner *therefore* pray ye, Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors; for, if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will likewise forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses," &c.

I long for you, or any one who practically can understand it, to expound for me this mystery of the kingdom of heaven, — Christian forgiveness. Its seeming impossibility has of late afflicted me, shutting out from my soul the blessed conviction of God's all-pardoning love. One of those midnight thunder-peals, last week, woke to startling remembrance the fearful line of my child-conned hymn, —

"*Forgive!*" a voice of thunder spoke, "or never be forgiven!"

The pardon which we seek from our Father is so vast a thing! We want, in the full consciousness of our disobedience, his perfect redeeming *love*, his benignant presence, his smile of blessing upon all our ways. But the pardon which we grant to his children is so small and poor! We wish them, perchance, no harm, make charitable allowance for their faults, pity, and as we persuade ourselves, forgive them. But we would have "no dealings with the Samaritans:" in proportion as they offend us, must they be unto us as heathen men and publicans. This is the exposition which many of the most gentle and kindly render, and even so high as this it is often difficult to attain. When meanness and usury, unblushing deceit or open treason, present themselves in any way before us, does it not seem good that the anger, the detestation, which so spontaneously arises, should be nourished, and bring forth its required fruit? Does it not seem, for the time, like doing harsh violence to our better nature, — the mere endeavor to repress it? We would call down fire from heaven to consume such iniquity, and deem that our God needs such zealous service from us.

Must, then, this righteous anger become of no avail? Must this sense of justice, which seeks for redress in some expiation of sin, be wholly denied? Are we to cast away this spirit-sword, by which we visit retribution upon offenders, by which we think to

guard ourselves, and all we hold dear, from harm? And yet, and yet, how true it is that this same weapon cometh near to slay our own souls! Looking upon the sinner as well as the sin with shrinking horror or angry contempt, how can we appropriate to ourselves the slightest indulgence from the infinite purity of Heaven? When we see just and holy laws outraged, the poor and weak oppressed, God's general bounty made of no avail; when we feel how *we* must be moved to deal with such transgression, and then find ourselves in grievous temptation, stumbling perhaps in the same paths; alas! where is our hope, trust, faith? We are turned from that face of Love which shineth as the sun upon the evil and the good, and deem the while that with frowning displeasure it has turned from us. So dark it seems, with our own transgressions and our brother's unforgiven offence upon our souls, that we see not the ever-shining light, and fear to lift up our voices for the ever-ready pardon. If we forgive not men their trespasses, neither *will* our heavenly Father forgive our trespasses. There is no open door through which his pardoning love can enter and renew our souls.

Evening.

Did you not really preach to me from my chosen text this morning? I half believe so; for, as I wrote, the mystery seemed to clear, and the blessed beauty, the consolation of our Saviour's precept and example dawned through my darkness; even as the tender blue of this sabbath sky, melting all day the clouds with which November would have veiled it, has at length beamed down upon and breathed its silent peace around us. The setting sun has irradiated mountain-top and hill and valley, distant hamlets and churches, with a rosy summer glow, and left its never-failing promise for "the evil and the good," as if it were celestial music borne upon its parting beams!

I remember now a gentle dream, — a vision of a self-forgetting, loveful child, embracing with joy his wayward and morose companion; and with that comes the *promise*-line of the echoing hymn, —

"Forgive," a blessed voice replied, "and *thou shalt be forgiven.*"

ANNIE F.

A BAPTISMAL HYMN.

PURE as the lily's bud,
 Unsullied as the morn,
 Just from the bosom of our God,
 A child to us is born.

Dwelling of purity!
 Soon through each open door
 Our anxious hearts and eyes must see
 Earth's tidal influence pour.

Now be thou consecrate,
 By sacred song and prayer,
 Temple of life, immaculate,
 To God's most holy care!

Where Christ doth enter in,
 No harm, no ill, can come:
 Now, Saviour, bar the gates of sin,
 And make this house thy home.

D.

LACONICS.

I.

WE are impatient for results. God works too slowly for short-sighted man. Step by step the preparatory movement takes; and when "the fulness of time" comes, a Christ is born. Men look at the result, and would blot out the intermediate processes which gives this result all its crowning glory. We needed Moses before Christ, the Jewish before the Christian dispensation.

II.

People talk about *special judgments*. In truth, there is no such thing. A long succession of circumstances go before, and we are blindfolded to their issues; and, when the consequences

follow, we term them *special visitations* from Heaven. Wars are preceded by feuds, intemperance by previous indulgence, and even the *cholera* is only the result of some broken sanitary laws which we are too ignorant to discover.

III.

The dew fertilizes the flower; the heavy rain causes it to droop; but at this very moment it is strengthening the root which sends its vitality to the branches, and causes them to withstand the severest storms. So "light afflictions," properly used, give a strength to the Christian graces; and when heavier sorrows beat upon us, that previous strength is needed for the exigency; we droop, but to rise; and the Christian graces, fertilized by afflictions, are thus fitting us to be transplanted into that heavenly nursery, where a more congenial climate shall continually lead us to progress without interruption or end.

IV.

Empty rooms proclaim the mutability of all earthly friendships. It will not soothe the lonely mourner to tell him "all change is for the better," that our friends have made a happy exchange. He feels *present ties* are broken, and the idea of what he must pass through before he reaches the departed makes him shudder. Only the still small voice, "I will be with thee through the dark valley," meets his desolation. He needs the oil of sympathy to heal his wounded spirit.

V.

Music is better than wine to invigorate the spirits. Luther, in his desponding moments, used to take the flute and revive his sinking spirits, remarking, "The devil hates good music." Are you irritated? Are you dull, wearied, care-worn? Try the piano, violin, flute, or accordion, — any thing that will send forth a sweet sound; you will soon feel its power.

VI.

What *must* be done *will* be done. • Dr. Johnson says, when he began to publish his paper, he was at a loss what to name it. He sat down by his bedside, and resolved he would not sleep till he had done so. "The Rambler" seemed to be the best that occurred, and he took it. The best time to form good resolutions is at night, when we have been reviewing the actions of the day. Renew them in the morning, and it may be you will *act on them* before another twilight.

H. S. E.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. — No. XVII

Richard Edney and the Governor's Family. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Co. 1850.

THE judgment, on laying down this volume, is, — It has neither so masterly a power nor so glaring defects as "*Margaret*;" the scope is less, — the execution far more perfect; the points of brilliancy are less intense, but a calmer and richer lustre is spread over the whole field; the deep breaths of inspiration are less frequent, but the contortions are mitigated in a greater than corresponding ratio; the reader admires the book a little less, but he both respects and loves the author more.

Not supposing ourselves liable to any special surprises at the eccentricities of genius, claiming to have met with some productions having that origin, and not questioning that genius has left its unmistakable marks on "*Margaret*" and "*Philo*," we were never able to persuade ourselves that certain oddities in these writings are fairly traceable to such a source. Indeed, — and what we are about to say of the new work will justify us in candidly confessing so much respecting the other two, — there are passages in both of these that look a little as if they were written in a state of luxurious, if not maudlin, defiance of the classical standards of composition, and would suggest, to a stranger, associations with lunacy, champagne, or conceit, rather than with those habits of mental and moral health which are known by all his acquaintances pre-eminently to distinguish our brother at Augusta. If any criticisms upon him have appeared harsh, he must remember that whatever faults may belong to him as a writer are peculiarly provoking, on account of the singular excellence which they mar. It vexes the temper to see a man of ideas moving on the very confines of the highest order of greatness, yet persistently refusing himself admittance by some paltry foible.

In "*Richard Edney*," an honest, frank, sensible, upright, kind-hearted, and religious young mechanic comes down from his country-home, through a magnificent snow-storm capitably described, to a manufacturing and lumbering city called Woodylin. He goes to live in his sister's family, goes to work in the saw-mills,

goes to church, to conference-meetings, to parties, to picnics, to bookstores, to hovels of neglect and dens of wretchedness and sin, into the common council, and to the governor's fireside. He goes wherever a strong will, an industrious hand, a generous heart, and a devout purpose, would be likely to carry him. And wherever he goes, he leaves his mark. About the progressive fortunes of this young man, the central figure of the whole, are grouped such vivid portraiture of character, such life-like narratives, such striking descriptions, such lively colloquies, such shrewd practical maxims, such lofty spiritual thoughts, such expanded views of the great advance and hopes of humanity, with such tender, delicate, ethereal gleams of graceful sentiment, as together form one of the most readable and memorable books of the age. The young Richard proves not only an intelligent laborer, but a modest reformer; not ambitiously pushing his way into public notice, but only seizing firmly on the natural order of incidents in his every-day life, to improve society and ennoble himself. With a heart naturally gentle, and refined by Christian culture, with something noble in his plain manners, as well as handsome in his sunburnt face, — he shows what may now-a-days, and in America, be expected of a young man, — as "Margaret" had "shown what may be done by a young woman."

Knowing that fastidious persons have been rendered suspicious of Mr. Judd's writings by a propensity he has sometimes shown to corrupt his English with outlandish words, we have taken some pains to keep a list, in reading "Richard Edney," of all the exceedingly odd terms occurring in it. We assure our readers, in good faith, that, with the exception of a single instance where the use of a newly-coined noun is justified by a pleasant apology, there are exactly fifteen sins of this sort, in a volume of four hundred and sixty-eight pages; and, of these fifteen words, all except two are to be found in Webster's Dictionary, though several of them are marked there as obsolete. The very worst of these are "Ogganition," "Suaviloquy," "Yex," "fescue," and "chowtered."

There is one chapter on "Phumbica," entitled "A chapter that ought perhaps to have been omitted," respecting which it is much to be regretted the wise second thought did not prevail. As a travesty on political parties, it is clever enough; but its humor is more than outweighed by the awkwardness of its position. The difficulty is, that, being a piece of broad and manifest caricature, its sudden introduction into one of the most exact and faithful

pictures of actual life ever drawn,—its organic introduction, too, as a part of the web of the real history, with subsequent allusions,—is out of taste, contrary to the laws of art, and a violence to all propriety. Shall we say privately to the author, that the fiftieth chapter also is far from being one of the best,—the blasphemy it brings to light being rather too shocking, and the catastrophe not so naturally managed as the rest of the story?

Mr. Judd is a poet, a dramatist, a reformer, and a preacher, all in one. His vision is at once expanded and searching,—comprehensive in its survey, and correct in its report of the particulars. His philanthropy, always conspicuous and sincere, is a Christianised philanthropy. His moral purpose is often held in a modest reserve, but it never vanishes; and even where it is not present by a formal appeal, it pervades, like a subtle essence, the dialogue or the narration. If his subordinate characters are not always quite distinctly enough marked, they are always fresh, bright, and true, so far as they are represented. If commonplace personages are sometimes made to discourse a little too learnedly, (Miss “Plumy Alicia Eyre” should never have been allowed to say, “Then there is love. O burden, unreacting fatality, organic sigh, of woman!”) yet the incongruity is more than atoned for by the absence of that hackneyed pomp of style and conventionality of circumstance which so often vitiate the literature of the imagination. There is not a stupid page in the entire book. And probably no writer could say with a deeper honesty than this one, to his several productions, “You all originate, on the part of your author, in a single desire to glorify God and bless his fellow-men.”

“Richard Edney” is not what is called a religious novel; and yet vital religion is in every part of it. There is no protruding of any philosophical system which the book is written to establish; but the whole is charged with a philosophy of a very pure and lofty tone. If we do not find much brilliancy of wit or many sustained flights of eloquence in the conversations, we do find the constant play of a lively fancy, genuine feeling, and earnest wisdom. If there is no complacent pretence of prophetic knowledge, as in many of the ambitious fictions of the day which profess to interpret the age and foresee the future, there is always a hopeful, trustful, progressive spirit, peering pleasantly out in all the windings of incidents, situations of the characters, and the quiet but forcible comments of the narrator. On the whole, we can think of no person, on any grade of life, to whom the book would not be an appropriate gift, and a minister of good. For it is — as the title-

page says, though the title-page should not have said it—
“simple and popular, yet cultured and noble.”

Our author has earned, and occupies, no mean position in American literature. By the qualities of spirituality, humanity, and insight into truth, he leaves far behind him the decent tribe of Coopers, Simses, Pauldings, and Kennedys. His prose works are at once original, in the best sense, and also instinct with the energies of the times we are living in, and with those eternal sentiments of right, freedom, and faith, which are common to all times. They are so different, in their whole conception, substance, and style, from the tales of Washington Irving, as scarcely to admit of mention in the same critique, except for purposes of contrast; as we might associate Ebenezer Elliott with D'Israeli, or Landseer with Claude. They unite much of the vivid dramatic force of “Paul Felton,” the exquisite delineation of sentiment and scenery in “Kavanagh,” the national temper of “Hope Leslie,” and the sharp intellectual analysis and vigorous characterization of “The Scarlet Letter.”

Report of the Case of John W. Webster, indicted for the Murder of George Parkman. By George Bemis, Esq. one of the Counsel in the case. Boston: Little and Brown. 1850.

All that is necessary to say respecting this volume is, that it is the one authentic and reliable report of the trial, with all matters antecedent and subsequent pertaining thereto. Probably very few criminal trials have been reported so ably. Thorough information has been patiently sought from every quarter by Mr. Bemis in respect to the most unimportant details; and now this huge octavo stands, the melancholy record of the terrible crime,—to how many hearts a treasury of painful recollections! Would to Heaven every other memorial of the dreadful deed, written and unwritten, visible and invisible, could perish from the world!

B. H. GREENE publishes and sells *The Snow Drop*, a juvenile magazine, edited by Mrs. Cushing and Mrs. Cheney at Montreal. We have hardly seen any magazine for children embracing so great a variety in the contents. Almost every thing in the way of narrative, description, fable, natural history, allegory, anecdote, enigma, prose, poetry, and music, that can interest children of different ages, is to be found in it. The subscription is only one dollar a year. The names of the editors, and the contents of the

numbers we have examined, warrant us in recommending it with confidence.

Also, *Pebbles from the Sea-shore, or Lizzie's First Gleanings, by a Father*. — A little book that we should as soon select to put into the hands of a child from four to seven years old as any we know, being written by a person who has the talent and the tact, the mind and the heart, or in one word the genius, of writing for children, in a very uncommon degree.

Also, *The Rose-bud, a Juvenile Keepsake, by Susan W. Jewett*.

TICKNOR, REED, & FIELDS publish *History of my Pets, by Grace Greenwood; with Engravings from Designs by Billings*. — Entertaining stories of domestic animals and birds, full of good-nature, wit and spirit, by a writer who seems to have persuaded all critics, and the public generally, to love and praise her.

FRANCIS & Co. of New York, issue the various tales of Hans Christian Andersen, with illustrations. We have before us *Little Ellie and other Tales, The Ugly Duck and other Tales, The Story-teller*. Andersen and his writings have attained so wide and favorable a reputation, that a recommendation of them by us will not be needed or expected by our readers.

CROSBY & NICHOLS promise a special prize this year to all the young people, in *Cousin Hatty's Hymns and Twilight Stories*, designed for the youngest class of readers, written by a young lady in Boston well qualified for her benevolent task, a lover of little children, and destined, through this entertaining gift, to be loved by multitudes of them in return. The engravings are beautiful, and the poetry just the thing for boys and girls to learn *by heart*.

They have also *The District School as it Was, by One who went to It; revised edition*; — not only a very graphic picture of one of the characteristic institutions of New England, but a production overflowing with genial sentiments, shrewd suggestions, and enlightened ideas on education.

Also, *The Little Messenger Birds, or the Chimes of the Silver Bells, by Mrs. Caroline H. Butler*. — Here we have a hundred and seventy-one large handsome pages, covered with delightful stories in verse and prose, interspersed with illustrations. The book is peculiarly designed for Christmas, and no one that we have seen is more happily adapted for a Christmas present. Knowing the author, we can vouch for her trustworthiness. Nothing can be

found in it inconsistent with the simple beauty and maternal tenderness of the dedication, "To my children this volume is affectionately dedicated by their mother."

Also, *A Study for Young Men*; being *Rev. Thomas Binney's Sketch of the Life and Character of Sir Thomas Powell Buxton*. — Few better examples of manly excellence can be found than Buxton; and Mr. Binney is one of the most popular writers among the Dissenters in England.

Also, *Religious Thoughts and Opinions*, — an American edition of the English translation of Humboldt's Letters to his Austrian friend, mostly on the high themes of providence, duty, and faith. It is certainly a grateful spectacle, — that of a minister of state at a European court, and one of the most accomplished diplomatists of the age, rendering in his earnest and mature testimony to the religion of Christ.

The Fugitive Slave Law; a Discourse by Rev. J. G. Forman, of West Bridgewater. — Mr. Forman is one of those ministers of the gospel who have desired to prophesy true things on this subject rather than smooth things, preaching to the conscience rather than the pocket. As far-sighted statesmen ought to have foreseen, the working of this bad measure irritates both North and South. The sense of justice and humanity at the North is outraged, and the pride of the South is exasperated. The famous device for *pacification* has provoked present discord, and threatens future danger. In the great commercial centres, the new law finds a natural support, or at least is vigorously winked at; but souls, too free for self-interest, dictation, and sophistry to subjugate, recoil from it, and yearn for its early repeal. The sooner it is repealed the better for the honor, good faith, integrity, and general security of the country. Till that is done, the nation is subject to the disgrace of retaining among its enactments what is at once an offence to humanity, an occasion of reproach from the friends of liberty and of man everywhere, and a scandal to thousands and thousands of peace-loving and law-respecting citizens who revere the authority of God more than the commandments of men. Because judgment against an evil work is not executed speedily, let not the hearts of the children of men be set in them to do evil.

Furthermore, it is quite generally admitted, that the only way in which this law, standing unrepealed, can leave the two sections of the country at peace, is by its remaining a dead letter; the South waving its legal right to enforce its execution. In other words, a public falsehood, legalized by the national Congress, is to

be the palliative of sectional pride. As a question in morals, we commend this consideration to those Christians among us who denounce all candid opposition to the law as treason against the Union, and make or applaud platform speeches in its defence, while they privately avow their determination to shelter the fugitive, and speed his flight from the master.

Every Thing Beautiful in His Time, a Discourse by Rev. W. P. Lunt. — This sermon gathers up, with the skill of a practised hand and the delicate perception of a poet's eye, the evidences of God's wise mercy that are scattered through the domains of the visible creation and human life. It concludes with a just notice of the character and death of the late Mrs. Eliza S. M. Quincy, wife of Hon. Josiah Quincy.

INTELLIGENCE.

THE friends of the Meadville Theological School, deeming the past success of that institution a sufficient guaranty for its usefulness in future, are making an appeal to the liberal Christians of the country to unite in planting the seminary on a secure pecuniary foundation by a subscription of fifty thousand dollars; ten thousand of these, with land for a building, having been subscribed at Meadville. Showing good reasons, their call will doubtless be sustained. — Mr. Henry J. Hudson is engaged for the present to preach at Southington, Con.; Rev. C. H. A. Dall, at Toronto; Rev. Mordecai De Lange, at Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. Mr. Pons, at Nantucket.

POPERY IN ENGLAND. — The recent attempt of the Pope to district off the English population into Bishoprics of the Romish See has excited a great deal of temporary indignation, popular, political, and ecclesiastical. It would seem that a church, which so seldom acts without a cautious, cunning, and far-reaching policy, must have had some ulterior design in this measure, not obvious to the general eye. At present it is difficult to see what other effect it is likely to have than to force Oxfordism to define itself, draw the lines between Papacy and Prelacy more distinctly, and afford the *really* Protestant England an opportunity for gnashing its teeth.

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THE STATE OF HUMAN NATURE PRESUPPOSED BY CHRISTIANITY.

God made man upright, in his own image, says the Scripture. But man has fallen, says the majority of modern Christians, and has never arisen from that condition into which he fell before the flood, when the thoughts of his heart were only evil, and that continually. The prevalent doctrine of the churches is, that man's nature is wholly corrupt, leading and tending only unto evil.

Against this doctrine of total depravity we protest, —

1. Because it has no foundation in the Scriptures.
2. Because it has no foundation in the observed facts of human nature.
3. Because it impeaches the benevolence and justice of the Creator.
4. Because it makes the appeals and exhortations of the gospel an idle mockery.
5. Because it impeaches the justice of God as a lawgiver.
6. Because the publication of it must have a direct effect to encourage sin, and take away the sense of shame.

Other reasons might be given; but the first two of these are decisive and final objections.

We believe, on the contrary, that the Scriptures teach us that God made man upright. That is, we believe every power in man is good, placed within him for good purposes, and leading him to

good actions, only provided that it be exercised aright. But these powers are not always exercised aright. Men sin; they mar themselves by transgression; one faculty is misused, another neglected, and a third suffered to run into excess. By this misuse of good powers, those powers are, it is true, crippled, and the whole nature of man suffers a perversion. Thus, practically, few children inherit from their parents a perfectly sound constitution, either moral or physical. And, with this naturally weak and deficient moral constitution, there is still more difficulty in the government of the heart and life.

We acknowledge, therefore, what the obvious facts of human life force us to acknowledge, namely, that men generally begin at a very early period of life to sin, and that they are the more likely to do so, from the fact that their fathers sinned before them. The nature in itself is pure, upright, in the image of God; but in its development it is tainted with evil. And this taint is, to a modified extent, transmitted from generation to generation.

This seems to us the doctrine of the Scriptures and the doctrine of observed facts. It leads to humility, but not to despair, nor to indifference. It does not impeach the goodness nor the justice of God; for it does not deny the power of man to do righteousness, nor lessen his individual responsibility.

But it may be asked, If the depravity of man be not total; if it is, as you represent, simply an unhealthiness of the moral nature, no greater in amount than the unhealthiness of people in general as to their physical health, what becomes of the doctrine of regeneration, change of heart, or becoming a new creature in Christ Jesus, which is undeniably a Scripture-doctrine?

We answer that the doctrine of a change of heart is entirely independent of our views of depravity. The gospel, in demanding a change of heart, presupposes nothing whatever concerning the corruption of our nature. It presupposes our having sinned, but nothing concerning the origin of our sin. The strong, the unlimited language of our needing a new heart, a new birth, a new creation, refers not to that nature, but to the attitude of our will. The gospel demands a total change, not in our natures (which are but partially tainted), but in our purpose, in our principles of action.

When we seek in the words of Jesus, in the preaching of the apostles, and in the epistles of Paul, for a clear exposition of the purpose of the gospel, we find no single expression which

seems more clearly to embrace the sense of all the rest, than the words of the apostle, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." Reconciliation unto God — this is the new birth, the entrance into a new life, the change of heart, the becoming a new creature. And one word is, perhaps, here necessary in explanation of the phrase, *reconciliation to God*. The Greek language has, in the New Testament, two words signifying *reconciliation*. One implies a mutual change, both parties coming from a state of enmity to a state of friendship. The other implies a change in one party only; and this is the word always used when speaking of man's reconciliation to God. It is the word translated in one passage in the New Testament, *atonement*. The Scriptural doctrine of atonement or reconciliation does not, then, imply any change in God, or any previous enmity on his part toward us. Even his chastisements are dealt to us in tenderest love. But the word *reconciliation* does imply a previous enmity, — the enmity of men to God. This is the charge brought by implication in the very entreaty of the apostle, "Be ye reconciled to God." In asking us to be reconciled, he implies that we are at enmity. A terrible charge, not made against our nature, which came from God's hand pure, and yet retains a most noble and godlike proportion, but made against us, free agents, and wilful rebels against God's authority.

Now, what is the meaning of this charge of enmity against God? Does it mean that men hate God, hate goodness, hate every form of truth, and love only falsehood and sin? Certainly not. By no such pretended misunderstanding of the charge can conscience elude its force. Every man who has been reconciled to God through Jesus Christ, knows that the charge was true against himself. Unless this reconciliation was effected in the earliest days of childhood, he remembers that before this change he was governed by motives altogether independent of love toward God, guided by principles altogether independent of God's will; he never asked what God's law required, and shrank from the thought that God sees and judges all our acts and words and motives. But this state of heart is a state of virtual rebellion, virtual enmity. It is not a state of positive hatred; it is not necessarily a state of moral corruption. Nay, it is consistent with quite a high degree of moral purity, and even of reverence for God. Nevertheless, the person in such a state needs an entire

change; not in his nature, that may be pure; not in his habits of life, they may be virtuous; but in his relation toward God.

For if God be God, the Creator of all things, the Giver of all gifts, the Inspirer of all our powers, the Disposer of all events, infinite in wisdom and power, absolute Sovereign, Father of unbounded love, — then is it, as our Lord Jesus has declared it to be, the first and great commandment, that we should love the Lord our God with all our hearts, with all our minds, with all our souls, with all our strength. The only end and purpose of our life should be to serve him, to fulfil the duties appointed by him, to fill the post in which he has placed us acceptably to him. No motive is lawful, unless we legitimate it by showing to our own judgment, that it is consistent with the love of God. No principle is to be received as a guide of action, unless it is deducible from the one great law, "Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart," or from its first great corollary, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." If the first commandment has the breadth and depth which Jesus gives it, and which we think every sound conscience ascribes to it, then the only true life for man is a life of voluntary cheerful obedience to the will and law of God.

He, therefore, whose highest principles and motives are irrespective of God's will, who does not *intend* in his actions to obey God, must, however pure his life may be, introduce a new motive, a new purpose or intention, in every department of his thought and action. His attitude toward God must become entirely different: from indifference and forgetfulness, which is virtual rebellion, he must become actively, consciously, intelligently, cheerfully obedient; from serving himself and his friends, he must turn to the service of God. Perchance his actions may be but very little changed: he may have been obedient to the law of God, obeying from habits of early education, or from some other motive; but he must now obey with the purpose of obeying God. The act may be the same as before, but the motive is entirely different.

We think, therefore, that the Christian church grievously misunderstands the gospel-doctrine of regeneration, in supposing that the need of regeneration implies the total corruption of our nature. The doctrine of a change of heart does not imply any thing whatever in regard to our nature, but only implies the misuse of that nature. It does not ask for a change in the nature of our affections, but in their direction.

The church-doctrine of total depravity is supported neither by Scripture nor reason nor observation. It is fundamentally erroneous in character, and inconceivably mischievous in its effect upon the mind of the world.

But we think also that the predominant sects of Christendom do grievously misunderstand us, when they represent us, in denying total depravity, as denying the need of regeneration. We, on the contrary, believe that it is the first, fundamental, vital need of the soul. We believe, that, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. We believe, that, unless a man has been reconciled by the mediation of Jesus, he is alienated from God, the only source of life, and there is no eternal life abiding in him. The change is in one sense total; it is a complete change of direction; we cease to seek our own ends, and begin to seek "the kingdom of God and his righteousness," that is, to seek to obey God, and fulfil his requirements. It is the first and most imperative duty to seek God, to fear him and keep his commandments.

We have thus endeavored to show what is the state of human nature presupposed by Christianity, and what is therefore the fundamental need and most imperative duty of men. Reader, it is for you to decide whether we have presented truth, and to remember that you are responsible for the decision. As a Protestant and as a citizen of a republic, you claim the right of private judgment. That right involves the duty. The subject is one of too much importance to be left undecided, or to be decided without serious investigation.

And in order to set our views of the relation of men, unmoved by the gospel, towards God, in a clearer light, suffer us to illustrate them by a familiar comparison. A certain man had two sons, equally gentle and kind, equally industrious, equally studious, and of equal abilities. The elder did all things with the design of pleasing his father, and his father was sure that the elder loved him. But the younger avoided his father's presence, sought only to please himself and his brother; and his father knew, that, if his younger son did not dislike him, he was at least indifferent to him. Now, although this younger was as good a scholar, as good a brother, as the elder, was he as good a son? Reader, does not your heart answer, No? And if we avoid God's presence, shrink from the thought of him, neglect prayer, live forgetful of

God, are we good sons of our heavenly Father? We may be good citizens, good members of society, and discharge a large proportion of our duties well; but if we have no love toward God, and do not make it the aim of our life to serve him, are we good children of God? Can we expect his blessing? and can we prosper without it?

Well may the Scripture speak of reconciliation to our Father as a new birth and as a new creation. For when a man ceases to pursue selfish ends, and begins to pursue the way of the commandment of God, then, although he may do the same things, pass over the same ground, as before, yet all things become new, because his face is turned in an entirely different direction, and because all things are gilded with new light. He is now looking toward God, instead of toward himself, and is lighted by the eternal light of God's presence, instead of the transient gleams of human reasoning. But the man who loves not and serves not God, who refrains from prayer, and is indifferent to sin, that man is virtually dead, — worse than dead, — spiritually dead.

The actions of one born again may differ little from those of one who is simply moved by a sense of honor or enlightened self-love. But the state of feeling differs vastly. There is no joy in life that compares with the solid peace of one who leans upon the arm of the Almighty; there are no honors which so exalt the soul of the receiver, as the approval of conscience, and the assurance of righteousness before God; there is no strength in the hour of sudden temptation, which will preserve our integrity like the grace of God promised to those who ask it in Jesus' name; nor is there any wisdom on which a man can rely with such confidence, in times of perplexing change and conflicts, as upon the wisdom of a pure heart, loyal to God.

By all, therefore, to be hoped in heaven, or to be desired upon earth; by the love of God, which passeth understanding; by our sense of gratitude, which binds us to love our benefactor; by every sentiment of duty, which assures us that we owe to our Creator strict allegiance; and, above all, by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus, through whom God offers forgiveness to the penitent, and deliverance from sin, — we beseech thee, reader, to go unto Jesus in the four Gospels, by him to be reconciled unto God, and to find, in a life of prayer and consecration to duty, the life of heaven upon earth.

T. H.

THE DEAD CHRIST.

Dead ! dead !

And nearer still they draw, with love and dread,
 To him who there so cold and pallid lies
 In sleep from which no slumberers arise ;
 And there they now unshroud that hallowed head ;
 For he, alas ! is dead.

Dead ! dead !

And on his breast, as on her last, cold bed,
 All pale and still the hapless mother sinks, —
 The cup well drained where the despairing drinks ;
 And to her comes their sympathizing tread ;
 So deathly, yet not dead.

Dead ! dead !

Alas ! this fate she never yet had read, —
 She who hath lived so long, and life's dark scroll
 Had wisely learned to scan and to unroll ;
 She who old Zebedee had loved and wed ;
 Her sons adored the dead.

Dead ! dead !

What fears the Magdalen hath hither led ?
 What woes convulse that young, impassioned one,
 Whose life and early sins such griefs atone !
 Alas ! she had not known what he had said,
 " I go among the dead."

Dead ! dead !

But, oh ! what calmness o'er her grief is spread !
 " The other Mary," with her agony
 Veiled in a faith so pure and high,
 It seems almost as hope were in its stead :
 Thus looks she on the dead.

Dead ! dead !

Who brake to them so late the " living bread ;"
 Who spake of waters that shall never die,
 Of founts and streams of immortality :
 Of his *last supper* hath " the Master " fed ;
 Now sleeps he with the dead.

Dead ! dead !
 It cannot — yet it must be, — *he is dead* :
 But, oh ! so soon to rise from death again !
 Suffered and conquered all of woe and pain,
 The last and strongest foe a captive led,
 And Death in him be dead.

H. F.

TIME FLIES AND FOLLOWS.

IN travelling one day on the railroad through the pine-forests of North Carolina, I noticed a singularly beautiful optical illusion. As I stood at the back-door of the rear car, looking in the calm noon along the road we left behind us, the rapidity with which the nearer trees by the road-side glided by as we passed them made it seem as if those which were still further behind stopped in their flight, then suddenly turned and came towards us, and so each group of trees in succession, as it flew by, darted back to a certain distance, until it reached the one which had started before it, and, joining hands as it were with that, kept the whole distant vista of the forest following on after us.

Who has not experienced something analogous in regard to what is called the flight of time ? As we advance along the road of life, and especially as we approach the proverbially retrospective period, the years of life which we have left farthest behind seem to come up again, and draw nearer and nearer in the eye of memory. In this case, however, we have reason to believe there is no illusion. Reason and revelation would seem to unite in testifying that we do actually, as we move on towards the other world, bear the past along with us and within us, towards that point in the future, where, in the clear light of spiritual revelation,

"The past of time and sense shall be
 The present of eternity."

C. T. B.

DOCTRINAL TEACHING.

AMONG the various subjects of interest which have come before our sabbath-schools, with regard to their improvement and increased means of usefulness, as powerful agencies for the advancement of Christianity in the world, there is no question which, at the present time, has created more discussion, or upon which more various opinions exist, than that of Doctrinal Teaching. Should such form a regular part of our sabbath-school instruction? and, if so, to what extent?

Yet this question, however important in itself, we deem but secondary to another of equal moment, which requires some consideration in order fully to elucidate the one before us, viz. What are doctrines? what do we mean when we speak of the essentials and the non-essentials of Christianity? Does a firmly established doctrinal belief also include a practical faith; or is the distinction, often recognized and upheld, between doctrine and religion, faith and practice, justifiable?

Now, in many minds there seems to be a most vague and indefinite idea with regard to all matters of faith. They have a *general* idea that Christianity is true, and that in some measure they are responsible for their actions; but their faith, such as it is, has been derived rather from circumstances, from influences around them, than from any examination for themselves, from any fixed conviction that the Christian religion *cannot but be true*; and hence they are constantly swayed by every new form of opinion, and their own better impulses are left an easy prey to every passing circumstance.

They say they believe, because they have never thought enough upon the subject to approach a doubt; for a doubt at least implies some reflection, — a feeling that there may be arguments against, as well as for, the truth. Their belief consists rather in a mere verbal repetition of certain dogmatical phrases, and in the outward observance of stated forms and seasons, than in any fixed, entire conviction of the whole moral and intellectual nature.

We cannot but believe that much injury is done to this class of persons, and that they are often deterred from seeking a clearer knowledge of the truth, from the distinction so often recognized

and upheld between doctrine and religion, faith and practice. Now, is this difference sound or justifiable? Does not a firm doctrinal belief, the belief both of the mind and heart, include, as its necessary sequence, a living, practical faith? And, on the other hand, must not a vital, practical, religious life flow from some fixed principles of action, from some definite views of the nature of the soul itself, and of its necessary relations to truth, to duty, and to God?

Now, we cannot affirm with some, that it is of no consequence what the faith may be, so long as the conduct is true and right, and that an upright and faithful life is the chief and only requisite to the Christian; all else being a mere dispute of words, consisting of dry logical disputations or metaphysical distinctions. Such assertions as these, only show how little the true nature of the subject is comprehended; for how is it possible wholly to separate faith and practice, doctrine and religion?

For instance, a person who cherishes a firm belief in the peculiarly paternal character of God, and has a vital faith in his particular providence, must possess far different motives of action from him who regards the Deity more entirely as a sovereign Ruler and Judge, simply ordering the *general* course of events. The obedient life of the one flows from the deep yet chastened *affections* of the soul; while that of the other results rather from the constraint of fear, at least in the earlier stages of its religious progress. Is not the practice, then, in this case, dependent on, and inseparable from, the doctrine, even though the results may appear the same to human observation?

Then, with regard to Christ, we may consider his life and death simply as a propitiatory sacrifice in behalf of man, as a necessary offering to satisfy the justice of the Deity; or we may regard him as bearing the express image of the Father; his sufferings and death being but the seal of a life of devoted self-sacrifice, that, through his own example of purity, love, and holiness, — through his full assurance of pardon and forgiveness, he might bring man unto God, and thus fulfil the great work of reconciliation.

Now, must not our feelings towards him, as a personal Saviour and Friend, vary according to our adoption of either of these views? Will they not in some measure affect our whole religious faith, and modify, even though unconsciously to ourselves, our views of daily duty and religious practice? Must they not tend,

more or less, to inspire us with fear or love, timidity or courage; to awe and depress, or to animate and quicken the spirit?

Again, as regards the state of the soul after death. If we possess any vital faith in religious truths, must not our daily and practical life be strongly influenced by our so-called doctrinal views of a future state of existence? We may believe with some, that all retribution ceases with this present life; or we may cherish the faith that the consequences of every action, whether good or evil, extend throughout an indefinite period, ever re-acting upon the soul, to quicken or retard its progress. Now, must not the sanctions of revelation rest with a double weight upon that spirit which cherishes a realizing faith in the *undying* influence of the daily life and conduct? Must they not have a constraining influence upon the whole character, and hence the firm doctrinal faith affect of necessity the daily practical life?

Again, we speak of faith in immortality as the peculiar doctrine of the Christian religion. And who is there able to maintain that *this* doctrine has *no* connection with practice? It is so closely interwoven with all our views and feelings, and forms so essential a part of our truest and highest happiness, that it would be absolutely impossible for any of us, who from childhood have been instructed in its great reality, to ascertain the amount of its influence upon our characters, or to feel how infinitely it has added to our purest happiness. And yet how widely different the influence of this faith upon different minds, according as it is a mere verbal belief, or is felt to be a conscious indwelling faith, based upon the strongest intellectual arguments, answering the deepest wants of the mind, and imparting to the soul that full and entire assurance of an endless life, which can alone enable it rightly to interpret the seeming mysteries of this present existence!

Regarding, therefore, the daily practical life of the Christian as inseparable from, and in a great measure dependant upon, his peculiar religious opinions, we cannot assent to such views as bid us "give no heed to the peculiar form of opinion; the daily and outward conduct alone being of any vital importance."

True, we must judge of *others* only by the outward life, for a faith that forms an essential element of the well-being of one mind may be utterly vague and useless to another; but we would strongly maintain the necessity to every *individual* of some *dis-*

inct, fixed views upon religious subjects ; of a faith not merely received upon trust, or the assertions of others, but based upon the clear, firm convictions, both of the mind and heart.

There is nothing more deleterious, both to the moral and intellectual nature, than to have the mind filled with mere vague, floating ideas of truth, without any fixed aim or point ; ever open to the influence of every passing breeze of doctrine ; its true bearing changed by every new and crude notion, and thus its deepest and holiest feelings only too often wounded and destroyed by the keen edge of sarcasm or the sneer of ridicule.

But some may ask, "What shall we believe ? for one person advances certain doctrines as true ; and, at the time being, the arguments appear to us just and sound ; when, after a short period, we listen to arguments of exactly the opposite nature, and they, too, seem equally worthy of credence, and our former faith, firm as we thought it to be established, is disturbed, and perhaps utterly destroyed. How, then, are we to judge between conflicting opinions ?"

We would reply in brief : Make the Bible, and that alone, your creed. Trust not the moulding of your faith to any human guide ; but, with an earnest and prayerful spirit, study the sacred record, and a new revelation of light and truth will dawn upon you. Use, indeed, such helps as may aid you the better to understand its pages, but use them only as auxiliaries. Feel that the formation of your religious opinions and views is a sacred trust, for which you are responsible to your Maker, and that it is impossible ever to delegate it to other hands. Feel that so long as you have never thought seriously *yourself* upon the subject ; that so long as your opinions remain vague and indefinite, from want of due thought and examination, you are doing an infinite wrong to your own soul, and to all who come under the sphere of your influence.

But if, with a deep sense of your own responsibility, you study the words of revelation in a humble, prayerful spirit, whatever may be the result as to your peculiar doctrinal views, it will be the means of your own onward progress, and will add to your truest and highest happiness ; for the understanding must have definite conceptions of truth, in order for the soul to possess some clear medium through which to discern the great facts of its inward life.

But to pass more directly to the object of this discussion. From what we have already said, it may readily be inferred how important we deem it for the religious teacher to possess fixed, definite opinions. He may not, indeed, teach his peculiar doctrines in set words or technical phrases, but it will be impossible for him to prevent his general conversation being more or less imbued with his own personal views and opinions; and if these be but vague and shadowy, so must they have a corresponding influence on the mind of the child.

Religious doctrine, — in the sense in which we understand the word, — a clear, definite faith in religious truths, as indissolubly connected with the practical life of the Christian, such must necessarily be taught in our sabbath-schools, if the teachers themselves be imbued with any degree of vital, living faith.

But how, and to what extent, should such be inculcated? We would reply, in the first place, that the manner must be left in a great measure to the judgment of the individual teacher, since the form of his lessons must necessarily be adapted to the peculiar wants and capacities of those under his care.

But, while we would not recommend set manuals or catechisms of doctrines, we feel that more definite and explicit views than are usually given upon these subjects should be imparted, that those who leave the school as pupils, to become in their turn teachers of others, should be able to give some definite and satisfying reasons for their faith and hope; that, should they be placed amid scenes of moral temptation and danger, they might feel that the foundations of their religious belief rest upon a sure and firm basis. The child, indeed, imbibes insensibly the religious opinion of the teacher; but, as his mind becomes more mature, he should be led to think, read, and judge for himself; referring to his teacher for guidance and direction, rather than seeking to receive from him any dogmatical assertions of truth, simply as such.

With this view, therefore, we would recommend for the older and more advanced pupils the direct study of the Bible, with reference to these so-called doctrinal truths, connected with the reading of such works as may throw light upon the subjects under consideration, and aided by the clear and definite views of the teacher himself. Were such a course definitely pursued by our older pupils, we believe there would be much less cause than now exists to lament the vague, crude notions upon all matters of

faith that exist in so many minds, even among those who are themselves teachers of others. Far be it from us to wish the sacred hours of the sabbath devoted to *mere* speculative teaching or conversation; but we cannot but feel that in many instances such a course of inquiry might be pursued with advantage, and, through the greater clearness and definiteness of the opinions thereby gained, react beneficially upon the individual mind and character. We would have the teacher able to give some definite explanation of his own views; ever keeping his mind open to new accessions of truth and light, and thus be enabled to impart the truth, *such as he deems it*, to others; teaching them, however, not to regard it as *absolutely* such, but leading them to feel the importance of *personal* inquiry and study.

We trust we shall not be misunderstood, and be accused of laying more stress upon doctrine than upon practice, upon the mere form of belief than upon the spirit manifested in the daily life. We have indeed but little sympathy in the mere strife for doctrines, in the sense in which the word is commonly used; but we do highly prize our own peculiar views, so far as they are the result of our firmest intellectual convictions, and have become the necessary embodiment of the faith of the heart; and as such, we cannot but deem it right, in every way in our power, to seek to impart them to others, believing that there are many minds to whom these forms of truth may be the only quickening and life-giving ones; which, through them alone, shall receive that full faith in the great truths of revelation that shall lead to newness of life, and a more entire obedience.

The Christian life and the Christian character are, indeed, manifested in every sect, and under every form of outward worship and ritual; but we do earnestly contend, that it is essential to the *individual's* highest moral progress to possess definite and well-established views upon religious subjects.

And may we not hope, that, if there are teachers in our schools who have not such clear and fixed opinions, they may be led to seek such for themselves; not resting their faith on any human authority, but seeking the truth from that rich and full fountain ever open to us all, — the word of God, as revealed through his Son Jesus Christ.

H. M.

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

I READ, the other day, a paragraph quoted from Jean Paul, in which he said, "One should not *read* upon a subject until he had thought himself hungry upon it, and should not *write* until he had read himself full of it." The first part of the German author's injunction I have obeyed, with reference to my present theme; the latter I have not, being unable to find any thing which satisfied the appetite thought has excited; so I find myself in a position for which Richter's directions have not provided. What shall I do but write out the imperfect results to which my thought has attained, and then throw down the pen, hoping some one better able to pursue the subject will resume it?

The question of the Sphere of Woman is one which has been much agitated lately, and which deserves and *needs*, for the good of society, to be far better understood than it now is. There are two opposite positions, equally unsatisfactory it seems to me, assigned to her by those who talk the most of woman's rights and woman's sphere. One party espouse her cause on the ground of intellectual claims; they maintain that she has an intellectual organization not inferior to man's, and that she needs only that her mental powers be educated, in order to show her entire equality with him, to contend with him at the polls, to debate at the lyceum or caucus, to mount the platform and address an excited throng, or dispense the more peaceful instructions of the pulpit.

The opposite party, disgusted with the harsh, discordant cry in behalf of woman's rights, maintain that her place is wholly domestic; that she must fulfil in a quiet way the active household duties, and then sit smiling by the fireside, plying the darning-needle with busy fingers, while her feet may be occupied in rocking the cradle to a gentle measure. In this position she should be prepared to receive her lord and master: that is her mission! to smile away his cares, and make his home so comfortable that nothing need disturb him there! But woman was not made for man alone, but each for each, and both, by fulfilling God's will, for his glory.

He must have been an inattentive student of God's word, as written in the book of nature, who does not see that He brings

about his results by the harmonious balance of opposing forces. The centripetal and centrifugal forces produce the revolving movement of the planets. The magnet has its pole which attracts, and the other which repels. Light and darkness, sun and shade, heat and moisture, summer and winter, — all, though seemingly hostile, work together for one result. "The Lord is the Maker of them all;" "they do his will, but know it not." It is man's *self-consciousness*, his poor desire to be something on his own account, after his own fashion, which hinders him from being as true in his higher appointment as the unconscious forces of nature are in theirs: it is self-will and mutual jealousy, distrust and arrogance, which prevent man and woman from coming into true relations with each other.

Those must have read the gospel-history, it seems to me, with eyes unopened to its sacred depths, who have not learned from the holy mother of Jesus, that it is for woman to "ponder in the heart," rather than to argue with the head; to seek serene retirement, rather than the jarring strife of public places; yet to bear a spirit so strong in its still purity, that, if need be, it will not shrink from standing mid the cruel throng beside the cross.

To define more distinctly the position of man and woman, I should say that to *him* was assigned the head; to *her*, the heart. He rules in the domain of intellect; she dwells in the sphere of feeling: he builds the strong, bony framework of society; she clothes it with fleshly beauty. Yet each does not possess his province exclusively. In man the action of thought must be refined and purified by the culture of feeling, or the emotional part of his nature. In woman the intellectual must be developed to its full extent, in order to give strength and wisdom to the action of her heart. But what is the prominent means of activity in the one should be the subservient in the other.

Is not the sphere of woman noble enough? To what has God appointed her? Has he not given it to her to watch at the very fountain of life? Her influence commences over the unborn child; the little heart, in its first unconscious beating beneath hers, receives from her an impulse which endures farther than we can trace its course. Oh! what a holy trust is that, to be the guardian of the child ere it has entered upon its earthly life! It is a type, a foreshadowing, of her whole influence; so hidden, yet so strong; so unseen, yet irresistible!

And is it not hers to cradle the infant in her arms, to meet the first inquiring glances that it directs toward the world in which it finds itself placed, and to answer those looks through eyes which shine down love into the little heart, and soft caresses which assure the wonderer, though he know not where he is, that all is well with him?

And then to answer the child's prattling inquiries, to tell of something beyond, great and incomprehensible yet very near to us, of the Cause of all things, — is not her office in relation to the child almost an angelic one, to be a ministering spirit to him from the great Father of us all, and to open the way for the divine love to shine into his breast?

And in the other relations of life, as daughter, sister, wife, friend, her influence is hardly less potent. You do not know the sacred trust committed to her, if you would have her peril it by jostling at the ballot-box, or maintaining with acuteness her part in a debate. A nobler part than this is ordained for her: she is to infuse a purer spirit into those who carry their votes to the polls, to make them feel that legislation is a trust of God's appointment, that the selfish purpose must be laid aside, that the good of all is the only end to be sought. It is for her to lay a gentle hand on the arm that would commit violence, so softly that the touch may be felt and yielded to. It is for her to speak in behalf of heavenly justice, of suffering, injured humanity, with a voice so low and sweet that it may be heard amid the angry discord of party strife. God's kingdom come! Oh that woman knew her duty towards fulfilling it! Is it too humble a lot, my sister, that I claim? If its dignity is to be estimated by the spiritual discipline which it requires to discharge it, I appeal to the strongest who has tried it, if the claim be not high enough. It is not an easy task to bear with patient spirit the constant pressure of little cares which are limited to no "business hours;" to give due attention to all these, upon which the comfort of life so essentially depends, and yet keep the soul's depths unclouded by them; to have the fresh sympathy of the heart ever ready, the kind encouragement, the affectionate rebuke, the friendly aid, the strengthening prayer. It is not easy always to restrain the fire which burns within, longing to free itself in volcanic flashes, to curb it so as to make it diffuse itself as increased warmth and vitality through the whole being. It is not an easy task — it is

not an unworthy one. It is God's will concerning us : let us say with our lives, as with our lips, "God's will be done."

My brothers, it is required of you to treat us, your sisters, not only with tenderness and love, but with dignified esteem. Because we cannot cope with you in argument, do not forget there is a wisdom of the *heart* ; that intuition sometimes reads aright, while the understanding blindly gropes in darkness. It is your fingers that pull the wires and touch the springs that move society : we ask leave to offer our suggestions as to the aims and results to be effected. We are all one family on earth, children of one Father : let us seek to aid each other to do faithfully that to which he has appointed us.

M. U. L.

U P W A R D .

"Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

OUR Saviour placed the standard high,
For us to imitate,
That none might ever dare to say,
"I've reached the heavenly gate."

Like Jacob's ladder it is set
On earth, and pierces heaven ;
And none has climbed so nobly yet,
But needs to be forgiven.

"Look upward," would our Master say
To all who'll follow, "come :"
Press upward through the brightening way ;
Perfection is your home.

When faith itself is changed to sight,
When prayer is lost in praise,
When breaks heaven's everlasting light,
How dim shall seem these rays !

Thou perfect Source of light and truth,
Teach me that way to go ;
And let me not, in age or youth,
Stand idly here below.

SPIRITUAL REST.

A SERMON, BY REV. JAMES F. BROWN.

MATT. xi. 29. — "Learn of me, . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

JESUS had previously spoken of his exalted connection with the Father. In the fervor of his feelings, he had risen to those sublime heights where he felt a deep consciousness of his own divine power, and with this power his soul expanded into sympathetic love. He felt the greatness of his mission, and penetrated deeply into the spiritual wants of men. He knew what was in man. He had been tried and tempted: the heavings of a stormy world had beat upon that heart, and it could not be shaken, for God was its support. Thus did he possess that spiritual insight by which he needed not that any should testify of man; for he knew what was in the most secret windings of the human heart. With a superhuman power he scanned the very sanctuary of the soul. He saw gloomy doubt brooding over hope. He heard the low wail of sorrow, and felt the hot breath of sin. With a nature so gentle, so tender, so loving, he broke forth into this affectionate strain: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This was a burst of passionate tenderness from Jesus. It came from the well-spring of his soul. The world was lying around him, wrapt in sin and error, pierced with profound sorrow, seeking rest and finding none. His own divine soul had attained to a spiritual oneness with the Father. He stood as an oracle of divine truth, through whom that Father was giving a new faith and a spiritual energy to the world. It was a great promise which Jesus gave; yet it was what the weary world longed and sighed for. Great teachers there had been, — philosophers, — who had uttered many sublime words of wisdom and love; but philosophy spoke merely from the inspiration of genius, and lacked authority. Her truths came, wavering and undecided. She spoke in feeble tones, conscious of her own weakness. But Jesus spoke with the thrilling words of power, conscious that God was moving in him. The former gave conceptions of truth that were narrow and superficial; the latter gave utterance to responses, as deep as the soul's longings, and as

vast as thought itself. Hence comes the rest which Jesus gives, — a rest in faith, a perfect faith in those truths which he taught.

There are certain great questions, if we cast aside the mission of Jesus, that must ever rack the mind with doubt and fear. Talk as you may concerning the character of God, of his providence, and of man's immortality, as truths attainable through the light of reason alone; yet they were but faint glimmerings in the most exalted minds, when compared with the convictions of Jesus. Bending beneath the spiritual sway of one who lived thus in the deepest communion with the Father, learning from one whose thoughts were colored by no element of doubt or mistrust, we receive that peace of mind, that tranquillity of soul, which philosophy never did give, and which, blessed be God, cannot, in all its sceptical cavillings, wrest away.

In the first place, Jesus gives us rest, in the assurance of the paternal character of God. Through Christ we have the only revelation of God that has ever satisfied the universal wants of man. Here the stern attribute of justice ceases to tower above and overshadow the gentler elements of his character; and, indeed, we may say that, without Christ, God becomes a mental abstraction, instead of a personal reality to the soul. What is there in nature or the human mind that reveals to me beyond cavil that this mighty power which creates and sustains has a special regard for me? — that I am an object of its love? When I look around on this vast universe, I behold hills lifting themselves above hills, rearing their lofty summits to the skies; I behold, gushing from their base, those streams which course their way to that ocean, which is vast, deep, and fathomless; I look in wonder upon those mighty orbs wheeling in stately grandeur through infinite space; and, overpowered with this mighty array, I am forced to ask, — and here I do but utter the experience of every thinking mind, — If there is a main-spring to this shifting panorama, if there is a God above, oh! what am I that he should be mindful of *me*? what am I that he should visit *me*?

Tell me of the power and greatness of the mind which this vast survey reveals, but this does not satisfy. It is cold, intellectual, not warm and heartfelt; and, indeed, the moment the mind begins to reflect upon itself, and rises in its contemplations to the Infinite, how weak, how insignificant, does it seem! Man talks of greatness. What can he do? He may frame the

flower, with its artificial stalk, its petals, and its leaf; but it is still a *painted flower, without fragrance, without life*. Let him send, if he can, the current of sap through its veins and fibres, giving it the power of reproducing itself. Vain will be the attempt. The result must be failure. The flower bears the seeds of death; and not only must the work itself crumble, but the hand that framed it must become palsied and die. Go, filled with the inspiration of genius, and carve your marble statue. What, then? The conception is not yours; for God created *first*, and the *ideal* is his. There stands your statue, beautiful in symmetry, grand in conception. Now, like Angelo, glowing with the enthusiasm of your task, call aloud for it to speak. Its pale lips are dumb. There is no Promethean fire to kindle the marble, and impart to it the principle of life. It is cold marble still, without thought, without feeling, without love. Oh! then, why talk of *human greatness*? Dwelling upon this thought, we are brought back to a sense of our own weakness. *We are weak*. We long for a voice sounding above these outward works of nature, above the intuitions of the soul, proclaiming a tie of sympathy and love between the human heart and its God. We want to know the truth, which nature and the unaided reason do not, cannot reveal, if this great, positive mind is affectionate and loving. When we ask this question, nature stands confounded, and the soul is mute. This statement is confirmed by the history of the whole world's experience. Systems of philosophy have been speculative and selfish: they have not unfolded that character in God which meets the universal wants of man. But Christ puts the doubting mind to rest. He asks for no chain of sequences to lead it to its true relations to God. He lays down no premise to weary and perplex it with subtle reasonings. This was the error in philosophy. The simple, uncultivated mind could not follow through those dark mazes of philosophic reasoning, and hence could not rise to the sublime conceptions of gifted intellects. Genius and learning soared but upon the wings of speculation, and speculation must ever be followed by doubt. Christ, as we have said, attempts to prove nothing by logical sequences. *He states the fact*; and thus through him is revealed that character of God which meets our highest wants. Men had ever clothed God with majesty and power, but never with that melting tenderness which watches the falling tear, and listens to the

throbbings of the humblest heart. Here, then, is a character in which the soul finds rest, — God as a *Father*. If the relation in which Jesus stood to man while on earth, so tender, so devoted, be a type of God's interest, then man can ask for nothing more. This idea of Father, in its highest form, is not, then, a fact which outward nature presents, neither is it a fact of consciousness: it is something peculiar to Christianity. To find rest in this great truth, we must come to Jesus with our hearts, as well as our intellects; nay more, we must have the simple trust of Jesus awakened in our souls, which trust can come only through a high spiritual life. Then, and only then, can we feel that the arms of a loving Father are around us, and that his right hand is leading us.

From this idea of the paternal character of God, we come to the assurance of a *special* Providence, — the connection and interest of God with the most minute works of his hand. Jesus has here silenced all speculation. "Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered," says he. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear ye not, therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows." What a calm and tranquil rest does this truth bring. The Father is moving above, around, and through all things; and, amid the countless myriads of worlds, amid the teeming multitudes who are moving on upon this vast tide of life, God marks me for his own.

The question concerning the special providence of God has been one of the most intricate that has ever disturbed the minds of men. And there have been almost as many conclusions as minds which have attempted the analysis. The Heathen world was rife with solutions. Some admitted there was a providence in great and heavenly things, and not in the affairs upon the earth; that God exercised a general care over the universe, but was indifferent with respect to individual interests. Even Plato, who is often appealed to as one who penetrated the deepest into the spiritual philosophy of things, declared that the superintendency of this lower world was vested in the heavenly bodies, and considered as an inlet to atheism the doctrine which taught that the sun, moon, and stars were not animate, and could not take cognizance of human affairs. Such a view of Providence could never satisfy the mind. It would present God as an absolute power in the distance, and the

things of earth as unworthy of his regard. But Christ put to flight these metaphysical subtleties, and taught that, whilst God created all things, there were none beneath his interest and love. How different this from the teachings that came from the most exalted philosophers of antiquity! What a Providence is this! In its dealings how vast, yet how minute! It stretches its arms around all the works of creation, gathering into its embrace what seems too minute for finite notice. It is the Father who has made all things instinct with life, and watches over the growth of every living thing. Each bud, as it unfolds, reveals to us the special agency of God. For did not the Teacher say, "God so clothed the lilies of the field"? But Christ not only revealed these truths of the paternal character of God and his providence through his teachings, but through a life which blended in harmony with the truths he offered. He felt them to be realities in his own personal consciousness; and it was through the force of this living, internal experience, that he could say, "I am in the Father, and the Father in me." One of the most beautiful exemplifications of the trust growing out of this communion is seen, when, with his disciples, he embarked upon the Sea of Galilee. The waves dashed around that frail bark, and yet he slept. The storm-voices were like notes of music, giving serenity to his slumbers. But when the agonized disciples cried out, "Master, save us or we perish," he arose, and, in the calm dignity of his faith, "rebuked the wind and the raging of the water, and they ceased." Then turning to the disciples, he said unto them, "*Where is your faith?*" "I have taught you," he seems to imply, "that God's providential care is over you; and why do you doubt?" Oh! there is a significance in this question for us. We have had the testimony of Christ's teachings and his life, and yet we doubt. That voice still sounds from the waters of Galilee, saying, "*Where is your faith?*" Amid the trying experiences of life, its disappointments and its trials; when our steps falter, and our faith grows cold,—then, oh! then, should these searching words of Jesus sink deeply into our souls. There are reverses of fortune that seem at times too grievous to be borne. Yet, if the thought of God as a Father is with us, we shall be filled with hope, and with that child-like faith which brings a *spiritual rest*; not a *passive* but an *active* rest; not a rest *from* toil, but a rest *in* toil,—a serene and peaceful rest amidst the trying labors of life. For this rest,

the weary world sighs and longs. To this rest, the Master stands and bids us come. Come, then, O thou man of the world ! Come, thou weary, desponding one ; and, through the inward life of Christ, attain to that living faith wherein thou mayest find rest unto your soul.

Finally, Christ gives us rest in the assurance of the soul's immortality. The doctrine of immortality has ever been an instinctive belief among all tribes and nations. Rather, it has partaken of the character of an uncertain hope, instead of a real and positive conviction. And where the doctrine has been held previous to the life of Jesus, it has been in most instances interwoven with, and allied to, other notions which would render immortality to most men a curse instead of a blessing. The untutored savage, with the vision of a future world flitting before his mind, bore with him to the grave those implements of war that had won for him glory upon earth, and which he believed would lead to the extension of his greatness hereafter. He was the greatest who could bear from the battle-field to heaven the most splendid trophies of war. Philosophy, from her quiet retreats, reared a heaven of her own, where none but the wise and gifted should reap the joys of its Elysian fields. The quiet and gentler virtues were considered as weaknesses, binding the soul to earth, and incapable of fitting it for the higher joys of heaven. Christ came not so much to make known the simple truth of immortality, as to confirm existing expectations concerning it, and to give a glow to the truth, never before realized. He removed those crude notions that had clustered about it, and sought to inspire all hearts with a faith that immortality was radiant with glory for all. Men draw analogies from nature for the soul's continued existence. But analogies are not *proof*. They seem at best but fanciful when taken by themselves. Thus, winter gives birth to spring. The butterfly bursts its chrysalis, and, with its golden wings, soars to the skies. The acorn dies, and gives birth to the oak. Thus death in nature precedes life. Each shroud bears the germ of a new existence. These are analogies drawn from things material and visible ; and, knowing so little as we do concerning the laws of spirit, are at best inconclusive and uncertain in their application to things spiritual and invisible. But Jesus, by his divine teachings and life, has given a force and beauty to these analogies, and made probability give place to certainty.

The certainty of the soul's immortality, — how forcibly and clearly does Jesus teach this truth ! and for it his whole life is an argument. No act, no expression, bears the slightest tinge of doubt. He spoke with firm assurance of dwelling with the Father ; and such was the fervor and decision with which he enforced this truth, that doubt can no longer brood over the trusting soul ; for life and immortality have been brought to light through him.

Thus we attain to spiritual rest through an inward recognition of those truths which we have sought to illustrate and enforce. And Jesus presents himself in the attitude of a Teacher, when he says, "Learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." The human soul needs, nay, it is essential to its peace to have, that inward recognition of those truths, unincumbered by the subtleties of logic, which are presented in the life and teachings of Jesus. Accept of Christ, then, as the Teacher who affirms that which he *knew*, and testifies to that which he has *seen*, and the mysteries of life may still baffle human reason ; yet there will be an undisturbed repose in that infinite Wisdom and Love, whose ways, though beyond our comprehension, we know are just and right.

No cold and abstract theory of the origin of evil, no solution of the problem of human suffering, can ever preclude the necessity of at last falling back for peace upon this confiding faith in a creative and an overruling Power which upholdeth and guideth all things well. We cannot probe to the centre of life's experience, and analyze the innumerable causes of its dark and painful features : we can only bow with meekness and submission, while the heart exclaims, "I *know* in whom I *trust*. Let me have a full conception of this all-pervading Spirit, which none but the Christian religion has ever presented to the world ; that God, as a loving Father, is enthroned everywhere in his works, and clothes even the simplest flower with its beauty ; let me be upheld by this enlivening conception, then can I train my soul not to shun, but to bear with meekness and strong endurance, the heavy ills of life."

Furthermore, the soul yearns for some confirmation of that hope which burns within us for an immortal life. Through Christ that confirmation has come. It banishes misgiving, doubt, and fear. It has riven the prospective darkness that closes in upon the departing objects of our tenderest affections. Friends are

passing to "that bourne whence no traveller returns," and with *us* life's pilgrimage soon must end. Yet what an inward calm, what a divine repose, is imparted to the soul through this knowledge of the way whither our steps are tending!

But let us bear in mind that this serenity of spirit comes not through a mere intellectual acceptance of the truth, but through its incorporation into the spiritual life of the soul. Christianity appeals for the most part to the heart and the affections; and, through these, we are to attain to those full conceptions of God, and of our own immortality, which constitute the true sources of spiritual rest.

MOSES' PRAYER REFUSED.

Moses the desert forty years had trod, —
The meek, the mighty man, the child of heaven;
Israel had led, — her enemies withstood,
And wholly unto God himself had given.

And now he nears the rich, the promised land;
At last fruition smiles on hope deferred:
He sees with ecstasy a home at hand,
And lifts his aged voice to praise the Lord.

Boldly he pours his thankful soul in prayer,
And asks, "To-morrow may I enter in,
O God! to-morrow may I humbly dare
To taste the blessed sweets of Palestine?"

"Nay," saith the Father; "get thee only up
Into the top of Pisgah, — gaze and die:
Well hast thou wrought to realize thy hope,
But its fulfilment is with me on high."

O God! whene'er thy will, not mine, is done,
And disappointment's cup thou dost prepare
That I may drink it, — give me then alone
The patriarch's meekness and the Saviour's prayer!

DR. JUDSON AND MISSIONS.

THERE are some, though far less than a few years since, — there are still some conscientious Christians who are opposed to all missionary efforts. There are far more, who, without absolute opposition, are indifferent to the subject. In our own denomination, in this country, no effort has yet been made to take a share in the conversion of Heathens to the gospel; and our home-missions, if our employment of a few preachers at the West may be so styled, have still to obtain the full and hearty co-operation of our churches. And, while we have not yet awaked to a full sense of our own duty, we are not sufficiently aware of the extent of the undertakings, and the greatness of the sacrifices, made by our brethren of other sects, to render to them that tribute of respect and admiration which is justly their due. It is from these reasons that we think proper to notice at this time in these pages the character and labors of an eminent Baptist missionary, recently deceased, — the Rev. Adoniram Judson, whose services and sufferings have entitled him to the appellation of “the Apostle of Burmah.”

This eminent servant of God embarked for India, as one of the first small company of missionaries from this country, on the 19th of February, 1812. His service on earth was closed on the 12th of April, 1850; having continued from the former date, a period of eight and thirty years. Mr. Judson and his companions embarked with a view to that field of labor in which his after-life was spent, — the empire of Burmah; but much difficulty was experienced before his destination was reached. On arriving at Calcutta, instead of finding encouragement and aid from the government of a Christian power, they received an order requiring them to quit India, and return to the United States. They obtained permission, however, to embark instead for the Isle of France; but, Mr. Judson and his wife meeting with some delay in their departure, a subsequent order from the government directed them to proceed to England. Treated thus as criminals, they felt themselves at liberty, though prohibited, to use such means as they could find of escaping from the British dominions. The attempt was made, but had nearly been frustrated,

when — by what means they could not learn, but ultimately through the goodness of divine Providence — the determination of the government was changed, and they were allowed to proceed to the Isle of France. The first news which met them on reaching that shore was of the death of their associate, Mrs. Newell, who had preceded them thither; and now, in addition to their other discouragements, a conscientious change of opinion on their own part separated them from the society which had sent them forth, and left them, with no definite prospect of support, on the opposite side of the globe from their home, and among strangers, to whom they could look for but little sympathy. They had engaged in the missionary enterprise as Congregationalists; they were now Baptists. Under these circumstances, they neither forsook their task nor gave up their trust in God. A faithful associate returned to America to interest in their behalf the denomination of Christians with which they were now connected; and they meantime, after various trials, reached Rangoon, in the Burman Empire, about seventeen months from the time of leaving their native land.

And now a longer interval must elapse, before, under all the unpropitious circumstances of a barbarous and heathen country, the first apparent success could gladden their hearts, or encourage the friends who had now undertaken their temporal support. Nearly six years passed away before they baptized a single convert. But their faith and patience failed not. About the middle of this period, Mr. Judson wrote: "It requires a much longer time than I have been here to make a first impression on a heathen people. If they ask, What prospect of ultimate success is there? tell them, *As much as that there is an almighty and faithful God, who will perform his promises, and no more.*" In the five years subsequent to the baptism of the first convert, others were added, till the little church in that heathen land amounted to eighteen. "Other laborers had arrived on the field, and some had been removed by death." The important work of translating the New Testament into the Burman language was completed. And now took place an event which for a time threatened entire destruction to the mission, and, in fact, subjected its members to the severest suffering. The territories of Burmah were contiguous to those of the British East India Company, and the two powers became engaged in war. The American mis-

sionaries were regarded by the natives as connected with their English enemies; and those at Rangoon, which was first attacked, were thrown into prison, bound with heavy chains, and only saved from threatened death by the success of the British arms. Mr. Judson and his wife were at Ava, the capital of the country; he was seized and bound with extreme cruelty, fettered heavily, and thrust into a dungeon, where he found his companions, who were manacled in a similar manner. They believed themselves destined to immediate death. "And now," says the Christian hero, "we began to feel our strength, our strong-hold, our deliverer in this dark abode of misery and despair. He who has said, 'I will never leave you nor forsake you,' manifested his gracious presence. A calm, sweet peace succeeded to our hurried minds; and alternate prayer and repeating of hymns soon brought our minds to a state of comparative gladness and joy." This spirit alone it was, that, by the blessing of God, could sustain the noble missionary and his heroic wife during the sufferings of his imprisonment, which continued more than a year and a half, — "nine months in three pair of fetters, two months in five pair." During this period of horror, Mrs. Judson, herself exposed to severe suffering, ministered as far as she could be permitted to the comfort of the prisoners, and importuned the unrelenting government for their release. To all her other trials the pangs of sickness were added.

"Who can describe the sufferings of that day
 When in her lap the child of sorrow lay,
 Who, 'mid the scenes of anguish, war, and strife,
 In heathen darkness struggled into life;
 On whose sad brow, already marked with woe,
 No father smiles, nor tears are felt to flow?" •

Suddenly the prisoners were removed from Ava. From the sufferings of their march, with unshod feet, over sands burning with the intense heat of Farther India, one of their company expired. The survivors were confined in the prison of a wretched village, called Oung-pen-lay. Hither Mrs. Judson followed her husband, taking with her, besides her own infant, two Burman children whom she had adopted. To their afflictions was now added the sickness of the three children from the small-pox. They recovered; and at length, after still further suffering in the

• Judson Offering.

almost fatal sickness of the mother, a season of peace and happiness ensued. Mr. Judson was taken from prison to act first as interpreter, and afterwards as ambassador to confer with the advancing English forces. Their success compelled the barbarian monarch to sue for peace; the American and other foreign captives were restored to liberty, and extensive provinces were ceded to the English. In these provinces the missionaries now found protection and honor; but the consequences of their past trials had not ceased. Mrs. Judson, worn out with her prolonged sufferings, survived but a short time; and her decease was soon followed by that of her child.

Seven years of widowhood were spent by the devoted teacher in labors which were now carried on under the protection of the British power. He was then united to one, herself the widow of a missionary, and worthy to bear the name which had been borne by that first Christian heroine and martyr. Before this second marriage, he had completed the great work of translating the whole Bible into Burmese. Eleven years' further service followed; his heart cheered by witnessing the progress of the missionary cause, the increase of converts being rapid in proportion to the first years of seemingly hopeless toil, and his home rendered happy by the blessings of conjugal and filial affection.

Again he was in bereavement. The Rock of St. Helena gave a grave to the faithful companion of his later toils. He was then on his way to the United States, after an absence of thirty-three years. Another interval, and, when the veteran and honored missionary returned to his chosen station, he was accompanied by one, who, in the bloom of youth and the brilliancy of a poetical reputation, shrunk not from sharing the dangers of his way, could she but cheer him in his declining years, and fill a mother's place to his orphaned children. She survives him. He died at sea; and the great ocean hides the worn casket that contained a soul, whose firm devotion to the highest objects, through all difficulties and amid all dangers, has won for him a noble rank among the servants of God and the benefactors of mankind. His labors have not been in vain. The missionary stations on the shores of Farther India are numerous and well-established; the native converts, numbered by hundreds, if not by thousands. They have the Scriptures in their own language, and the means of theological education among themselves. The word of God is

now preached to Burmans and Karens by their brethren of the same race. And, beyond all else perhaps, the records of a life like that of Judson cannot but produce upon the Christian world a reflex influence, calling forth other laborers to tread in his steps, and pleading with us all to think less of the transitory gifts of fortune, of personal comfort, or of personal safety, and more of our responsibility for a world in darkness, of the great realities of eternity, of our Saviour, and of our God.

The reflections to which our minds should be led, in contemplating a life thus devoted to the service of God and of mankind, are various, and may be of high spiritual value to us. We are led to thank God that the days of self-sacrifice, of lofty purpose, heroic energy and endurance, are not quite gone by; that, in this commonplace, self-interested, modern world of ours, there lingers still some trace of the old heroic age of Christianity; and that deeds are now done, and dangers undergone, worthy of the Polycarps and Cyprians, the martyrs of the early church. But especially would we now view this subject in reference to our own position, as members of a denomination to which the good man, whose history I have briefly sketched, was a stranger, — a denomination, too, which is but to a small extent engaged as yet in missionary labors.

First, then, let us Unitarians do justice to our brethren of other sects. It is much to be desired that the different branches of the Christian family should know more of each other. We look upon each other too much in an antagonistic aspect. So might it be with two fortified cities, built on the summits of opposing hills. To the eye which gazes from one upon the other, what appear most prominently are long lines of prison-like wall, and projecting bastions, on whose stern heights the implements of war stand prepared for immediate use. The observer sees but partially the dwellings of men, where are warm hearts engaged in all the kindly intercourse of domestic life. Nor perhaps does he recall the fact, that the spot where he stands, the city loved by him for all the dear and sacred associations of home, presents to the distant observer as stern and unlovely an aspect as that which he himself is now contemplating. Thank God, his churches are becoming less and less like such old fortified cities in reference to each other. May they become more and more like the peaceful villages of our own land; separated by no forbidding battlements,

needing no stern watch to keep off injurious touch, because no injurious touch is intended by any against other; and the inmates of each fully, lovingly aware, that within every enclosure, as well as their own, have lived, and yet do live, those who are among the chosen of God, the excellent of the earth! May we thus feel in reference to our brethren! Our position in past years has not been favorable to the cultivation of this justice and liberality of feeling. Too often misunderstood ourselves, we have been tempted to misunderstand others. If aught of this tendency yet remains, let us strive against it. There is far more which we hold in common with our brethren than that which separates us.

But again, let our admiration of Christian virtue, in its developments elsewhere, lead us to something of noble emulation. When we look upon the religious history of the last fifty years, and reflect how our fellow-Christians of other sentiments have poured forth their treasure and their lives for the advancement of our Master's kingdom in the world, then reflect on what we have done in the same cause, we cannot but feel rebuked at the comparison. Let the excuses of our scanty numbers and of our controversial position be admitted for what they are worth. Let it be admitted, too, that in other works of charity we have borne our part better than in this; still does there remain enough to urge reflecting and benevolent minds among us to a serious consideration of the question, What is our duty for the future in reference to the command of our Saviour, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature"?

There is no greater mistake committed, we conceive, in regard to this subject, than that of representing the missionary enterprise among ourselves as a sectarian one. And yet thus is it represented, not only by some who object to its prosecution, but by some who would encourage it. We should engage in it from higher views. Our object should be, not to combat orthodoxy, but to combat irreligion; not to build up Unitarianism, as any thing distinct from the gospel, but to build up Christianity in that form in which we believe it to be most pure. The good man, whose life I have briefly narrated, was a Baptist in sentiment; but he preached to the Burmans, not that he might make them Baptists, but that he might make them Christians. He, of course, taught them that form of Christianity which he held himself; but it was not the love of a form which sent him to his post and kept him

there, but the love of his race, his Saviour, and his God. Thus should our missionaries go forth, whether to our rapidly increasing West, or, as I trust may some day be the case, to bear their part in the labor of converting heathen lands. They should go as Unitarians; there should be no concealment, no unworthy compromising. Their true name, that which describes their views, they should bear, be it popular or unpopular; but the object of their hearts should be, not sectarian triumph, but the triumph of the gospel. To honor God and his Christ, and to bless mankind, should be their aim; and every true fellow-worker for this aim they should recognize as a brother, whether he bear the name of Baptist or Episcopalian, of Protestant or Catholic.

It is to the West that our missions are at present, and probably must for some length of time be, confined. But the importance of evangelizing the West can hardly be over-estimated. As the West is, so will our country be. There will be in future ages the great preponderating influence, which will direct our outward relations and our inward character. Patriotism and Christianity alike forbid us to leave those fair regions unsupplied with the preaching of the gospel, so far as we can do any thing to prevent that evil. Nor is it a sufficient excuse to us for neglecting our portion of this duty, that other denominations are discharging theirs. The field is ample for the labors of all, and there are those who will receive the gospel from us more willingly than from others. May we bring more and more of zeal and faith and love to the great task of extending to the utmost portions of our land the blessings of that divine religion which has proved for so many ages the way of salvation!

And, finally, if our hearts glow as we contemplate the worthy deeds of Christian self-devotion in the missionary, let us seek to realize the same spirit in the more common paths of life in which we move. It is not the scene on which it is exhibited that alters the nature of virtue. The same self-denial, the same love of God and devotion to duty, which render one the honored instrument of converting heathen tribes, may, exerted in a lowlier sphere, find their employment in bearing patiently the trials of life, in punctually fulfilling daily duties, in works of charity and kindness, and in spreading around the attractive beauty of a Christian influence. Thus may we serve our Master. It may not be ours to win outward triumphs to his cause; but no offering of true heart-felt love

will be rejected. May God our Father grant us grace to serve him according to the ability which he hath imparted ! May he accept our efforts, and make them available in their own humble place, for the extension of his kingdom in the hearts of men !

S. G. B.

ABYSSINIA AND THE GOSPEL.*

WHILE it is not the purpose of the Magazine to give critical reviews, it may not be out of place for a reader of the book above named to furnish a brief account of some facts he has gleaned from it, and a statement of general thoughts which it has suggested, since he thinks they cannot be without interest to those who usually peruse these pages.

Of Abyssinia we have hitherto known almost nothing. Even its situation on the map of the world is not a matter of exact knowledge to many persons ; and, for the purpose of refreshing their geographical recollections, it may be here stated, that this country lies on the eastern part of the continent of Africa, bordering on the Red Sea, and embracing that mountainous portion of the continent which has sometimes been called the African Switzerland, and in which the Nile has its rise.

What makes us turn to that country with peculiar interest is the fact, that, amid its mountain fastnesses, there has existed a band of Christians who settled there as early as the fourth century, who have always been independent of the great hierarchies that have swayed so much power over Christendom, and who furnish another and distinct line of transmission, and a line of *dissent* from the main channels of *descent*, along which the religion of Christ has come down to our day.

It appears that about the year 330, when the famous Athanasius was Bishop of Alexandria, Christianity was introduced into

* "Journal of Three Years' Residence in Abyssinia, by Rev. SAMUEL GOBAT, now Bishop of Jerusalem ; preceded by an Introduction, Geographical and Historical, on Abyssinia, translated from the French by Rev. SERENO D. CLARK ; accompanied with a Biographical Sketch of Bishop Gobat, by ROBERT BAIRD, D.D. New York : M. W. Dodd, 1850."

Abyssinia. If that *land* resembles Switzerland, it would seem that its *settlers* soon acquired a Swiss spirit of freedom and independence. In the seventh century, these Christians nobly breasted and resisted the Mahomedan power, which, though so successful in that whole region of the world, never brought them in subjection. It was not until the sixteenth century that the Abyssinian church attracted the attention of Europeans. Again and again the Jesuits attempted to bring this church under papal dominion, but, from first to last, were defeated. The final effort was made in 1714, when Pope Clement XI. sent out four German monks, Franciscans, who were stoned to death, February 17, 1718, through the unconquerable hatred felt for the Catholics.

In 1830, the Rev. Samuel Gobat was sent there by the English Church Missionary Society. Mr. Gobat is a Swiss by birth; is represented to be a man of great learning, judgment, and bravery; and has since been consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury as Bishop of Jerusalem.

Mr. Gobat has not been so particular in his statements of the extent and populousness of the country as we wish he had been. From his pages, however, we infer that the account given before by Pinkerton is worthy of reliance, who described Abyssinia as about 770 miles long and 550 broad, containing between four and five millions of people. Many of the inhabitants are Jews, who have a tradition that their ancestors settled there in the time of Solomon; though Gobat thinks that the greatest emigration took place soon after the destruction of Jerusalem. They maintain that Abyssinia is the Sheba of the Old Testament, — an opinion which the best authorities confirm; and all the traditions of the country support the Scripture account of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. These circumstances constitute another great point of interest in Abyssinia. What proportion of the people are Christians, Gobat does not inform us, though it appears evident from his pages that the Christians are very numerous. Generally speaking, their manner of life is rude and primitive; in morals, manners, and civilization, they are sunk almost to the level of the Pagan tribes around them; but yet they possess substantially the faith and rites of the early ages of the church. They have churches, a regular order of Christian worship, keep Lent, Easter, Christmas; they worship the Virgin Mary, offer prayers to departed saints, practise infant baptism, and

maintain that all baptized children are members of the church, to whom accordingly the ordinance of the Lord's Supper is administered; they regard as sacred many other books beside those admitted into our canon; they are perpetually engaging in bitter disputes about the union of the human and divine in Christ, in regard to which point they are Monophysites, that is, believers that Christ had but one nature in him, and herein they follow the Eastern church, as they do in maintaining that the Holy Spirit proceeded from the Father only. Gobat describes them as superstitious, believing in demons, sorceries, &c.; says that the men are lazy, and the women are menials; and was struck with the universal proneness to engage in disputation upon dark and puzzling points. We must say that in some reported discussions, in which the missionary took part, neither his logic nor biblical interpretation appears at much advantage. He had a modest way, however, of frequently saying in reply to hard inquiries, "I do not know;" a reply in regard to which he observes, "I have all along noticed that nothing gains me the universal confidence more than this one word, '*I do not know.*'" This is good evidence of some refinement on the part of the Abyssinians; for even with us it is not common to think better of a man who often permits us to see the bounds of his knowledge. On the other hand, their great interest in dark and perplexing points of doctrine betrays a low state of Christian advancement; for this is characteristic of a childish and semibarbarian state. How surely, everywhere, is a high Christian culture indicated by a chastised curiosity respecting those "secret things which belong to God," and a waiting content with the simplicity of clearly revealed, practical truths!

We recommend to our readers to look to the pages of Gobat's book, if it falls in their way; for we feel assured that it will make them grateful for the evidence here furnished, that popes, cardinals, bishops, monks, could not wholly corrupt the gospel of Christ, if they had purposed to do it. That gospel has come down to us in another line than through their hands; and with what interest may we regard every new tie that connects us directly with the primitive ages of our faith!

H. A. M.

M. COQUEREL ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(Translated for the Monthly Religious Magazine.)

MY BROTHERS, — The Lord's Prayer is a summary of the Christian religion. At first sight, to take it in this sense appears to lower the greatness of Christianity, and to enclose it within too narrow limits, or at least to exaggerate the value and holiness of this prayer, although it be the work of the Lord himself. To consider the Christian religion as a history whose annals ascend to the first benefit from God, and to the first act of man, as a science which embraces philosophy and morality, and unfolds their depths, — undoubtedly, in that sense, the Christian religion is not wholly expressed in the Lord's Prayer. Such was not the intention of Jesus. But viewing it in relation to human sensibility and activity; taking the gospel for a hope, a faith, a sanctity; for a lesson of love, a law of progress, and a principle of life; for a reconciliation between God and man, and a tie between men, — the Lord's Prayer affords a complete summary of this religion, admirable for its simplicity and energy.

It was fit that Jesus, in accordance with his wise purpose, and to give strength to this sublime model, should impress that special character upon it which renders this prayer a work by itself, something unique, even in the gospel.

Those few words, those requests so concise and so urgent, which follow and crowd, as if hurrying each other; which are strung together without apparent transitions; which say so much in so few words, are — it will not do to forget it one moment when we study them — the first prayer of the Christian world, and the last it will offer when about to be effaced by the world of eternity.

Some phrases only, and these phrases that the human voice pronounces in less than a minute, form the universal and definitive prayer of Christianity. They are stamped with the perpetuity of the church; they are sealed with the seal of God; and nothing can change, add to, or diminish them. It is not possible to be ignorant of them, and to be a Christian; and if, as we all

believe, universality is the last triumph reserved for the gospel; if truth cannot content herself with a narrower empire; if a day is promised when all mankind shall be Christian, in that day the prayer every tongue shall offer, and every act of worship, shall be consecrated by those vows that Jesus first pronounced.

He who read the soul and conscience clearly, — could he have forgotten any thing in the prayer of the world? What wisdom could come in default of his, to remodel and complete it? If the gospel is written for all ages, if every age in its turn finds its lesson there, with greater reason will the Lord's Prayer be thought sufficient; and the church through all its triumphs, Christianity through all its developments, will always find there its code of belief and duties, the declaration of its immortal hopes.

It is repeated in the Gospel of St. Matthew, who gives it in all its extent, and inserts it in the Sermon on the Mount; by St. Luke, who abridged it, if we may believe the surest manuscripts, and connected it again at the desire of the disciples who wished to receive from their Master the lesson how to pray.

All here conforms to the genius of the two evangelists, to the character of the apostles, to the ideas of the age, to the sentiments of deference, of respect and affection, which then governed the Jewish schools, and the regulations between the doctors and their disciples.

It was the favorite custom of the sages of Judea to give to their pupils a model of prayer; they assured themselves of one hold the more on the minds of their hearers; they engraved on their memory, so much the deeper, the principal points of their teaching; they made certain, by a safe and easy way, the progress of those who believed the doctrine; and, as human pride mixes itself with every thing, even with prayer, they increased by it both their popularity and their glory. John, the forerunner of the Messiah, had followed this custom of the sages of his nation and his time, in founding that school which was more extensive than is generally believed, and which spread even into Asia Minor; the school in which Jesus himself deigned to take a place, when he passed from his private to his public life, and from whence he drew his best apostles. The Baptist had taught a prayer to his numerous followers, at an epoch when the prophecy of the precursor was not fully accomplished, "He must increase, but I must decrease;" at a period when the school of John was still flour-

ishing, and when the fame of Jesus had hardly gone out of Galilee.

The apostles of Christ, animated by the double desire of receiving from Jesus a lesson so important, and of increasing his glory, said to him, "Master, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples." Jesus replied to this wish by the Lord's prayer. If this particular lesson followed the solemn preaching which commences the Gospel of St. Matthew, and which is known as the Sermon on the Mount, Christ might have wished from the first word to banish from the minds of his disciples every idea of a privileged and special prayer: he gives them, to pray well, nothing more than the preceding lesson given to all the people. If, on the contrary, that conversation was given, so to speak, as the occasional cause of the Lord's Prayer, the practical consequence remains the same: we should do wrong to imagine that this prayer constituted a sort of privileged piety accorded to the apostles, and which they only had the right of pronouncing.

It belongs to all the faithful, because it is to all that Christ addresses himself in the discourse which commences his ministry in St. Matthew, and we find here in all its strength the great principle of Christian equality. St. Paul hath said, "There is one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God, who is the Father of all;" and, we may add, one prayer. Thus, my brothers, it is worthy of remark, that the Lord's Prayer, although it is not, as has been fully believed, a selection of formulas drawn from Jewish prayers, and which has not been used as a transition-link between the worship of the synagogue and that of the church, is altogether composed of popular and simple expressions, familiar to the piety of the times, and which render it eminently proper to become the universal prayer of infant Christianity.

Only from all these facts, from all these comparisons, it also results that the Lord's Prayer is a model for prayer; not an inflexible ritual, a form given once for all, from which a slavish fervor ought never to wander. No, it is a model! Jesus told the multitude that he wished to leave the sterile repetitions that the Pharisees made use of, — "Therefore pray ye."

In the rites of public, as in the devotions of private worship, to repeat to satiety the Lord's Prayer, to attach a sort of virtue to the words which compose it, and to repeat it without end, as the support of every request of our faith, is to fall into the same

error that Christ reproached the sectarians of his time with ; it is to lower his prayer to the level of those whose hypocrisy condemned them ; making man kill his own prayer. For the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

You will avoid so much more surely this fault and this imprudence, if your faith is sufficiently elevated to seize those solemn and imposing thoughts that the Lord's Prayer expresses. You will understand to what a height it is placed above the habit of those vain repetitions, and above the habit of that sordid piety which applies itself to every thing, or rather to the nothings of this life. Listen, then, all you who might have taken your place amongst the poor and obscure crowd, without glory or science, who sleep now in unknown tombs, and who surrounded Jesus during the Sermon on the Mount ; listen, all of you ! for to you also the Master has said, " In this manner pray ye." And before what God does Jesus send you ? Before " our Father who is in heaven."

My brothers, it is so certain that the Lord's Prayer offers a summary of Christianity, that in the invocation with which it commences are implicitly contained the idea of the unity and infinity of God ; the idea of a creation, a work of love, and that of a Providence, — the reign of wisdom and goodness.

Christianity at its birth found the world full of religions, for man has never been deprived of them ; he passes from one to the other ; he becomes disgusted with his beliefs when he discovers their emptiness and falsehood, and he tries to reform, to explain, and to embellish them, or to finish by destroying them and giving himself new ones : but never, with good will, does he undeceive himself with regard to his faith ; he never willingly becomes incredulous or impious ; and, when he roots up one religion, he replaces it as soon as he can.

At the dawn of the gospel, Paganism and Judaism still retained a remnant of their former empire over the soul. Paganism, notwithstanding its absurdities, of which weak minds made satires and quibbles, and serious minds, systems and allegories ; Judaism, in spite of its long decline, which prevented it from separating the moral and spiritual principle from the chaos of its traditions and from its world-observances, — their time has passed. Christianity came to replace both Paganism, in confounding its immense errors, and Judaism, in completing it. The overthrow

of Pagan altars was the inevitable consequence of its strife with the gospel. Jesus said of the Mosaic law, "I come not to abolish the law and the prophets, but to complete them."

In Paganism, the notion of God was reduced into fragments; they made use of as many gods as suited the dreams, the passions, the interests, of those who recognized them; every god had a virtue or a vice to favor, an inclination to gratify, a kind of benefit to bestow, in exchange for the worship of its believers.

The dissensions of childish divinities justified those of their worshippers; and all, themselves egotistical, taught men to be so. This egotism, which is at the bottom of the Pagan religion, had passed into their philosophy, their morality, and their politics, and was found everywhere at the foundation of their social state. The man or the citizen lived for himself alone, isolated in his passions and in his virtues, like his favorite deity, who, seated in his rank in Olympus, reigned with full power in the solitude of his sanctuary.

Providence, as Christianity explains it, passed for nothing in such a system of religion. This antique, this salutary and touching doctrine, impregnated, if we may so speak, with the errors of polytheism, condescended to be no more than a particular and limited protection. They gave to every god a sphere of heaven, a region of the world, a force of nature, a situation of humanity, with a race, a nation, a family, under its care; and the spirit of the ancients, consoling itself for an error by a negation, finished by preferring to this divided and absurd providence the easier falsehood of the indifference or sleep of the gods, and believed human nature was abandoned to itself. Kings, for a long time, had ceased to be the shepherds of the people, and their gods were no guide to them.

Lost to view in the midst of this prodigious crowd of lies, Judaism alone rose like a Pharos from the bosom of night; but the ancient light only threw an uncertain brightness, and its rays were lost in the space of the Pagan world. Judaism knew and adored only the true God, infinite, invisible, eternal, and universal; and, with the exception of some bold, impious sectarians, admitted a creation and a providence. Too proud to profess as pure doctrines of faith these national traditions, Israel would not admit that Moses could give way to any one, even the Messiah. Israel, going

beyond the period divinely assigned to her destiny, pretended to change her temporary mission into a definitive mission to the perpetuity of her religion. Israel wished to preserve the title of the people of God; and, not contented with the glory of claiming it during the ages of idolatry, as preservers of the pure knowledge of God, of the divine promise of a Saviour, and of a particular providence, during the reign of promise, the posterity of Abraham wished to depend upon a separate providence; and, in their religious pride, all the prerogatives of the glorious past were represented in their eyes by their temple, the only sanctuary of the true God, — that temple which they believed imperishable.

Within the sanctuary of the holy of holies, under the inviolable folds of that veil which was destroyed at the moment of the death of Christ, concealed within the mysterious and empty ark, where nothing was to be seen, the symbol of the presence of the pure Spirit of God might be as spiritual as possible. God was even supposed to inhabit there.

All these privileges of a unique destiny, all these emblems of a veiled truth, excellent since Moses, answer no longer since the coming of Christ; all these features of faith, useful in the education of the religion of humanity, could not continue. They were made to march before the Hebrews; they would retard humanity now. "All things are made new." Henceforth the world is the only temple, and the communion is the holy of holies. Thus, from the moment it was established, Christianity must at the first stroke undermine the religious absurdities of Pagan antiquity, the national traditions and the religious privileges of Jewish antiquity; it must throw down all the temples of the gods built by the hands of men, and cause the temple of the only true God, closed until then, to be opened.

And it was not in schools and academies, — in the ranks of the learned and the wise, among selected minds, — that these errors ought to be rooted out, and these truths spread, to render these unexpected lessons popular, which contradicted so many prejudices, and destroyed so many hopes; it became necessary to call philosophy to the aid of religion, to leave the latter to establish herself in the minds of the poor and lowly; that, sooner or later, it might rise from the bosom of the classes it moved, to those who knew how to think. Now, that which, in a religious age, might become most rapidly and easily popular, is a prayer; and Jesus

wished his disciples to pray to God in naming him, "Our Father who art in heaven."

In this invocation, so simple, fruitful, and sublime, the lie is given to all the Pagan errors which have deceived the world, and the correction necessary for all the Jewish exaggerations which have run their course until this moment.

(To be continued.)

You will never have perfect men, Plato says, till you have perfect circumstances. Perhaps a true saying. But till the philosopher is born, who can tell us what circumstances are perfect, a sufficiently speculative one? At any rate, one finds strange enough results, often the very best, coming up out of conditions the most unpromising — *Nemesis of Faith*.

WHAT is wanting to give a true existence to philosophy? Only two things; that it should be known, and that it should be organized; — that it should be known, that is to say, that all the great monuments which contain it should be translated and published; that it should be organized, that is to say, that the questions should be arranged in their legitimate order, with the truths discovered concerning each by the different philosophers, so that the whole should form a methodical science. — *Jouffroy*.

PHILOSOPHY itself unites with religion to pour an utter contempt on the passion for fame. I have been laboring a good while to fix my mind firmly on this principle; namely, to persist in what I judge the most excellent, resolutely, zealously, and unalterably, and *only for unalterable reasons*; and then regard neither praise nor censure, admiration nor contempt, caresses nor abuse, any otherwise than as they may affect my power of doing good. — *Letter of John Foster to Joseph Hughes*.

USES OF SICKNESS.

FEVER, burning in my veins ;
 Pain, that every muscle strains ;
 Distraught fancies, dreams of dread
 Crowding through my throbbing head, —
 Guests mysterious ! ye have fled.
 Now, no more your viewless hands
 Hold me down with iron bands.

“ Soul of mine ! awake, arise !
 ’Tis a message from the skies.
 God, who reigns in might above,
 Sends a token of his love.
 He who, when the worlds had birth,
 Meant me for a child of earth,
 Formed mine eye to take the light
 Travelling on in unseen flight,
 While the years, with steady pace,
 Bear the child to manhood’s grace,
 And the spiritless, cold clay
 Takes at last the shining ray, —
 He has sped the electric light ;
 Surely shall it reach the sight,
 Make the face of man to shine,
 Earth and ashes covering mine.”

Father ! yes, I read it now ; —
 Faded cheek and wrinkled brow,
 Drooping form and faltering feet,
 Should the recollection meet
 Of the night which draws so near
 To the dawn of life’s career.
 Tottering on in swift decline,
 Day by day “ we give the sign ; ”
 Tears grow heavy, joys grow pale,
 Hopes and strong desires all fail ;
 Fountain dried and broken bowl,
 Body falling from the soul.

“Haste, my spirit! haste to say
 Thou art rescued from the clay!
 Tell me thou hast not a fear
 Thou wilt be imprisoned here.
 By that home-like, sweet content,
 When thy house with storms was rent;
 By that free and blessed range
 Through a land not new or strange,
 Say, my spirit, thou art sure
 Thou hast heritage secure!”

Yes, this generous, human love,
 Only like to His above,
 Means to bring it to my reach.
 And as waves along the beach,
 Wave on wave, in secret strength,
 Build it all its sanded length;
 Gift on gift by loved ones laid,
 Soul and body both have stayed.
 Doubt cannot the creature sway,
 Reaching God this blessed way;
 Doubt cannot the creature sway,
 Who has veiled his face to pray,
 When his thoughts seemed like a pall
 On his swooning soul to fall,
 Life and time, a living tomb,
 Death, removing not the doom;
 When, in answer to his prayer,
 Dawns a resurrection there,
 Learns his faithless soul to bow:
 “Father! yes, I read it now.”

Risen now from death and sin,
 Comes the Holy Spirit in;
 Henceforth hopes and fears are o'er,
 Need I now to learn no more,
 Heedless how my life may glide,
 So my God with me abide.

H. S. W.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. — No. XVIII.

MUNROE & Co. have issued the second volume of the *Lives*, called *American Unitarian Biography*. These works are prepared under the supervision of one of our most accomplished scholars, — Rev. William Ware. The names of the great and good, whose images are revived in this volume, — names fragrant with piety, memorable for large achievements, or dear for private virtues, — are as follows: John Pierce, Joseph Tuckerman, William Ellery Channing, Joseph Story, Joseph Stevens Buckminster, Levi Frisbie, Nathan Parker, Samuel Cooper Thacher, Anthony Forster, John Bartlett, and Samuel Howe. The authors of these Biographies are among our best writers. The purchasers of this series will possess, in a compact, permanent, and cheap form, faithful records of the lives of men as well deserving to be called “saints” as any in the calenders.

The Unitarian Congregational Register for 1851. — The American Unitarian Association have assumed the publication of this annual; and of course it may be relied upon as accurate in all matters pertaining to the Unitarian denomination. It is put forth as a tract, and contains, besides an Almanac and Statistics, much general religious reading.

From a Discourse, quite perfect in its kind, preached by Rev. Dr. LAMSON, in Dedham, on the occasion of the death of a parishioner, aged ninety-eight, we make the following extract: —

“The ancient Greeks and Romans had not the lights which guide the Christian. Yet they could at times speak of death as an event to be anticipated by the old, not with dismay, but with joy and triumph. Cicero, in his treatise on Old Age, has a passage on this subject, which is sufficiently remarkable to authorize its quotation.

“‘For my own part,’ says he, in the person of the venerable Cato, ‘I feel myself transported with the most ardent impatience to join the society of my departed friends. . . . Nor is this my earnest desire confined to those excellent persons alone with whom I was formerly connected: I ardently wish also to visit those celebrated worthies of whose honorable conduct I have heard and read much, or whose virtues I have myself commemorated in some of my writings. To this glorious assembly I am speedily advancing; and I would not be turned back in my journey, even on the assured condition that

my youth, like that of Pelias, should again be restored. The sincere truth is, if some divinity would confer on me a new grant of my life, and replace me once more in the cradle, I would utterly, and without the least hesitation, reject the offer: having well-nigh finished my race, I have no inclination to return to the goal. For what has life to recommend it? or rather indeed to what evils does it not expose us? But admit that its satisfactions are many, yet surely there is a time when we have had a sufficient measure of its enjoyments, and may well depart contented with our share of the feast; for I mean not, in imitation of some very considerable philosophers, to represent the condition of human nature as a subject of just lamentation: on the contrary, I am far from regretting that life was bestowed on me; as I have the satisfaction to think that I have employed it in such a manner as not to have lived in vain. In short, I consider this world as a place which nature never designed for my permanent abode; and I look on my departure out of it, not as being driven from my habitation, but as leaving my inn. O glorious day! when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, to associate with the divine assembly of departed spirits.'

"Such are the views of old age, as connected with the near approach of death, which a heathen mind was capable of taking. Shall the Christian feel less joy in the contemplation of the soul's immortality? Shall he deem that age the most miserable, which lies nearest the confines of a better world? That would show pusillanimity and want of faith, not the courage of a trusting heart. The old age of the Christian surely need not be melancholy. How beautiful it is in its serene confidence and child-like leaning on Providence, we many times, as I have said, see. God has made all things beautiful in their time. Death to the old, coming to release the waiting spirit, and give it the freedom of the skies, — coming without terror and without pain, — there is a timeliness and beauty in it, and it can hardly be associated with ideas of gloom. The old age of the sinner must needs be melancholy; but the good, the righteous, the pure within, may see the lengthening shadows of life's evening, and feel no regret, and he goes, when called, with the peace of God in his heart."

INTELLIGENCE.

DEDICATION AT EAST BRIDGEWATER. — The old church of the First Parish in East Bridgewater has been remodelled and repaired, and was dedicated to the worship of God, Dec. 25, 1850. The services were as follows: Introductory Prayer, by Rev. J. G. Forman, of West Bridgewater; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. C. Bradford, of Bridgewater; Dedicatory Prayer, by Rev. Calvin Lincoln, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association; Sermon, by Rev. N. Whitman, minister of the Society; concluding Prayer, by Rev. W. L. Stearns, of Pembroke.

In the evening a Discourse was preached by Rev. Mr. Lincoln.

SUNDAY EVENING MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—A course of public services has already been commenced, which it is proposed to continue through the season, on Sunday evenings, in one or another of the Unitarian churches in Boston. There is no regular order of connected subjects laid out for discussion, as last winter; but the intention is, after a short series of sermons, to substitute therefor Conferences, for a more free and familiar expression of devout feeling and spiritual experience. It is designed, doubtless, that all these exercises shall minister directly to the most solemn, inward wants,—the regeneration of hearts and the sanctification of character. This aim ought, as we conceive, to give its tone to every meeting. Nothing short of this would authorize the holding of such meetings at all. If it were proposed merely to unite our families once every Sunday evening, to listen to preaching on less evangelical topics, or to provide a new gratification for the foolish passion for going abroad, or to relieve, by a third entertainment, the vacuum in the resources of those Christians who are at a loss how to spend the leisure hours of a single sacred day at home, the plan would hardly deserve countenance. Next to being awakened out of religious insensibility, the great want of our community at present is to cultivate an orderly, contented habit of domestic piety; to strengthen family ties by holy communion; to learn how to live less out of doors; and to build up, by the combined nurture of parents and children, brothers and sisters, the separate church of the house. Any interference with this object, especially by a multiplication of public engagements on the Lord's Day, can be justified only by making such engagements subserve directly the inmost life of devotion.

ITEMS.—Rev. Henry F. Bond has resigned his pastoral charge at Barre.—Rev. Liberty Billings has been engaged to preach at Ware for one year.—Rev. W. O. White has withdrawn from his parish at West Newton.—Rev. Geo. W. Lippitt, recently of the Hawes Place Church, South Boston, has been invited to the care of the Unitarian Society in Keene, N.H.—Rev. John Parkman, late of Dover, N.H. has been invited to be settled over the "Second Hawes Congregational Society," formerly the Broadway Society, in South Boston.

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AN ADDRESS

ON BEHALF OF THE

SEAMEN'S WIDOW AND ORPHANS' ASSOCIATION IN SALEM,*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

BEFORE I begin the brief address which I have prepared for this evening, will you allow me a few words of a personal nature? When I was asked to speak on this occasion, I wished to decline doing so; because I shrunk from the responsibility of the position which I now stand in, and because I knew that to me it would be no light task to attempt the preparation of an address which should be worthy of the object that has drawn you together. But at the very time that I was invited to come here, I received a letter which determined me, and which made me feel that I should have been guilty of a wrong thing, had I consulted my own comfort, and not been present on this occasion. It was a letter which informed me of the afflicted state of a family, the members of which were dear to me. I had a seafaring friend once, by whose fireside, in winters' evenings, I have sat many an hour listening to the wisdom which comes of foreign travel and commercial habits. My friend had a wife and children. And it was very touching to me to witness the welcome which the father had on his return from long voyages. His family felt as though one half lost were returned to them; and it seemed always as

* Delivered in the Tabernacle, on the evening of Sunday, Jan. 26, 1861.

though they never forgot that the husband and father was a blessing they might suddenly lose perhaps. In their sweetest conversation, it was as though there might be heard mingling in it, from a distance, the roar of the ocean, which perhaps the father might drown in. And it has been so. He has been drowned in it. The last thing that I knew of him alive was that he had sailed, and taken his son with him. And the last that I heard of him was, that, one night in a storm in the Baltic Sea, his ship had gone down, and he been drowned. In that once pleasant home of his, the father's chair is empty, never to be filled again; and the mother's eyes are growing dim with weeping; for neither her husband nor her eldest born will she ever look on in this world again. In their sorrow I would help them, if I could; but I cannot. Yet I feel as though I were in sympathy with my distant friends, by helping a cause that is like their own in affliction. And so, in compliance with an invitation, I am here to plead on behalf of the Seamen's Widow and Orphans' Association.

Widow and orphans! These words are suggestive of something more serious about the seaman's life than is commonly felt. No class of men has been so neglected as sailors, and none so misunderstood as to position. In this respect, things are better now than they have been; though still by the public the sailor is not thought of as he ought to be. To common apprehension, the sailor is a man who likes the sea, and who is almost lucky in his liking. A man with none of the cares that haunt the land! A man of adventure and romance! A man from across the seas! He has heard the great din of London, that is silent never. From on deck in the night, he has heard the watchman at Hamburg chant his hourly song; and from off the coast of Africa, when the moon has been up, he has heard the maddening sound of the gong. At Rotterdam he has sailed down the middle of the street, through an avenue of linden-trees; and he has walked in the orange-groves of Cuba, and has scented the fragrance of the Spice Islands. He has been among palm-trees and olive-trees, and has eaten dates and figs of his own gathering. At Venice he has heard the bell of St. Mark's call men to church; and in Turkey often, from the minaret of a mosque, he has heard men reminded of prayer by the Mahomedan cry of "God is great." He has been in places where camels walk down the streets in

strings ; and in cities still further east, where the elephant carries aloft his easy burden ; where the pagoda towers on high ; and where, in public places, the fakir stands and suffers. He has seen great icebergs grind one another in the running tide, and flying-fish in flocks chased by the dolphin from wave to wave. In the North he has seen the sky all aflame with the aurora ; and, at the other end of the world, he has seen the stars ranged in the solemn beauty of the Southern Cross.

A man of romance, and a man of adventure too ! He has had the whale in chase, and has himself sailed before the hurricane in safety. In dark nights he has been saved from death by the report of a gun, the mere ring of a bell, or a fitful gleam across the waters. The seaman ! He is of the same class with Columbus the discoverer, and with Blake, simple and noble, and with Anson, who girdled the world with his ship's track. A man of skill and triumph ! The sea is what it is, only to yield him a ready path across it in every direction. The storm blows mightily, only for him to speed along upon its swiftness. The sea runs high, only for him to have his ship bound from wave to wave like a war-horse beneath him. And it is very dark on the ocean at night, only for it to be all the merrier down in the cabin, warm, light, and snug. The sailor ! he is so skilful and brave, that the sea is his pathway, and the winds are his servants, and sun, moon, and stars are signs for him to voyage by.

This is the seaman as he is commonly thought of. And, true enough, this is the seaman. Only that there is something else that ought to be thought of besides this, — that ought to be thought of, and felt, and acted on.

Visitors of foreign shores, sailors are ; but do they return from them always, — every one of them ? They breathe the atmosphere of foreign countries ; but is it always wholesome air they breathe, in the fogs of Holland, and the heats of the Indies, and the ports of Alexandria and Constantinople ? Is not it what sometimes pestilence is inhaled with, and fever ? Men of adventure, seamen are. And we think only of their courage, and not of their peril. Or, if we do think of their peril, we always think of them as escaping it, and never as being wrecked by it, or engulfed in it. Thus, because the seaman has been so brave, he has not been pitied ; and the more he has deserved, the less he has had at the hands of the public.

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A brave man, and a man of adventure, the seaman is. And you admire him. But also he is a man of suffering and sudden death; and you ought to feel with him for this. He finds his way through rocks and straits, and across oceans. He looks on the statue of Peter the Great at Petersburg. He walks on the Rialto at Venice. He hears how French sounds at Havre. And he knows what the look of life is at Canton. True! And some other things than these he has to know; and they are what other people ought to think of, — frost, high seas, storms, rocks, pain, disease, and untimely death. Think of what winter is at sea. Think of what it is to have the waves discharge themselves on a ship with a roar like artillery, and a force not much less. Think of what it is for a sailor to be aloft in the rigging, holding on by a rope, wet with the rain, and with the mast of the ship swaying with the wind like a reed. Think of what it is when men drop from the yard-arms into the sea, or when they are washed from the deck like insects. Think of what it is, day and night, without rest and without sleep, to strive against a storm, against the might of wind and waves; every wave a mighty enemy to surmount, and every rise in the wind what the ship may go down with. Think what it is to strike on a rock, to shriek but once, and then perhaps be drowned. Think of the diseases that come of hardships at sea. Think of what it is to be sick in a lazaretto, and to lie dying in a foreign hospital. Think of all this, and then perhaps you will think rightly of what it is to be a sailor.

“Ah! well,” it may be said, “the sailor chooses it, and he is paid for it.” Then I say, “He does not choose it, and he is not paid for it.” “Ah! well, but he is paid, though he is a man very much to be pitied.” But I want a little more than this to be understood. And it is this, — that justice is not done the sailor, without more is done for him than he can bargain for in his own behalf. I say that it ought to be felt, that there is more owing to the seaman for his work than can any way be paid him by a shipmaster. The merchant may be just with the sailor, may be generous, may be munificent; and yet there will remain due to him from society, in some quarter or other, a consideration, a treatment, a help, that no other laborer has a claim to. And why? Simply because he is a seaman, and not a landsman. For think what this means. It means that he is a man of other

habits, of other ways of thinking and feeling than a landsman has.

"Oh!" says some landsman, "the sailor is a reckless, improvident man; a man of no prudence." Be it so; but, sir, were the seaman a man of what you call prudence, he would not go to sea at all; and you, you yourself, would be without what comes of commerce, and perhaps without a living.

Oh! this has not been thought of as it ought to have been, that, from the very element he lives on, the seaman is another man than one who lives on the land. I am not speaking now of the officers of a ship, because they are men of education and responsibility, but only of the common sailor. "A thoughtless man, and a man of no self-help," so he is often called by the landsman. But, my good sir, what would you be if you had to live on the water, and not on the land? Have you ever thought of how much your own steady character is from your living on solid land; from your having a church, and being called to it by a bell; from your having a fixed place of business to go to; from your having regular hours of going to bed and getting up, and breakfasting, dining, and supping; and from your always having the eyes of your friends upon you; from your way in life being a road which you cannot well but keep on, and keep along regularly? And of your prudence, your care of the future, have you never thought how much of it is owing to there happening, day after day, things that hold you to an account, — little matters for next week, that very clearly must be provided for? Have you never had to notice either, with only your own going into another town, how you were loosened in your habits, and how you felt weakened in some of your virtues? Think, then, of what the disadvantage is of a life always unsettled.

There are some moral respects, in which the sailor is the better for his life; but, also in certain prudent virtues, circumstances do not help the seaman as they do the landsman. It is not the effect of seafaring to learn to take very good care of one's self. If the sailor is to help himself in his own affairs, as well as the landsman, then he ought to be the better man to begin with; and only the most prudent persons ought to go to sea. The sailor has his own virtues, and he has his own peculiar work; and he has his own — no! he has his seagoing faults. At sea, a man does not, and he cannot, think of next year, and of twenty years

hence, in the same way that a man does who lives a life of quiet, — who looks out on the same scene every morning, and walks the same streets every day, and has the same old objects about him every evening. From the bottom of the gangway to the mast-head is not what fits a sailor for the ways of men ashore. If, from choice or disease or age, a seaman would betake himself to business ashore, he is helpless at it; he is disqualified for it, because of its not being to be done by steering, or by pulling at a rope, or by reefing a sail; and in the same way, in regard to many of the chances and exigencies of what may be the future on shore, a seaman does not feel as apprehensively as he otherwise would, because of some other things he has to fear and to struggle with. As to what may be in twenty years, the seaman has not the same feeling as the landsman, from his everyday feeling being different, — not calm and thoughtful, but that of struggle for the instant. Oh the difference between sea and land! The sailor lives a life of daily, hourly, momentary risk; and he reckons it by voyages. And it is almost all that he can hope for, or care for, or feel for, if he can finish his voyage well, can get well through the next storm, can keep living from day to day. Hence, in so many ways, the seaman needs help, where the landsman, who is quite as poor, can do without it; — needs in ports to have churches and boarding-houses and protection provided for him; and needs to have his family looked after; — and has also a right to these things. He goes on your errands; he dares dangers for you; he lives a strange life for you. And because of what he does for you, he is disabled from doing for himself as he ought to. You, that are the better for him, — it is for you to help him. And, when he dies, the widow he leaves behind, and the orphans he leaves behind, — it is for you to acknowledge that they have something more than a common claim on your charity.

Think what is owing to commerce and the sailor. In this city, a large portion of the wealth is from voyages the seaman has gone on. And there is not a dweller here but is the more prosperous for commerce. The sailor's errand, — the interchange of goods with foreign countries, — every one, everywhere, is the better for: the farmer, in his hopes of a market, as he ploughs some field that is skirted by the ancient forest; and the store-keeper, as he stands behind his counter, dealing out articles that have come to him he knows not how nor whence.

Think of what you yourselves owe to the sailor. It is because of what the seaman has brought you from Cuba and Europe and the Indies and China that you enjoy your breakfast, and have your dinner palatable, and have your supper be what you like. If you are sick, oftenest you are cured by remedies which the sailor has brought you at his peril from countries across the sea. And very largely, too, it is through the seaman's intervention that you are possessed of those comforts that make of a house a home.

It is by the channel of commerce that you get the literature, the science, the news, of foreign countries. It is not without the sailor's help that the arts keep improving; that the engineer works his best in his shop; that the astronomer, in his watch-tower, makes the wisest use of his observations. And it is not without the seaman that often you sweeten your evenings at home with pleasant reading.

You carpet your homes with comforts of the sailor's fetching; you clothe yourselves with articles which the sailor has brought within your reach at the risk of his own life; you are expecting, this year and next year, to have your wants supplied, which they can possibly be only by the mariner's venture. Live comfortably you cannot, live at all perhaps you cannot, without seamen will expose themselves for you, risk themselves for you, and alas! often, very often, drown;—drown in bringing you clothing; drown in bringing you comforts; drown in your service; drown, and leave widows and orphans destitute!

Oh! what a consideration it is that so often my happiness is from suffering somewhere! My salvation is from a death upon a cross. The church I worship in has every one of its pillars deep-founded in a martyr's grave. The philosophy that delights me for its truth is what some wise man had first to learn in bitterness. My comforts are mine, many of them, through some other men's miseries. Commerce spreads the world about me with blessings, but not without there being shipwrecks from it on every coast, and deaths by drowning, several every day the year round. This is a thought for our hearts to soften with.

It is well you are here. It is an occasion to be glad of—this is. You are not guilty of the wicked thoughtlessness, which is so happy that it cannot think. You are here met together for the very purpose of relieving the widows and orphans of seamen.

And, when the seaman is a fisherman, how is it with him?

"A perilous life, and sad as life may be,
Hath the lone fisher on the lonely sea;
O'er the wild waters laboring, far from home,
For some bleak pittance e'er compelled to roam;
Few hearts to cheer him through his dangerous life,
And none to aid him in the stormy strife.
Companion of the sea and silent air,
The lonely fisher thus must ever fare;
Without a comfort, hope, with scarce a friend.
He looks through life, and only sees — its end."

It is his calling, — the fisherman's, the seaman's. That old word is the right one here. The sea is what seamen are born to. It is scarcely their choice or their pleasure, or a good living for them. But somehow, from circumstances, it is what they are drawn to, called to. It is their calling. From among millions on land they are called to the sea. For my sake, for your sake, for the sake of society, they are called to be seamen. And for their sakes, and our own sakes, and the sake of Christ, this is what ought to be regarded.

It is a sad consideration, and it is what charity ought to swell with, that commonly seamen do not live much more than half of a landsman's days. How, then, can it be otherwise than that they must leave widows and orphans to be provided for? Perhaps it cannot be that they should be provided for in some special way by public justice; but cared for by Christian charity they ought to be, and with none before them.

As I understand, it is concluded, from careful tables kept in London and elsewhere, that of seamen more than one-third are drowned. They leave their homes, and return no more; perhaps are never heard of again. Their wives and children hope and hope, till they can hope no longer; and the weeping wife concludes herself a widow; and the children begin to suffer and want, and to know the bitter meaning of "fatherless."

You, my friends, you trust to die in your beds; to be made ready for your end by many a warning; to have your friends about you, to soothe you; to have the gospel speak to you; gently and peacefully to have death come across you, like a dream of heaven. God grant you may! But think of the seaman in the sea, wrapped about alive in a watery shroud, and choking in it. Think of him in the water. He struggles hard when it is of no use at all. He knows he is lost; that it is his last hour, his

last minute. Like drowning men do very often, he thinks of every thing in an instant. "Well, this is death, — my life ended; and now for another world, and God!" And then his thoughts are at home, and he sees his wife as he saw her when he left. And his children, — he remembers it all so well, his last day at home, — that he has their voices in his ears, even while drowning, a thousand miles away. You pity him. Well you may; and it is well you do. For the widow he thought about is living in your own city, and the orphans he left behind are within reach of your help.

Yes! a man of romance and adventure the sailor is; but also he is a man of perilous life and an untimely death. From the element he lives on, he is somewhat disabled from helping himself; but then he has every landsman for a debtor, every family, every art and science. A widow and orphans he must leave behind; but he leaves them in a world that is not without Christianity in it.

You remember how religion is defined by St. James: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

"To visit (to help) the fatherless and widows in their affliction;" — how apt these words are for this occasion, when it is remembered that the apostle James was a fisherman once, and one of the partners of Simon Peter!

But, indeed, for you to feel specially persuaded to charity on this occasion, you have only to go back in thought to the early days of the gospel. You follow the light to where it sprung up, not in a council-chamber, or a market-place, or at Jerusalem, but "by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan." It is on the sea-shore you find yourselves; and for the best and earliest believers, you see fishermen; and for the place where Jesus sits and speaks, just a little off the land, perhaps, a ship. Here is a fisherman who is just called to be an apostle; and this is the gentle John, a fisherman too; and this is Simon, and this other is Andrew his brother. And out on the sea there is what will be a verse in an epistle sometime, a great ship driven of the wind, but turned about of a very small helm. And the talk among the people is of how a great tempest in the sea became a great calm with the Lord's speaking to it; and of how, through Jesus, Simon's net had such a draught of

fishes as almost to sink two ships; and of how Jesus had said, that Simon and the others must follow him, and be made fishers of men.

Yes, I say, go up to the advent of Christianity, and you will find yourselves on the sea-shore, in company with men that "go down to the sea in ships." Or ask him who calls himself the successor of St. Peter, and who does occupy one of the oldest Christian positions in the world, and you will find — curious illustration of Christian history — the Pope of Rome sets as his signet to letters what he calls "the seal of the fisherman."

You value the writings of St. John, his gospel and his epistles. John the son of Zebedee was a fisherman once. You prize the epistles of St. Peter. They were written by one whose calling was to the sea before his call to be an apostle. Remember these facts when the dwellers of the sea-shore ask your help. They are the widows and orphans of seamen that ask your charity this evening. Give it. I pray you, give it freely. Give freely, and you will be believing St. James in a very special manner. For James was a man of the sea himself once. And he will have you believe, that the one half of "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." This evening visit them with your help, I ask, I pray you.

And not I alone; oh! not I alone, but also those apostles. you believe in, and almost those seamen who died, not without faith in this Association, and in your kindness, my friends. Ah! yes, to beg with me, to plead along with me for the widow and the orphan, there comes from many a place, where seamen have died, a call, a prayer, a beseeching voice; a cry from the coast of Guinea, where there is fever for evermore; — a cry from arctic seas, where icebergs are death; — a cry from coral-reefs, that ships are wrecked on horribly; — a cry from many a foreign city, where the sailor, as he dies, speaks of his family, and is not understood; — a cry, "My family, my family!" — a cry from mid-ocean, where many a sailor drops into a sudden grave. I ask — *they* ask — they ask your help. And you — you will give it. And I, too, on behalf of the members of this Association, — I ask your charity for the widows and the orphans of them who, in times past, have gone down to the sea, — have gone down *into* the sea in ships!

THE SILENT GIRL.

SHE seldom spake, yet she imparted
 Far more than language could ;
 So birdlike, bright, and tender-hearted,
 So natural and good.
 Her air, her look, her rest, her actions,
 Were voice enough for her :
 Why need a tongue, when *those* attractions
 Our inmost hearts could stir ?

She seldom talked, but uninvited
 Would cheer us with a song ;
 And oft her hand our ears delighted,
 Sweeping the keys along.
 And oft, when converse round would languish,
 Asked or unasked, she read
 Some tale of gladness or of anguish, —
 And so our evening sped.

She seldom spake, but she would *listen*
 With all the signs of soul ;
 Her cheek would change, her eye would glisten ;
 The sigh, the smile, upstole.
 Who did not understand and love her,
 With meaning thus o'erfraught ?
 Though silent as the sky above her,
 Like that, she kindled thought.

Little she spake, but dear attentions
 From her would ceaseless rise ;
 She checked our wants by kind preventions,
 She hushed the children's cries.
 And, twining, she would give her mother
 A long and loving kiss ;
 The same to father, sister, brother,
 All round, — nor one would miss.

She seldom spake, — she speaks no longer ;
 She sleeps beneath yon rose :
 'Tis well for us that ties no stronger
 Awaken memory's woes.
 For, oh ! our hearts would sure be broken,
 Already drained of tears,
 If frequent tones, by her outspoken,
 Still lingered in our ears.

S. G.

M. COQUEREL ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(Continued from p. 91.)

"Our Father:" thus the Infinite, the Supreme Being is our Creator ; he has drawn us from nothing, where he might have left us ; he has given us life, motion, being ; he has made us what we are, — the kings of this world, the admirers of his works, the adorers of his name, the witnesses of his greatness and of his glory ; and then this mysterious, incomprehensible, fearful title of Creator ! for this he permits us to substitute the touching and tender name of Father. Our creation, the astonishing gift of life, that ineffable appeal from the bosom of night which we obeyed without hearing it, — our creation is not the capricious work of a Power which tries and sports with the existences that it produces ; our creation is not the work of an egotism which surrounds itself with slaves. No, no : far from being a selfish calculation, our creation is an act of goodness. Our Creator loves us, because he wishes to be known as our Father ; and, having no need in his infinity of our existence, he has given us life to render us happy. Our happiness recompenses him for his work.

Of this happiness he will take charge : a father takes care of his children, preserves them from evil, conducts them towards good, restores them when they wander, and prepares for them a destiny worthy of his love. A Creator who had completed a consecrated work, merely to display his power and his glory, might at length turn away his regard with disdain, and think only of a new creation. But he who first loved us, and who thought of us

with goodness before we received our existence, cannot cease to think of us after we have received it.

Creation and providence are expressed in this word, so simple and profound, "Our Father." This word alone contradicts all those proud ideas of inequality in creation, privileges in humanity, races sacrificed and subdued by other races, different kinds in the bosom of the same human family.

A father makes no distinction between his children; he does not love and bless some at the expense of others, — the eldest at the expense of the youngest; he breaks not at his pleasure the family tie. Providence is always the same to us. In vain, against these sweet and holy thoughts, pride seeks for argument in the natural difference between men. Diversity is not injustice. These clouds which separate us are necessary to the general welfare and progress in addressing ourselves to this God, always impartial in his immense and eternal love. A genius like Moses, a poet like Solomon, those who believe like St. Paul, and love like St. John, will say, "Our Father;" and the young child will lisp it in repeating his first prayer; and at the end of the furrow that he ploughs every day, without raising his eyes, the poor old man, who knows nothing but his plough, will say it with his dying voice when uttering his last prayer.

The love of God, the providence of God, universal love, and equal providence, in which all men may confide equally for life and immortality, — these magnificent thoughts and lessons flow without effort from the title of Father given to the Supreme Being. They are the meaning of his name; we want no surety for these thoughts.

As for us, beings as we are of dust and ashes, which are here to-day and gone to-morrow, dare we to adore so freely the Supreme Being? As for us, selfish gatherers of all sorts of gratification, dare we speak of universal love? When, in the midst of an indifference to the happiness of others, we dare to speak of an impartial providence for the whole of humanity, we feel that this voice of adoration ought instinctively to awaken within us an echo which replies to it, for fear of being taken for one of those deceitful voices which cry, "Peace, peace, where there is no peace."

Our guaranty is in the last feature of the invocation, "Our Father who art in heaven." With what perfect tranquillity we,

the disciples of Jesus, might quote, against the incredulity of the world, the defiance of the Psalmist! "What say the nations? Where is now your God? Our God is in heaven!" In the language of Jewish piety, which so well knew how to exhaust the treasures of the beauties of nature, the heavens! that resplendent vault where we read the name of the Creator in characters of light; immeasurable azure where all the worlds have their place; — heavens! it is immensity; — to say the heavens are his throne, his abode, the empire of God, the appointed place of his glory; that God is there in actual presence, is to say that he is present everywhere. And what image can more justly express this profound thought, an image which refutes all the ancient errors which is still sufficient for the most spiritual wants of man for the piety of modern times? The God that the Church adores is not the God of a zone, of a country, of a city, of the eternal city; he has not fixed his dwelling in some favourite spot, where he awaits his worshippers in the midst of the labours of the arts, and of the treasures of subjugated nations, in the shade of a forest, or the vault of a grotto, in the bosom of a delicious island, or on the summit of a sacred mountain. No! God is in heaven; he is everywhere; and, if Pagan fable this word banishes recall to you the Jewish privileges that disappear before it, our God is no longer reputed invisible, concealed in the inner temple, although built by Solomon, and veiled under the waves of the same cloud which descended on Israel at the voice of Moses. The time has come when the worshippers shall adore him neither on Gerizim nor on Mount Moriah, and already the great stones at which the disciples were astonished and shook, before they fell for ever, and not one stone remained on another; and the holy ark of the first dispensation went as a trophy to ornament Pagan triumphs. But what does Sion need? its sanctuary, and the great altar, and the ark with the cherubim import now? Fall, fall, Temple of Jerusalem! the world no longer needs thee. Flame, formerly perpetual in the holy place, thou art extinguished: the true light has shone which cannot disappear. Our God is in heaven, and all mankind may adore him at once.

Every man may adore him in his dwelling, wherever it may be; every one may pray, wherever he falls upon his knees; as the universal presence assures us of his universal goodness.

is everywhere, he sees and rules all; he blesses and he protects all; he rules without limit, without measure, as well as without obstacle; nothing separates him, nothing banishes him from his dear children; nothing, for he is immense; and when he establishes the place of each one of us in immensity, there where we are, he is with us. By these features we may remark a God in whom all mankind may hope and believe.

No philosophy can penetrate beyond this; no faith can go farther; no enthusiasm can raise itself higher; no love can demand higher motives for loving; no trembling weakness can seek surer means of support; and when a return to ourselves brings back our own littleness, our own misery, — imperceptible atoms as we are in the midst of the universe, thrown out of a cradle which has disappeared into a tomb, which in its turn vanishes, — we can remain tranquil between these two appearances of nothing: instead of looking at them, we will raise our eyes to our Father who is in heaven.

He who forgets, that, if God is our common Father, all men are our brothers, that between brothers selfishness is against nature, and is as profoundly antichristian as it is unnatural; he who feels not that selfishness is an affront offered to creation, and a revolt against the creation, — for it is to abjure our family, which is his; he who comprehends not that the love of God and the love of our neighbor are necessarily supreme laws; he who, in one word, opposes to God the reasoning of Cain, "Am I the guardian of my brother?" — that man cannot say to God, "Our Father."

He who, in his pride, separates himself from his fellow-beings, expects that providence and grace shall favor him, makes choice of a place on earth or in heaven without fraternity and common equality, aspires to a fate or pardon in preference to others, attributes to himself rights and merits that others have not, and blesses the Lord that he is not like other men, — he cannot say to God, "Our Father."

He who seeks, in idea at least, to rise above the general, continual, and absolute dependence in which humanity is placed, — who believes himself alone the architect of his fortunes, his prosperity, his glory, his faith, and not co-worker with God; he who, raising himself above God, remembers no longer "that he has brought nothing into the world, and can take nothing out of it;" who knows not, at every happiness, at every success, to

address to himself the question, so sweet to love and so hard to pride, "What hast thou that thou hast not received?" and who thanks himself, instead of thanking God, like a child full of gratitude, — he cannot say to God, "Our Father."

And when sin has interrupted our moral and religious activity; when its inevitable consequences trouble the peace of the heart, and ruin the security of the life; when the trouble which was at the door has passed the threshold, and established itself in our dwelling, striking those whose happiness was confided to our care; he whose repentance was a mistake, and who hated the sin less than its inconveniences; he who removes his irritation from himself to God, and groans not for being a sinner, but for being punished, in denying with bitterness that paternal justice wishes to bless even when it pains us; he who replies to these warnings by the dismal cry, "My trouble is greater than I can bear" (which never happens to us), — he cannot say to God, "Our Father."

Finally, in the days of mourning, when the last adieus are exchanged, when the tomb is slowly opening for those who are dearest, and as slowly closing over them, and when all is finished here between us and those we have so much loved, he who thinks not that his heavenly Father opens his bosom to all his children, and separates them only to re-unite them again, and has a place ready for each one; he who looks only towards the dark sepulchre where those useless and insensible remains are entombed, and not towards those brilliant heavens where the spirit ascends to Him who gave it, — he cannot say, "Our Father who art in heaven;" for his grief denies the Father, who expects us all, and the heavens, where those that we weep have by their death arrived before us.

Now, at the close of these examples that I have placed before your eyes, I appeal to your sincerity. I have crowded together before you all these features in one picture. I have struck, stroke after stroke, upon the door of your hearts, to show you, not by reasoning, but by facts, how certain it is that the Lord's Prayer sums up Christianity, as well as morals; and I appeal to your sincerity for the truth of it.

Is it not true, that, to violate the precepts of the Lord, to give him a heart that is not holy, is to render his prayer impossible? It is to shut the mouth in the moment of uttering it; it is to

become, from our own fault, mute in prayer, when true Christians pray around us.

Ah! he who always remains in a state to pronounce this prayer as he ought, would see it rise like Cornelius's to heaven, before him, as a memorial before God; he would be stronger than the world, and sin, grief, and crime; he would be calm and happy in life and death and immortality.

Christians! do you all aspire to this victory, this joy, to this holiness; watch your progress carefully; in reckoning it by your prayers, examine your degree of Christianity, at the moment of saying to God, "Our Father;" and, if you are children of God, forget not that the rebellious child, who dares not pray to his Father, denies him. I would prefer to have you forget this divine prayer, than to know you were unable to repeat it.

Think, I entreat you, what it would be to be separated from the communion of the saints in this world and the next, and to deprive yourself of all participation in Christianity and salvation!

But, if your soul remains faithful, so that the Lord's Prayer shall be for you every day the prayer of the just, made with great efficacy and fervor, wherever under the heavens shall be the place of your life and death, you will feel, that, like Jesus himself, the true Christian, sure of finding his heavenly Father attentive to his vows, expects, with the most entire confidence, to receive a reply to his prayers, sufficient for time, definitive for heaven and eternity.

WILT thou not help to educate the poor?
 They will learn something, whether taught or no;
 The mind's low dwelling hath an open door,
 Whence, wandering still uneasy to and fro,
 It gathers that it should, or should not, know.
 Oh! train the fluttering of that restless wing;
 Guide the intelligence that worketh woe;
 So shall the Summer answer to the Spring,
 And a well-guided youth an age of duty bring.

Child of the Islands.

ABRAHAM AND HIS DAY.

IN Abraham properly begins the history of the Jews. He was the father of that remarkable people, — the founder of that wonderful nation. To be able to trace their origin to him was, in their estimation, a higher distinction than a descent from the gods to the ancient Greek. Through all changes of fortune, of government, of religious dispensations, they cherished his name with a reverential pride almost idolatrous. In their captivities, in their desert-marches, in their festivals, in their battles, amidst internal dissensions and the controversies of sects, at all times and in all circumstances, the whole people held Abraham in reverence, and rejoiced to acknowledge him as their father.

This profound and universal regard was kept alive and strengthened by certain hopes which took their rise in his extraordinary religious experience, and in Divine communications which had been made to him. For, although he was the greatest mortal yet known to them, they had the promise of one in his offspring who should be still greater; and each successive generation of them looked with earnest solicitude to see that promise fulfilled. In Abraham, then, was the light of their memory, and in Abraham the joy of their expectation.

By reason, however, of the preternatural glory which their imaginations, stimulated by their piety and by their patriotism, threw back and gathered around this object of their veneration and love, it became impossible for them to recognize in any man a greater than he. And so they asked — almost contemptuously — when He appeared whose day, in dim vision, Abraham rejoiced to behold, “*Art thou greater than our father Abraham?*”

This man — standing thus as the head of a great people, having filled so large a space in the thoughts and affections of the religious men of old time, associated in our minds with the primitive revelations of God to man, frequently mentioned, and always with respect, in the Sacred Scriptures — cannot properly be passed over without commemoration in the review of a Biblical history and instruction, which we are now pursuing in these pages. We will proceed, then, to narrate the principal events of

his life, and to describe the more striking features of his character.

Abraham, which name signifies "father of a great multitude," was first called Abram, which means simply "great father." He was born, according to Hebrew chronology, in the year of the world one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight. The place of his nativity was Ur in Chaldea; a small town a few miles west of the site on which Nineveh afterward arose, between the Tigris and the Euphrates. His father's name was Terah; and he could trace his genealogy, through eight generations, to Noah. The immediate descendant of Noah, in whom Abraham's line began, was Shem; who, though the second by birth, was first of the three sons of Noah in the estimation of all descendants of Abraham.

Not many years after the Flood, the offspring of Noah appear to have scattered themselves abroad, and to have become, in some instances, heads of clans and founders of cities. One of the sons of Ham was the father of Nimrod, who was distinguished for his exploits as a hunter, and who laid at Babylon the foundations of an empire. Another of those sons established himself for trade at Sidon on the Mediterranean. A third emigrated to Egypt. A son of Shem settled on the spot where the capital of the Assyrian empire afterwards stood. Subsequently he laid out seven other cities, one of which, called Resen, became very considerable in importance. The sons of Japheth wandered away to the North and North-west; dividing amongst their posterity the isles of the Gentiles, — distant places that could be reached only by sea; planting themselves all along the North of Europe; and covering at length its western and southern shores with their settlements. The immediate ancestors of Abraham appear to have had less of enterprise and the spirit of adventure than the others, and remained till his day not far from the place where the flood had left their father Noah.

In reading what is written of these families, and, in general, of the many settlements, the great cities, the wide-spread populations, existing at a period so early after the inhabitants of the earth had been reduced, according to popular belief, to only four families, one is sometimes puzzled to conceive how such things could be. How was it possible, we ask with a feeling of incredulity, that in the period between Noah and Abraham, — only

about three hundred years, — a population should have arisen, and all the progeny of four men, sufficient for the building of Nineveh and Babylon, for the settling of Canaan and Egypt, and for taking possession of even more distant territories?

A little calculation, however, may satisfy us on this point. Recollect that the children of a family in that early time were quite numerous, and that in most instances only a part of them are mentioned by name. But suppose that each generation consisted of no more than five sons to a family. Then take Shem, for example, and allow him five sons, and each of those five, and so on, multiplying each generation by five, till you come to Abraham; you will then have *in this one line* three hundred and ninety thousand six hundred and twenty-five; nearly half the population of Massachusetts. Suppose these to have been distributed into pastoral tribes, like Abraham's, of three hundred males each, they would furnish six hundred and fifty such tribes. Or, suppose them gathered into cities of twenty thousand inhabitants each, they would be enough for eighteen such cities. This, remember, is only one of three branches of the Noah family.

It may be objected that no allowance is made in this estimate for deaths. True. We think, however, that the supposed is so much less than the actual ratio of increase as to render any subtraction for that account unnecessary. Yet, if we should deduct one half, we should still have a population remaining sufficient to justify the Biblical representations.

It appears, that, before the descendants of Noah had spread themselves abroad to any great extent, they conceived the design of erecting somewhere on the plain, near the site of Babylon, an exceeding high tower, to be to them a common object of interest and admiration, a common centre to hold them together, a beacon also to be seen from afar as they pastured their flocks, and thus tend to prevent what, in their comparative weakness, they dreaded, — division, separation, dispersion. But they had not proceeded far in the execution of this design before it was providentially frustrated. For, instead of continuing one undivided people, with one great central capital, it was the pleasure of Heaven that their unity should be broken; and that, being dispersed in all directions, they should build up many centres, differing in manners and character, in government and language and pursuits, and thus establish that variety amongst mankind

which is one of the chief springs of improvement, from which commerce has arisen, which is the life of benevolence, and which renders the harmonizing power of religion so necessary, and at the same time so beautiful. Thus, not in anger but in wisdom, did the Lord permit such dissensions to spring up amongst them, whilst engaged in their stupendous enterprise, as resulted, first, in their leaving off to build the tower; second, in their dispersion into different and distant parts; and, finally, in their loss of a common language.

This great change in their relations to one another must have taken place a long time, we know not precisely how long, prior to the birth of Abraham, whose further history we proceed briefly to trace.

Abraham was one of three sons. The names of the others were Nahor and Haran. Of these Haran died in the prime of life, leaving an only son whose name was Lot. He died in the land of his nativity, and before his aged father had gone the way of all the earth. Abraham and his remaining brother took them wives, still continuing to reside with or near their father in Ur. But at length the emigrating fever reached this quiet family, and Terah set out from his old homestead, taking with him Abraham his son, and Lot his grandson, and their wives, with all their possessions; intending to plant himself in that western El Dorado, afterwards called Canaan. But having proceeded on his way as far as a place which he named Haran, probably in honor of his deceased son, a distance of not above a hundred and fifty miles, — whether from his illness, of which something is said, or because the country pleased him particularly, he determined to make that his dwelling-place, or, as our western people say, *to locate* there. There he settled; there he passed the rest of his days; and there, at the age of two hundred and five years, he died!

A tradition prevailed in the East, it is said, that Terah was an idolater, and that Abraham in his youth was a priest of the Sun; but what gave rise to it, it is difficult to imagine. For certainly, from all that we can gather, the education, both of Abraham the son, and of Lot the grandson, had been in conformity with the great truth at a later day formally announced: "The Lord our God is one Lord; and to love him with all the heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, is the first and great commandment."

Indeed, we find no satisfactory evidence to support the common opinion that at this time idolatry had become extensive. We know not on what ground of evidence it is believed that the attempt to build the tower of Babel was an act of idolatry or rebellion against God ; or that Nimrod, the bold, the enterprising, the adventurous prince, who acquired such eminent renown in his day and generation, — evidently a great man above his contemporaries, — was a denier of Jehovah, and the efficient patron as is sometimes represented, the founder, of a false religion. We find nothing in the record to justify either opinion ; and, for other reasons appear, we shall believe that they owe their existence, in part at least, to the Jewish prejudice against the son of Ham, who, it would seem, had manifested down to that day a more force of character than the other branches of Noah's family.

But of Abraham's faith as a man, whatever may have been the religion of his youth, we are left in no doubt. Either because God chose him and qualified him for that spiritual office, or because he early chose God as his light and his strength, and qualified himself, he was made the medium of important Divine communications to man. As he looked up in devout contemplation, the glory of the Lord shone upon him. As he listened in calm meditation and prayer, the still, small Voice spake to his mind ; and all its intimations became to him sources of prophetic truth. All its suggestions had the reality and authority of truth. When it gave him warning, he put nothing to the peril of disregarding it. If it laid commands upon him, he knew no course but to obey. Once the Voice had spoken before the death of his father. Now, after that death, he hears it again more distinctly, saying, "Get thee out of thy country unto a land that I will show thee ; and I will make of thee a great nation ; and I will bless thee and in thee thy name shall be great ; and thou shalt be a blessing."

Thus commanded and thus assured, Abraham, at the age of seventy-five, with his wife, and Lot his nephew, started from their home in Haran to go into a new and strange country, knowing at what point they should enter it, nor where they should abide in it, nor how it should fare with them, but yielding themselves in implicit trust to the guidance of Heaven. Although the distance was not great as we reckon distances, being less than three hundred miles, yet the undertaking was formidable. And they went forward with a hopeful perseverance. Entering

naan at the northern part, they passed down the country till they came to a place called Sichem, — in the Saviour's time, Sychar, in Samaria, — a few miles north of where Jerusalem now stands. Here they pitched their tents. The sons of Canaan had anticipated them in the occupancy of the country, but showed no signs of hostility to them. There was room enough for them all, and the immigration of such a family might be beneficial to the original settlers. So Abraham, when he had looked round on the good land, and heard the Voice saying, "All this shall be the portion of thy seed," builded an altar there unto Jehovah, signaling by a solemn religious act the first recognition of his new home, and demonstrating the devotion of his heart to the living faith in which he had sought and found it. In a short time, probably for the convenience of pasturage, he removes to a mountainous district near by, and there, in the same spirit of faith and piety, erects another altar. But he continues not long in this place. Abandoning it on account of an unusual drought, he takes a southward direction, and finally, threatened more and more by famine, resolves to remove, with all his cattle and servants, to Egypt. How long he remained in that country we do not know; but it is evident that he was not disappointed in the object for which he went. For, notwithstanding his apprehensions to the contrary, he was kindly received by the sovereign, a descendant of Mizraim, and entertained with regal hospitality. There was something, we think, in the general appearance of Abraham, in his manners, in his bearing, in his retinue, which showed at once and conclusively that he was no common man, but a person of rank, and entitled to high consideration; else he would not have met everywhere with such demonstrations of respect. And, on the other hand, there were undoubtedly united in the Egyptian king a degree of opulence, a sense of honor, a dignity and urbanity, such as belong to a state of civilization not a little advanced; else a man of Abraham's refinement and character would not have been so agreeably impressed by his reception, nor would he have felt it to be less than a stain upon his honor, that his wife was dismissed from the king's household — considering the circumstances under which she had been introduced — with various costly presents. Had the king been a rude and brutish man, destitute of all high and honorable sentiments, Abraham would have rejected his presents with scorn, and

retired from his country, under as small obligations to him as possible. But the whole treatment he received shows that wonderful civilization for which Egypt was so long distinguished and which gave her a fame lasting as her pyramids, had already commenced.

Abraham returned from this sojourn in Egypt, carrying with him a great increase of riches, not only in cattle, the chief measure of wealth, but in silver and gold. He went back to the place where his tents had been in the beginning, "unto the place of the altar which he had made there at first;" and there, with accustomed piety, he "called on the name of the Lord."

Soon after his return, an incident occurred which serves farther to reveal his character. Up to this time, his nephew lived near him, — he and his family. Like Abraham, he too prospered and grown rich, insomuch that it began to be apparent that the district they occupied in common would not be able any longer to sustain them all together, and that a separation must take place at no distant day. In this state of things, when right, it belonged to Abraham to choose whether to stay where he was or to remove, what course did he take? Mark his unanimity, the breadth of soul manifested on this occasion. "We have no contention," he said. "We are brothers. The world is before you. If you will go to the left hand, then I will go to the right. Or, if you will depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." How unselfish, how truly great, this conduct! "We are brethren!" Ah! how much strife would be avoided; how many discourtesies changed to pleasant salutations; how many jealousies, rivalries, heart-burnings, wicked passions utterly extinguished; how many now-sundered hearts immediately re-united; what institutions of oppression and cruelty instantly abolished, if the meaning of those heavenly words, "We are brethren," could be universally apprehended as Abraham felt it.

"We are brethren," he said, and it was not many years before this declaration was put to the proof, and in a manner to exhibit a new trait in the character of Abraham.

In the plain of Siddim, which Lot had chosen for his residence, four petty princes, or heads of small independent sovereignties in the neighborhood, — four against five, — met in battle. The inhabitants of the plain were defeated; their dwellings were plundered. To escape captivity, many of them fled to the mountains.]

was not so fortunate as his neighbors, but was captured and carried off, he and his goods, by the victorious party. Shortly the news reached the ears of his uncle, Abraham; and, as soon as he heard it, he armed his trained servants, three hundred and eighteen in number, pursued the retiring conquerors, overtook them at night, fell upon them, overcame and dispersed them, and returned; bringing back for his trophies, "Lot, and his goods, and the women also, and the people." Brave Father Abraham! all honor to the resolute brotherly-kindness which spurred thee on to the rescue of thy captured kinsman, and to the vigorous intrepidity which gave thee success!

Not long after this incident occurred, we behold Abraham in connection with a very extraordinary personage, who bursts upon the world like the sun from behind a thick cloud, unveils his splendor for a moment, brings joy with his beams, and then hides himself again in the darkness for ever. We refer to "Melchizedec, king of Salem, and priest of the most high God," whose mysterious origin and history have been a riddle to readers of the Bible in all time since. This man approaches Abraham in his twofold capacity, and blesses him in the name of the same God whom Abraham invoked and adored. "Blessed be Abraham of the most high God, Possessor of heaven and earth! And blessed be the most high God, which hath delivered thine enemies into thy hand!" These are the seemingly words in which the royal priest testified his respect for the untitled but venerable Chaldean. These are the first and the last and the only words that we hear from him. But it is gratifying to be made acquainted with the fact, that here, in this land of Canaan, which it is so common to regard as possessed thus early by tribes of fierce and foul idolaters, and in the very heart of it too, was found a priest of the most high God, and that that priest was clothed also with kingly power. The question naturally arises, to whom did he minister? To worshippers of the sun and the hosts of heaven? Over whom did he rule? Over savage hordes who knew not the Lord that made them? No. But this sacerdotal prince, the roll of whose genealogy failed to be preserved, sprang, it is highly probable, from the loins of that very Canaan whom Noah foolishly cursed; and his church and kingdom were composed of men of the same despised lineage, who, nevertheless, accepted his faith, followed its guidance, and worshipped the one Being in whom it rested.

Abraham was now in possession of all, or nearly all, of earthly good which men desire, — abundant wealth, a numerous troop of dependants and followers to serve him in peace or war, a very beautiful and very dear to him, many friends, and the respect and love even of kings. His removal from the ancestral acres in Chaldea to the far west of Canaan had proved a fortunate step. He had gained much more than he could have dreamed when, in his younger days, he had mused on the advantages of emigration, and obtained his father's consent to make trial of it with him. Yes, he had around him all these blessings, but he was not wholly satisfied. One other good his heart craved, and for it he was continually making request unto God. He had the promise, and he relied upon it, that all this fine country should be the portion of his posterity; but he was now an old man, his wife well stricken in years, and he was still childless. The gift of a lineal heir to his name and possessions would be the measure of his happiness, and for it he earnestly prayed every time he had a vision of the Holy One, and each such time received new assurance that his desires should not be disappointed; but how could they be fulfilled? "Look now toward heaven and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: so shall thy seed be." Such had been the promise of the Lord; a promise so clear and strong in his breast, that no earthly power and no seeming impossibility of attaining its object, could disprove it, or for a moment darken it.

By and by, Ishmael, "God shall hear," is born unto him. Hagar, an Egyptian maid; a wild man, whose hand would be against every man, and every man's hand against him. Can it be in whom all the families of the earth shall be blessed? No: another and greater blessing is in store for him. Ishmael, though a wild man, addicted to a roving, wilderness life, shall be mighty in his generation, the founder of a great, free, independent, invincible nation; but it is not through him or his posterity that the world shall receive its spiritual illumination, and be led onward to life everlasting. No: the wife of Abraham's youth, she who had attended him in all his journeyings, sharing his privations and his prosperity, she who had often felt the beating of his heart in love for her and in prayers to God, — the once comely but now faded Sarah shall bear him a son, who shall be the representative of his name and the heir of the promise. This hope, though laughed

by his aged companion, grew in due time into a fond and confident expectation. At length — the miracle ! — Isaac is born. His cup of domestic joy is now full ; he is doubly blest. He is deeply thankful to Heaven. These mercies only make his faith the stronger, his piety the more profound and fervent. God is very near to him. His presence is his light and life. He walks daily as in his company. And, having received all from him, he devotes all to him. He looks onward with a prophet's discernment to see the heavenly promise fulfilled. Mountains of holiness rise before him in the dim distance, and upon them he beholds sons of his offering perpetual incense to the Most High ; and far onward still, the mountain of the Lord's house rising upon the tops of the mountains, and a son of his, great in the power of God, gathering all nations unto it, for a pure, serene, united, everliving worship.

With such visions, how could he fail to rejoice and be glad ? And how is it possible that his faith should not be equal to any trial ? for trial is allotted to him yet, — stern, dread, heart-piercing trial ! It is the common lot ; and why should not this exemplar in so many things, this father of a progeny so numerous, looked back to through so many ages and by so many millions, — why should he not teach by his example how trial is to be met, and how the painful sacrifices required by the Lord are to be performed ? This he will show. Can he bear the loss of that son ? Would it not break his heart, crush out his faith, though he should die, as other sons equally dear to their parents die continually, of sickness, and in his bed ? But what if, instead of this, the Voice he has so often heard should require him to offer that son in sacrifice unto the Lord, — can he do that ? Has he faith strong enough to carry him through such a trial ? Poor human nature, seeing God afar off, in the heights and in the depths, and not nigh at hand, shrinks from the thought, and cannot endure it. Yet “ He who spared not his *own* Son, but gave him up for us all,” will show us through Abraham that human faith may rise to the level even of such a sacrifice ; — that the sentiment of obedience to God may be so overmastering as to put to silence the natural instincts that oppose it ; — that Duty, once enthroned within, is capable of making her authority absolute in the whole realm of thought, feeling, and life !

In forming a judgment on the moral nature of this transaction,

all the facts should be regarded together. It would be manifestly unjust to select one incident, separate it from the rest, and then determine the character of the whole by that. The parts must be taken together, weighed together, and the moral character of the whole thus decided. God commanded the sacrifice to be made; but this was only one part: he also commanded the uplifted knife to be withdrawn. By the former, Abraham had opportunity to show himself great in faith. By the latter, God himself shone forth in the splendor of his mercy. From beginning to end, no sentiment of justice or of humanity was violated, — for it does not appear that Abraham complained, — but a great law of human duty, that which requires absolute submission to the will of God, the surrender of every desire and affection to him, was set forth to the knowledge of mankind, and illustrated by the most impressive example.

We repeat, the transaction is to be taken as a whole. So taken, what is its effect as we contemplate it? Does it excite just, elevated, devout sentiments? Does it exemplify any principle that is worthy of God to propose, and of man to revere? Do we see in it any thing of the nobility of human nature, and of the power of a believing heart? If so, it certainly was not unworthy of God, in setting up the ancient landmarks, thus to display his sovereignty, and to reveal man's duty.

An effective example of quiet submission to a stern duty can be brought out in no other way than by *trial*. There may be many modes of trial; but that which calls for the greatest personal sacrifice will evince the greatest amount of the virtue. The sacrifice of property would be one mode. The sacrifice of social ties and interests would be another and greater. The sacrifice of the tenderest domestic affections would be the greatest of all. Now, it pleased God to give to the world an example in this latter form, by requiring Abraham to sacrifice his son. And, from his day till now, pious men have heard the voice from Moriah saying unto them, "Withhold nothing from God. Have such trust in him that you can sacrifice all you love most at his bidding. Commit your children, in the hour of their peril, to his disposal with unrelenting submission. Let him be all in all!"

It is related of the elder Brutus, that, when a conspiracy had been detected on one occasion, and the conspirators were brought before him to receive sentence, it was discovered, to the astonish-

ment and grief of every one, that two of his own sons were of the number. The voice of parental affection plead in agony, "Spare them!" The voices of friendship and compassion from the gathered multitude rang loud and piercing, "Oh! spare them!" But the voice of duty was more powerful; and that called out from the depths of his breaking heart, "Give them up to the executioner!" The fatal sentence was pronounced; the sons were executed. And the act has been ever since a lauded example of Roman firmness and principle. He sacrificed his sons to a *sense of duty*, and all men approve the act. Abraham was ready to sacrifice his son *at the command of God*, and shall we hold him in less honor?

In whatever light we view the matter, it reflects credit on Abraham. If he was actually commanded, as it is written and as is commonly believed, his obedience has in it all the grandeur of martyrdom. If, on the contrary, as some have thought, his piety had carried him to the verge of fanaticism, and he only imagined himself required to make this sacrifice, there is touching beauty in his submissiveness and loyalty to conscience; and the Divine interposition to arrest the falling knife is a providential favor to be gratefully remembered. And if, in fine, the whole is to be regarded as an allegory or a parable, designed to illustrate the virtue of submission to the will of God in a spirit of calm trust, still, even in this lowest view of it, it possesses transcendent interest, and is one of the most instructive lessons of the Scriptures.

But we must hasten to bring this notice to a close, by simply glancing at some other facts. Soon after the trial of his faith above referred to, this friend of God was called to bear another, which, if not so agonizing, was more sorrowful. A hundred and seven and twenty years had passed over the head of his beloved wife, and her days were all numbered! She died at Hebron, in Canaan. And it was upon this occasion that that memorable transaction took place, which has been so much admired for the simple beauty with which it is described, as well as for the dignified and courtly conduct of Abraham in it, by which the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession, in the

presence of the children of Heth, before all that went in at the gate of the city. By this was secured to him and to his heirs in perpetuity a peaceful resting-place for their dead; and there, in that solemn "cave," beneath those spreading "trees," he laid the wife of his bosom!

He did not remain long single; but, marrying again at an advanced age, he became the father of six other children. And then, after having established his son Isaac in his place, as his principal heir, and given suitable portions to his other children, borne down by the weight of a hundred and seventy-five years, he gave up the ghost, and was gathered to his fathers. And his sons, Isaac and Ishmael, buried him in the cave of Machpelah, in the field which Abraham purchased of the sons of Heth: "there was Abraham buried, and Sarah his wife." Memorable and sacred depository! what hallowed dust is gathered within thy bosom! What filial memories linger around thy solemn enclosure! What animating hopes come forth from thy now-voiceless occupants, gilding the track of many centuries, and embracing "even the ends of the earth"! In our hearts will we build thy monuments, and not in mockery, but in veneration of their virtues, will we garnish the sepulchres of thy sainted dead!

Abraham is no more! Long ago his work on earth was done. In contemplating him, we are carried back to a period of which no memorials remain. There was no Rome then; no Greece. The old empires that rose so slowly, that flourished so long, that declined so gradually, had scarcely begun the process of formation. Egypt was young. The stones had but just been removed and the sward broken for laying the foundations of Nineveh and Babylon. And yet the personal history of Abraham brings with it to our minds a feeling of freshness and familiarity as though he had lived within our own lifetime. He is no stranger to us. There is nothing foreign about him. He might have been an American of the last century, as well as an Asiatic of four thousand years ago. Though, in removing the gathered dust of ages from his resting-place, we stir the earth around the springing germs of all history, of all civilization, of all religion; yet he seems to us as one belonging to these latter days of human development and Christian illumination, between whom and ourselves there subsists a pleasant, but courteous and dignified intercourse.

Abraham is no more ! But his name lives. All Israel holds it in honor. Israel, enlarged by the addition of Christendom, venerates it profoundly. In the heart of every worshipper of the true God, the life of the patriarch, and the father of patriarchs, is a living epistle from heaven. Forty centuries, which in their progress have effaced all vestiges of the earliest nations and kingdoms, have done nothing towards obliterating the impression of his character. There he stands in the fore-front of the world's civilization and religion, serene, incorrupt, just, faithful, full of all nobleness and charity, wanting in no duty to God ; and his example stretches down to our day with a benignant and life-like energy, like some lofty headland, majestic as the sea which it breasts, for us to behold and admire. Whilst we thus behold in him an illustrious memorial of a long-departed age, let us rejoice in the words of the Saviour applied to him, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Abraham, then, is alive still ; and to the pious Israelite there can be no better hope than that at death he shall be called to rest in his bosom. On us, disciples of Christ, be the blessing of a kindred hope ! J. W. T.

THE DYING CHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SWEET infant ! on thy mother's bosom now
 How calm thy rest !
 The bitter pangs, ah ! little knowest thou
 That rend that breast !
 From cheek and lip and brow
 Is gone e'en now
 The tender red !
 And yet e'en now the child
 Mysteriously smiled ;
 Again he smiles, — ah ! this
 Is the death-angel's kiss, —
 The child is dead !

C. T. B.

"THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD."

DEAR FRIEND, — Do not ask me about children's books. I am overwhelmed and bewildered among them. So many, oh! so many! I almost sigh for the days when we read Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights through the week, over and over again; and the Bible (especially the Apocrypha) and Pilgrim's Progress on Sundays. But no; the change is progress. We must grant, that, with the evil of having so many new books for children pouring annually from the press as to make them often careless readers, there is great good. All tastes and wants are met, and the importance of selection is forced home upon parents and teachers. Among the multitude, many are particularly good; and none but those who grossly neglect their duty will permit the young to read all indiscriminately, for it is well known that some must be injudiciously written.

The last book we read, as censors for the eager young public of our Sunday School, was "The Wide, Wide World;" a title sure to attract attention. It bears no particular relation to the contents of the two thick volumes, that I can discover; but authors surely have a right to please themselves with giving quaint titles to their books for the laudable purpose of catching observation; a better right than that of parents to give their children queer names.

The little heroine of this work is thrown early upon the world, — rather a narrow one, we should say; but the widest can do no more, probably, for the development of character than is sometimes accomplished in a very limited sphere. The whole interest of the book consists in the ripening of this child's soul into Christianity. The *chief* interest, we should say; for to a merely literary reader there is an interest in the power and fidelity with which some of the characters are sketched. But the great merit of the book lies in the singular ability of the author to sustain interest in the one question of the child's spiritual progress. Will she resist? will she sink? will she conquer her peculiar temptations? will she fall under them? And then there is the wonderful distinctness with which the means, the only means by which she conquers, are presented. Religion is made attractive; coming

in like a visible and lovely angel to help the struggling child. Her penitence and prayer engage our sympathies in spite of our worldliness, and the cold recollection, "It is but a story." I felt that it must be so, while I was reading; and the great favor with which the book has been received among my juvenile friends satisfies me that it is so. I desire nothing better for the pages I am about to put into a child's hands, than that they should be capable of touching her religious susceptibilities, — the susceptibilities which I believe lie in every young heart, more accessible in youth than afterwards. A dull essay, a didactic treatise, will not do it; nor will a merely interesting story do it; nor a tale in which the engaging narrative runs on by itself, while the moral is laid on in patches here and there, to be leaped over. The author of "The Wide, Wide World," has not merely inwoven religious truth with her story, so that they cannot be taken separately; but the reader *must* sympathize with the heroine's struggle and striving after goodness, and through that sympathy, of course, be moved to good.

Have you any dread of presenting truth to your child in such forms as our orthodox friends hold it? I hope not; I think there is nothing morbid about you. "The Wide, Wide World" is written by an orthodox lady, whose Christianity seems to me pure, beautiful, vital, containing nothing to narrow or embitter the spirit. The orthodoxy of this day is not what it used to be, and the little of doctrine there is in this book will not be sufficiently intelligible to your child to affect her in any way; but the spirit of it will uplift her at once.

I have heard another objection made to the work, — that the scene is laid chiefly in low life, and that many of the characters discourse in vulgarisms and Yankeeisms. In humble life is the scene laid at first, certainly; and it would be a woeful expurgation of our bookshelves, if all works must be banished, on which this charge might be laid. Would you not be sorry to tell your children they must not read *Simple Susan* nor *Lazy Lawrence*? Must Miss Sedgewick's truthful sketches, and the pages recording the fate of Little Nell, come under the ban? Beautiful morality, simple pathos, genuine piety, are found in reality among the lives of the poor and uneducated; and so, too, in the fictions where they are copied; and grieved should I be to shut out such influences from the heart of my child. About the works of Dickens

I might hesitate, because his plan necessarily leads him among the vicious as well as the ignorant, and unfolds evil which we are in no haste to explain to the young. But there is nothing of this in "The Wide, Wide World;" and, as to the Yankeeisms, the Scotch and Irish dialects are introduced into works where they come naturally and properly, and none keep a story from the child's hand on that account. Is the language of the country people of New England more vulgar? Are children more likely to imitate it? I think not. And the effect of our little heroine's taste for knowledge and refinement would make itself felt in illustration of the fact, that vulgarizing influences may be resisted, and the mind cultivated, even by one so situated that she becomes perforce a notable housewife and nurse.

I do not like one or two scenes, which are certainly more coarse than is necessary; nor do I like the author's fancy for keeping up such a running fire of kissing from the beginning to the end of the book. It seems to me in very bad taste. Ellen is represented as quite dependent on kisses and caresses for a portion of her happiness, which would be an unfortunate state of things for any real, live little damsel. And then through the last part of the story I was in a panic, lest the author were running among the breakers of a love-tale: it was a narrow escape, I suspect. Many a beautiful fiction for young girls has been ruined, its high moral and religious influence lowered, by this absurd propensity for winding up all the heroine's adventures with love and marriage; and that, too, in the face of the fact, that some of the most charming women in New England, those most sure of peace on earth and joy in heaven, are *old maids*. Honored be the name!

On the whole, if you want a story-book which will surely help your little daughter to be more pious, get her "The Wide, Wide World." It has faults, but none in my opinion that can counterbalance its genuine religious influence.

Truly yours,

L. J. H.

THE FOUR ANCHORS OF THE SOUL ON THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.*

A SERMON, BY REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

Acts, xxvii. 29. — "Then, fearing lest they should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day."

ART and poetry have now made the *voyage of life* one of the most familiar metaphors. And the metaphor seems to describe very exactly the phases and the course of our being here on earth. And the reflective traveller on the seas finds continually the chances of his uncertain voyage referring him back to the changes of his mortal career. You may see this strikingly exemplified in the narrative of Lamartine's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. There is no incident or passage there of the romantic voyage across the great sea, that does not recall to him some incident of his life, some passage of memory. All of us feel this to some extent. The mysterious and silent motion of a ship through the waters fitly symbolizes to us the motion of the soul, silent and mysterious, over the waves of time. And one who feels the wayward yet steady current of destiny bearing him on, beneath all the efforts of his will, toward his appointed end, may well imagine that he is walking upon the deck of some majestic vessel, which bears him silently onward to the distant harbor, however his feet for the time may turn. The voyage of the Apostle of the Christian life, therefore, seems not unnaturally to lead us to some thoughts upon the greater voyage for which his word and his example are the sacred guides. And that incident of the voyage which is mentioned in the text directly furnishes us with a timely application of the general idea to practical use. I invite you to consider with me, then, the anchors of safety to the voyager on the sea of life.

We need not stop to prove that the voyage of life is perilous,

* A Sermon, which our readers have not forgotten, was printed in a former number of the Magazine, on "The Currents in the Voyage of Life." The publication of the following Discourse, founded on another text from the same passages that furnished a text for that, though not the Discourse itself, has been suggested in this way. — Ed.

or to describe its many dangers. The wrecks lying so thickly along the high shore of this world give us abundant notice that there is always risk in any course that we may follow. No man can mark out beforehand a course of life so fixed and sure, that he shall be freed from the fear of wreck. There are always sunken rocks that are not laid down on any chart; there are always sudden gales that no calculation can foretell. We know not what the day or the hour shall bring forth. This is true of every occupation in life. The most favorably born, the most fortunately blessed, cannot escape the universal danger. The wisest man is exposed to chance as well as the weakest, though his wisdom may give him escape from many dangers that are sure to befall the other. There is always an under-current of destiny in every life, though a vigorous will may make a man in so great degree master of his destiny; and he is mad who goes on his voyage without knowledge of this, and preparation for it. The rocks lie all around us. We are ever liable to shipwreck; and often we come so close to this, that no merely immediate precaution will save us. They who keep the best watch may find themselves sometimes too near destruction to turn aside. They cannot always discover the danger afar off. It is vain sometimes to breast the wind that bears toward the breakers. And often, very often, to the sinner in life, no harbor of protection is near. It is then the part of wisdom to be provided beforehand;—to have those anchors ready that shall be always a protection. And as the voyage of life, unlike an ordinary voyage, is one of continual danger, so its anchors of safety are in continual use. They are not good merely on occasion, but a constant security against ruin.

There are four anchors, with which every soul on the voyage of life must be provided: regular labor, intellectual culture, domestic enjoyment, and religious faith. No one of these can safely be dispensed with. With all, there is almost perfect security; without any, there is no security. While each of these has its separate function, they all act as a restraining power; all are anchors to the soul.

What is the most natural and fruitful cause of failure and ruin? Is it not idleness, — the parent sometimes of vice, sometimes of weariness? Who is more truly miserable than he who has nothing to do? who is more likely to strike upon the rocks of spiritual destruction? I say nothing here about the danger

that idleness involves of shipwreck in one's worldly fortunes, — how it is nearly sure to cause the loss of goods and gold, — but only of that inward danger to which the soul is liable. And to prevent this, there is nothing more effectual than some regular employment, some fixed work which interests and develops continually the powers of the soul. This needs to have its outward direction, to recognize a ground-principle which is projected in outward action. The man who has no occupation has no direction; his life is all loose and fragmentary; his days succeed without any spiritual connection or unity, and misery is sure to be the result. You will sometimes hear persons wishing that they had nothing to do, — that they could get along without working, and make their lives purely receptive of pleasure, without any effort on the side of these. But these are persons, either of a naturally indolent temper, which is an unhappy temper too, or persons who have not had experience of doing nothing, or learned its dulness. The healthy man who has tried doing nothing, long enough to test it, would escape in any way such a curse.

Regular labor preserves the soul in giving it a direction. But it acts also in another way in filling up those hours of time that the senses claim as their share. We cannot, in this complex union of soul and body, give all our time to the first of these; we cannot give to intellectual culture more than its share; for the health of the mind depends upon the health of the body. And there is nothing so sure to keep the body in a sound condition as to give it some stimulus of regular labor. Industry is the harmonizing element between the soul and the senses. It brings this world into sympathy with the other. A man who becomes sensible of his own frailty, and of the vanity of his mortal acquisitions, may convince himself, by a sort of logical inference, that he acts foolishly in spending his time in profitable labor as a merchant, a mechanic, or a laborer. Must he not soon die, and leave behind all that he gains? And yet, I appeal to any one of you who has gained by labor a competent subsistence, and does not feel the pressure of necessity moving you to toil, — I appeal to any such, if labor is not now as necessary to your happiness as ever. It is so, because this connection between the soul and the world is still kept up; and so long as this exists, the element of harmony between them must stay.

It needs not Shakspeare to tell us, that the industrious laborer

is happier than the lounging courtier, who spends a fortune that he never earns; that he who has no time to think is happier than he who has so much time to think that this is filled with evil and malicious thoughts. It is wisely appointed by Providence that the soul shall not always be left to itself, but shall give up part of its being to the claims of labor. And this, too, is a constant ordinance. It is not merely temporary or intermittent. He makes a great mistake who imagines, that, by severe labor in the outset of life, he will secure a larger portion of rest in his later days. The rich man needs some regular occupation as well as the poor man; some occupation which is not wholly for himself, but connects him with others. It is of no great importance that this should be an engrossing occupation. It needs only to be enough for the man to feel that he has something useful to do. Oh! how many a young man has made the most fatal shipwreck of his soul by the accident of fortune, which has seemed to relieve him from the necessity of labor, — by the folly of parents in bringing him to luxurious indolence, — by the worse folly of parents in heaping for him those possessions which make idleness also his heritage! He finds that though he has so many things that the world calls good, — though his outward life be borne on the highest sea of prosperous fortune, — his soul is stranded and left desolate, a vacant wreck, traversed to and fro by the salt tides of bitterness and envy. How many a young woman has been made the empty toy of fashion, with only the shell of a mind and the shadow of a heart, by the false teaching of that maternal love which would prevent for her any occupation, even the honorable occupation of doing good! How infinitely pernicious is that false public opinion which would make wealthy idleness more respectable, and treat him as fortunate who can spend his days in lazy indulgence, encouraging man thus to be unhappy in the very thing which should make him happy; encouraging him to cut away the anchor that the bounty of God has provided for him! Do not say, that, because labor was the curse of Adam, it is therefore abhorrent to his race. The curse becomes a blessing when it is made tributary to contentment and obedience.

There is a place in the great river of the West, near the outlet of its most beautiful and majestic tributary, and not far from the greatest city on its banks, called the Graveyard. It has gained his name from the number of steamboats that are sunken there.

It is a lovely spot, and attracts the voyager, not only because it is the shortest way of ascending the river, but because it seems so smooth and beautiful. The pilot might not only choose it because it would abridge his labor, but because it would make his way more delightful. The wrecks that lie like gravestones beneath the waters there, tell whether he would judge wisely. On the river of life, how many choose that channel which seems to relieve them from toil, while it gives them more pleasure! The channel runs not far from where the full stream of fashion pours out its perpetual floods, — not far from the great city of rank and splendor and worldly luxury. How many choose it because it seems to be the easiest way up to that city, the straightest course to that beautiful goal! Yet it is a *graveyard*, full of wrecks, planted all over, if we could look beneath its waves, with souls that are noble in their ruin, — sad witnesses to what they might have been, had they followed the winding and difficult channel, more toilsome and less beautiful, but safe and sure. O friends! let us possess and hold fast to this anchor of the soul a regular work of duty; something that shall be our work to-day, and to-morrow, and in the coming years; the work to which we give our love and powers, — which we do with our hearts and our might. Then a vacant mind shall not be our bitter portion; the soul that wanders without a home shall not destroy our peace. But we shall have one just assurance against that shipwreck which the idle life is sure to meet, sooner or later.

The second anchor to the soul in the voyage of life is *intellectual culture*. This supplies the void of the hours of leisure which come in the intervals of labor, and gives dignity too, to labor itself. This furnishes the soul with the stimulus to exertion, and gives it power to live within itself, and people its own world. This saves life from becoming merely sensual, and so rescues the soul from being swallowed up by the senses. He who has a cultivated mind has a resource against dulness, and a protection against enfeebling indulgence. The mere laborer has small enjoyment, except in his hours of labor. When these are over, he has no resort except in sleep, or in the pleasures of the senses. Unless he have a happy home (and this cannot be happy without *ideas*), he must become a loiterer by the wayside, or a frequenter of those places where folly alternates with indulgence. How many fine minds are ruined because they have never learned to think, —

because they have acquired nothing, and never grown from an infantile condition ! They die early like dwarfs. They break from the vacuity within ; or, worse than that, they are broken by the pressure of bad influence from without. We lament all of us, as Christians, the ease with which the young are ruined, the readiness with which they yield to temptations, and the number of temptations which lie before them. And yet is it not easy to see, that, unless mental culture be substituted for these, they cannot be put aside ? The father who will not buy books for his children, or see that while at school they are improving their time, and gaining a taste for intellectual pleasures, may blame himself if these turn out to be profligate men and silly women. The young, who take no pains to read, or to gain the habit of thinking, need not wonder if by and by the world becomes very dull to them, and they be passed as useless in the world. And this is just as true of those who are older. How often we see men of property and standing in the community, who seem to be miserable, simply because they lack the mental culture to make a just use of what they have gained ! They are cut off from all but the narrowest round of pleasure. Deprive them of their regular labor, and they are instantly wretched. The accident of sickness, bringing low the current of their strength, will reveal their wretchedness, as the sinking of the water shows the wrecks upon the rocks. Old age, when it comes, will find them feeble, desponding, and timid ; a prey to imaginary terrors, and a burden to all around them. Ah ! if those who neglect, in their hurried pursuit of wealth, to develop the minds within them, — to acquire the treasures of thought, could see the sure desolation that this neglect will bring in their latter days, we might be spared the sight, so often seen, of a stupid and querulous old age. What is more repulsive than to find one who should be able to tell the wise lessons of a long life, and to show a sagacity ripened by years, — to find such an one ignorant and fretful, able to talk about only one thing, and that the thing which his death will give to heirs better than his life ! What more sad than the sight of a grey-haired man, endured in his whims by his children, who wait for the inheritance, when they should wait for his words of truth to fall ? And what more delightful than the green old age, which is young because its intellect is yet in the freshness of youth ? Intellectual culture is in every time a safeguard. It provides for the accidents of life,

and it keeps back from many of the dangers of life. When this anchor is let over the stern, one may wait in safety for the day.

The third anchor of the soul on the voyage of life is domestic enjoyment, a happy home, those ties that bind one to virtue and to love. The gentle restraint of these is seldom irksome, and yet its silken threads are strong and closely twisted. The voices of home whisper to us, in our hours of care, of duty and goodness and peace. The thought of the pleasure that our success and uprightness will bring to the hearts of those near friends who have watched us from childhood, will give us new energy, new faithfulness. To him who lives wholly alone, and has no experience of the bliss of making those who love him happy, one great motive to exertion is wanting. It seems of less importance to him whether he be a good man or not, and his goodness even seems to minister to his selfishness, and so to his misery. And the delights of home, — what a beautiful substitute these are for the grosser pleasures of the tavern or the streets, — for the false excitement of mercantile intrigues or political strifes ! While they soften, they elevate, the spirit. While they bring around it tender and loving associations, they teach it also patience and sacrifice. It is a singular error to believe that the influences of home are enervating, — that they keep the soul weak and effeminate, and unfit it for the harder struggles of life. On the contrary, they confirm all manly virtues. They establish true dignity and self-respect. They keep the atmosphere around the soul pure, so that vice appears in its just proportions and its native hue. A happy home to the soul is like a residence in the country to one who labors in the city. How refreshing it is for one whose work through the busy hours of the morning and noontide has been in the midst of noise and hurry and the jostling crowd, where God seems shut out in the multitude of human fabrics, and the still, small voice of conscience has been smothered, — to go out at evening to the fields and the flowers, where God's hand is visible in all around ! The soft influences of Nature there correct the falsehoods of the day in the haunts of men. Home works as continually upon the soul. It corrects the false conceptions, the false notions of honor, the exaggerations, the eccentricities, the unreasonable demands of the world. It holds one back from plunging on through the rocky sea. And yet I have seen the young of either sex who seemed to rejoice at their departure from

home, as if this were deliverance; to embark readily on their most perilous way, without the anchor of domestic love to hold them back. I have seen young men who seem to hail their day of escape from the slavery of home, as they called it, and were proud in throwing off at once all its sacred restraints. Too late often such discover their fatal mistake. Too late, when home has been cast aside and forsaken, do they covet its sweet protection. Wearily the heart turns back from the feverish pleasures which have stimulated it to its ruin, — from the vain shows which have made it as a whited sepulchre, — from the flattering friendships which have clustered around it only to curse it, — to the simple, natural delights of home, so healthy, so sincere, — love which was true, and thought of no selfish advantage, — kindness that was spontaneous, and never designing. And, if it still retain any remnant of strength and self-respect, it refers this to the time when it was pure and humble in the seclusion of home. Do not many here know from experience that there is no antidote so effectual to the poison of the world, in its temptations and its falsehoods, as the enjoyment of domestic life? Happiest among men is he whose work is daily relieved by the innocent excitements of the family circle. Most foolish is he who will forsake these for more stirring and noisy pleasures. With the anchor of home and its joys cast over the stern, one may face the breakers of life, and hear the waves of strife grinding upon the rocks of traffic: he will ride in safety.

Lastly, *religious faith* is the anchor of the soul sure and steadfast. This is the last and best, the hope when all others fail, an anchor for the deepest night. Sooner or later, this must become the substantial protection of the spirit. The labor which keeps the spirit cheerful may cease at intervals, and must cease at last. In time of sickness, in time of old age, it fails to give the spirit comfort. The culture of mind, which makes life full of meaning and gives vigor to the soul, must fail when the mental forces are waning. And in those bitter hours when the death of those we love brings the great problems of destiny and eternity home to us, intellectual culture cannot prevail to save the soul from despair. The affections of home are rudely broken by those changes of time that sever all earthly bonds; and many there are who live to be solitary or alien, even in the home where they were once blessed by a family union. These anchors are good for the better part of the voyage of life; but there are dangers

against which they give no protection; there are rocks from which only the strong grasp of deep religious faith can hold the soul back. Scepticism, in how many forms! excited by the mechanical and restless spirit of the age; — melancholy, how painful and dark! fed by morbid thoughts about the uncertainties of life and fortune; — self-indulgence, how secret and deceitful! encouraged by the feeling of security; — all these and many more are the dangers which the soul must meet, and from which only religion can hold it back. This, in every time and every experience, is an adequate protection. It sustains the sinking soul when the time of labor is over, and is the bright consolation of the sick-room when labor is broken for awhile. It gives a rest to the weary and trembling mind which has lost its native fullness, and supplies to the wretched, and those of little knowledge, the need of spiritual thoughts and emotions. It surrounds the lonely one, who is without friends or home, a wanderer on the earth, or a hermit in the graveyard of his kindred, with a glorious world of his own, — with an angel-company, the good who have gone before him, and the saints of all ages. It gives him heaven as his home, and it saves the soul from those secret dangers which are the more awful because they are so vague and mysterious.

But how can I describe the sustaining power of religion to those who have not felt it? and why need I do this to those who have? None of us, brethren, who are sincere in our religious feeling, can have reached the strength of manhood, without experiencing its power in saving the soul from wreck. It is the crowning element in our strength, the anchor which fixes our hope, and is ready for the extremest peril. And to one who has this in addition to the rest, there is no fear, even in sight of the most fearful of earthly dangers. Often in the darker times of the voyage of life, we lie by close to danger, doubtfully waiting for the day. With some, whose hopes are set on higher things, this whole lower life is as a time of waiting. But those who, like the ship of the apostle, have the four anchors cast over the stern, will pass securely and in trust the whole dangerous night of waiting. With these to hold us, when the morning breaks we shall see our clearer way to the eternal shore. We are all embarked, friends, on this eventful voyage. May our rest in the kingdom of God hereafter prove that we have not gone out heedless of the hazard, or negligent to provide the anchors of safety!

THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

On seeing a beautiful Engraving, representing Queen Victoria receiving the Sacrament in Westminster Abbey, previous to her Coronation.

Yes! let thy royal mantle sweep the dust!
 Bend the young head that waits a diadem,
 Fold thy fair hands, in lowliness and trust,
 Before the sceptre's weight shall burden them!

Stand back! thou bearer of proud England's crown!
 Sign though it be of power, august and dread;
 Before these holier emblems bows she down, —
 The cup of blessing, and the broken bread!

There sits a light upon her uncrowned brow,
 That gleameth from no jewelry of earth:
 Here doth she meet her Saviour! What are now
 The pomp and honors of her royal birth?

This hour with Heaven! Yet, on the steps of prayer,
 The world, as ever, presseth urgently;
 Beside the altar is a regal chair,
 And she must turn to her high ministry.

Unto a coronation was it given —
 That cup, that morsel — now so consecrate:
 So didst Thou take it, O First-born of Heaven!
 Ere Thou didst enter on thy full estate!

In sorrow didst Thou bless and break the bread!
 In sorrow didst Thou pour the crimson wine!
 Already didst Thou feel around thy head
 That thorny, glorious diadem of thine!

The burden of a crown is on us ah!
 The pledge of some high mission to fulfil, —
 On her who holds the sceptre and the ball,
 And on the lowliest doer of thy will!

Earth's honors may await us, or its scorn ;
 Its sorrows, or its pomp and pageantry ;
 Yet still, our Saviour ! let the heart be worn,
 Weary, or tempted, it may turn to Thee !

Over life's every path a glory dawns ;
 Strength to press on still cometh down from Thee ;
 Yes ! even to wear earth's coronet of thorns,
 And bear the sceptre of its mockery !

A. D. T. W.

SABBATH COMMUNINGS.

Saturday, Jan. 13, 1851.

How prone we are to seek for a divine influence through earthly channels ! And, after all, my friend, is it not natural and right ? is it not ordained of Heaven that we should thus seek ? Tell me, was it your invisible, aiding spirit, or the inspiration of the Almighty, which gave me understanding for the last problem I sought to solve ? A holy spirit visited me ; whether through you, or more directly from above, who shall say ? Perhaps your abounding charity sent forth from its affluence some living love for my asking soul ; perhaps an unconscious remembrance of the charity-chapter, as you read it in church and *in spirit*, so many years ago, echoed, like sacred chantings, to my inward ear. But "come over into Macedonia, and help" me *now* ; for I am again a spiritual mendicant, asking alms at the beautiful gate of the temple of peace.

"And falling, with my weight of care,
 Upon the great world's altar-stair,
 Which slopes through darkness up to God,
 I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope ;"

and alas ! but *how*

— "faintly trust the larger hope !"

This *battle* of life, — these victories of sin, — these wounds and scars and losses, — of all these my soul is weary. Might the war only be waged in open field, then might we with some courage gird on the weapon of salvation, and perchance win the fight. But why should the prince of evil have such free access

to our strongholds of safety, our homes? With fondest hope we uplift for ourselves tabernacles, wherein to gather and bestow our rich and beautiful possessions; all loving-kindnesses and tender mercies; all graceful courtesies, and sweet sympathies, and holy inspirations. We weave our olive-bowers close around their doors, and spread green branches in the way, and think *there* to hold our sacred feasts; there, at least, to garner up our strength and hope for the hosts without. But who has ever found even these sanctuaries secure? Truly do the dark phantom-armies beleague them. Sadly do

“Our white pavilions rise and fall
On the alarmed air.”

Surely and often are all our pleasant things laid waste.

“Weak, perverse, faithless!” I hear you impatiently exclaim. Even so, I just as impatiently exclaim of myself. And do you not comprehend? It is the very reason why I call again on you for light and aid; — on you, from among many; remembering still, but too well for my peace, your old teachings, your earnest public prayers for *our homes*, your evident appreciation of the dangerous trials which lie in wait for us even there. But confess to me, my good counsellor, is *your faith* founded upon a rock? Can you keep sunshine and serenity for one day clear within your own tent? Do you never tremble at the dark clouds with which your own spiritual atmosphere may o’ershadow it? Have you ever dwelt in any home whose sacred peace was through all things held inviolate? Come, and preach to me another sermon; the more personal and direct, the more conscience-stirring, the better. Let the text be “Piety at home;” for never were three words more burdened with meaning, — a whole heaven of blessed, joyous truth, in the light of hopeful effort and success, — a Gehenna of fearful reality in the shadow of failure and despair.

“Piety at home!” not the piety, which, with keener spiritual insight, we might detect at home in myriads of *hearts*, where we thought not even to look; but that heart-piety which is at all times ready to be first *shown* at home. Have you and yours enough of this celestial influence to spare for others? or do you know of any household rich enough to give of their rare abundance to those who have not? We read of such in books, sometimes joyfully deem that we have found the same, or in imagination create the bright Eden for our own refuge; but there will come

dark seasons of doubt, when all seems delusion ; and, in the gloom of our own disappointments and failure, in our own self-created despair, we sigh, "There is no *good home* under the sun !" My friend, not even your uplifted, reproachful eyes, and ominous shake of the head, can blot this black article from my creed to-day. How can your sermon do it, eloquent as it may be in its subtle, soul-reaching persuasiveness ? When conscience testifieth with experience to such a dark saying, who shall gainsay it ? You, with conscience and experience older, larger, more enlightened than mine ? Be it so then, good angel. Heaven's blessing rest upon you, if so you may ! You think me ungrateful for my *own good home*. Do I indeed libel that, and the many good homes of dear and hospitable friends ? Nay, but I never dreamed of doing that. It was by St. Paul's interpretation that I defined the good home, — the home where each inmate learns first of all to *show piety*, not in word alone, but in *silence* also, at times ; always in deed and truth. Oh, yes ! I can testify to beautiful and happy homes, arks of refuge, havens of peace. But into which of these has not the fearful enemy entered ? In how few does this all-blessed, all-pervading piety hold perpetual sway ! Show me but *one*, dear friend, where its influence never fails ; where it rises as incense with the morning and evening sacrifice ; where it goes forth over the needy world in deeds of pitying love ; where it bends the stubborn will, tunes to harmony each discordant nature, silences all the harsh voices so clamorous to be heard in the daily trial of anxiety, fatigue, or distasteful care ; all the bitter, recriminating, rebellious utterances, which, once expressed, reverberate through the chambers of the soul with accumulating mournfulness, for — how long ! Does your sermon tell me that I ask too much for our earthly homes ? Then do you add new testimony to my mourning doubt. Forgive me ; but the great and wide gulf between what the worst homes *should* be, and what even the best and happiest are, or ever can be, is fearful to realize. It is impassable for me to-day, and not only for to-day, I fear. Bridge it over for me by chain or plank of your experience ; grant me oar or sail, or soaring wing of faith by any aid you can.

I had written thus far, when, opening our household writing-desk, it revealed to me this sermon in rhyme. Is it a prelude to yours ? It is new, and, just at this moment, quite striking to me, as my murmuring doubt and your hopeful replies in contrast.

I must copy but a part of the colloquial discourse for you. It is by J. C. Peabody. From whence it came I know not.

ANNIE F.

"A barren old desert, this world of ours,
Where the pilgrims always are sighing ;
Where robbers invade, where the hurricane roars,
While time has the ruin inscribed on its shores ;
Where palms, all withered, are dying.

Yet mourn not for ever ; for here and there
A crystal fountain is streaming ;
And verdant oases, cooling and fair,
Redeeming the wanderer's soul from despair,
With fruits and flowers are teeming.

A dark and tempestuous voyage is life,
'Mid the winds and waves contending ;
Where the calmest hour with danger is rife,
Where thousands are dashed in the vortex of strife,
To the depths of woe descending.

Yet, here and there, 'mid the tempest appears
A rainbow peacefully glowing.
Then *banish away all thy cowardly fears*,
And smile like the bow on the wave of thy tears ;
For long enough they've been flowing."

MIND MAKES THE MAN.

A THOUGHTLESS glance at man might lead one to suppose he was the most wretched of all created animals. So many wants, and such a labor to supply them ; continually reaching after what he cannot grasp, — why is he not wretched ? Because the mind easily accommodates itself to its situation. Mark the emigrant ! he leaves his homestead, tears himself from all natural ties, breaks away from his own country, and seeks a foreign shore. He settles in a forest, clears a space for the sun to shine in, builds a rude cabin, and lives on, toiling and subduing the most uncultivated barren earth, with hope in his heart, and contentment in his face. He sees in the distance the cleared and luxurious field, the cabin exchanged for the comfortable dwelling, over which the ivy and honeysuckle creep, and old age surrounded with the fruits of early toil ; and there is not a man, in chateau or castle, so happy as he. The mind, the mind, — it makes the man.

H. S. E.

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SIMPLICITY AND REFINEMENT.

"Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides, and Cimon, the leaders and deliverers of Greece, resided in no better houses than their neighbors. The dwellings of the opulent differed from ordinary houses, only in having a court called *aule*, which was inclosed by the building, and in which the master of the family was accustomed to sacrifice." — *Wincklemann's History of Ancient Art*, translated by G. Henry Lodge.

WE have all of us heard more or less expression of longing for the "ancient simplicity," the good old ways, the unpretending and unexpensive habits of the household, the sober tenor of social routine; the moderation, the slow-moving, quiet, and pleasant stream of worldly affairs. Of course, much of this feeling may be explained as the result of a change which has befallen ourselves rather than our world, or may be referred to that law of our mental vision, by virtue of which past scenes are clothed with a beauty not their own. We are constantly fancying that nature and life have changed, when it is ourselves, and only ourselves, that have changed. Nothing can wear the same aspect for the eyes of the man and for the eyes of the child. We succeed but too poorly in preserving our youthfulness, the fresh simple natures that delight in simple ways. Moreover, when we turn back the pages of the chronicler, we find our ancestors also looking sorrowfully into the past, finding there only the beautiful and good, and mourning over degeneracy and sad changes. The

cloud which to our eyes is so glorious in golden sunlight, is a dark, penetrating, chilling mist to those who are encompassed by it.

Yet, after these qualifications have been allowed, there is probably something in the complaint. Here, in New England, we have certainly left behind us days of greater simplicity than these which are now with us. The energies of our population have been concentrated to some good purpose upon the work of civilization, in the various departments of agriculture, the arts, and commerce. We share largely, too, in the industrial spirit of the times, and have greatly multiplied the resources that sustain a refined and luxurious living. Our wants have increased; our cares are more numerous and pressing; our whole plan of life has become more intricate and complicated. Here is a place, then, for the question between simplicity and luxury; a subject which has plain moral relations; a subject of no little importance, bearing immediately upon Christian manliness, growth, and contentment, upon the household virtues and joys, and the public morals.

Of simplicity it may not be amiss to say, that a vast deal of the praise which is bestowed upon it is the merest sentimentality, and means nothing whatever, and proceeds from those who are themselves continually "walking in a vain show," utterly, perversely, almost hopelessly artificial. To commend a simplicity which they really despise is but a part of the trick into which they have degraded this life of solemn meaning. When the cottager sighs for a palace, we may suppose him sincere, for the palace is out of his reach; when the dweller in a palace sighs for a cottage, and continues to dwell in a palace, we must doubt his sincerity, so long as cottages are so abundant. A great deal of the talk in the world about sincerity is proved to be insincere, because simplicity is so easily secured by those who really desire it. If you like plain food, manners, dress, houses, why do you not adopt them? They are very near you, and examples abound.

And again, of simplicity it may be well to add, that much which is said concerning it is very vague and poorly considered. Luxury is a relative word. It has not one and the same meaning for all persons, in all places, and at all times. One man's luxury is another man's convenience; what is superfluous for one has become almost necessary for others. The standard of living is

continually changing, as most persons think, continually advancing. We shall find many articles of furniture in every house in New England, which, in the earlier days of the motherland, would have been accounted luxuries even in palaces. Every one has some luxury. All have heard of the poor peasant, who, in his dissatisfaction, as the chariot of the prince rolled by him, prayed that all jewels and articles of splendor might be transformed into articles of utility; and, having gained his request from the powers of *faerie* land, was chagrined enough, on reaching his humble dwelling, to find some much-prized trinkets of his own converted into common earth and iron. He had been a loser as well as the prince.

Indeed, all will admit that refinement, civilization, improvement in the arts, taste, are good things, excellent privileges of life, in no sense obstacles to any true or innocent enjoyment, but in every way conducive to healthy, natural satisfaction. It is the wise appointment of Heaven that we should begin our endless career in a world of sense. The soul is tabernacled in a body. The senses have their *rights*. There is a world of beauty and utility locked up in this outward universe, and the key is put into the hands of man. He must not throw it away. Refinement greatly increases the attractions of home, which is rightly regarded as a stronghold of virtue, a sheltering-place from which the spirit of the gospel can hardly be driven in the worst times. A beautiful object is surely better than an ugly one. There can be no reason in the world, but quite the contrary, for renouncing the use of the thousand and one works of convenience and taste which are the fruits of modern science and art. Indeed, through the devices of human skill, we gain a certain spiritual freedom, — a freedom from actual discomfort and from tedious drudgery. Are we inclined to decry the printing press, the steam-ship, the magnetic telegraph? Might not a great case be made out for a luxury so common, if such an expression can be allowed, as the humble friction match? In a civilized state, one can accomplish the higher purposes of life with much less hindrance than when he is struggling with cold and heat, and moisture, and weight, and distance. There is no charm in what is inconvenient. There is great value in a solid, simple refinement.

It is the fashion of some to sneer at our age as material in its tendencies. The charge is very vague. Those who make it do

for the most part show, in every act of their lives, their utter inconsistency. They object to railroads, and ride upon them. They might perform their journeys on horseback still, as of old. They object to the use of machinery; but they do not spin at home, although this is just as possible as ever it was. They decry the devotion to outward show which issues in elegant dwellings and luxurious furniture, and they are found living themselves in just such surroundings. They speak of the meanness of the rich, of the sordid temper of the money-getting, as if poverty and narrow circumstances did never contract our natures, and check "the genial currents of the soul." How idle is this real or pretended contempt for the outward and visible and tangible, in a world so full as ours of outward material beauty and utility; a world enamelled with flowers, overhung with gorgeous cloud-canopies, and resonant with thousands of melodious voices; a world where the sweetest and richest fruits spring, almost unbidden, from the sod, and every new morning's sun rebukes the gloomy fanatic who would have us remind ourselves continually, by repeated experience of discomforts, that we dwell in the flesh! That is but a puny spirituality which must renounce the use of the world, in order to avoid the abuse of it.

On the other hand, there are a kind and a degree of luxuriousness which greatly embarrass the growth and interfere with the true happiness of the soul. There is a luxury which is frequently secured only at the sacrifice of our better natures, and which is worse than useless when we have it. One may be burdened with conveniences, entirely absorbed in the provision and care of the means of life. The artificial details of living may be so increased as to leave no time for familiar intercourse, and the real interchange of thought and feeling. A punctilious etiquette is far from being the mark of advanced civilization. It is often only a substitute for genuine refinement of feeling and of manner. We have all heard of "barbaric splendor." It may well be doubted, whether the multiplication of *personal individual* luxuries, beyond a certain very moderate degree, be at all conducive to happiness. The quotation which introduces these thoughts shows the good practice of the ancients in this matter. We believe that they were the happier for it; and the eyes of men were spared the sight of ugly piles, reared by ostentatious and overgrown wealth. The monuments raised under the fostering care

of a noble public spirit, and consecrated to great public ends, are wondrous and beautiful, even in their ruins. How many dwellings are rendered, by a foolish luxury, unfit to be homes, positively uninhabitable! They present nothing of that simple grace or solid grandeur which all persons of good taste commend. There was everlasting wisdom in that prayer of Agur, "Give me neither poverty nor riches!" At least, so far as private personal uses are concerned, we may well ask that moderate estate, which shall be noticeable neither for superfluity nor for want, which shall neither permit us to die out with sloth, nor exhaust us with labor.

And now we may add, that what makes the "ancient simplicity" so attractive is the freedom which it suggests from a chilling, hardening worldliness, from wearing cares of this life, from bitter rivalries and jealous competitions. Men sigh for the "ancient simplicity" because it is associated with the natural pleasures and cheaply gratified tastes of unsophisticated childhood; they wish to separate themselves from every thing pretending, empty, or sordid; they distrust the elegant and the modern, the article which was purchased at one of the new shops with the "wide fronts and immense windows." And here we have a clue to the truth of this matter. What we crave when we demand simplicity, and what we must steadily hold by in all our attempts to multiply conveniences and luxuries, is a singleness of heart and life, a plainness of thought and speech, a youthfulness of feeling, a freedom from a sordid worldliness. They may or may not be the attendants of a simple outward estate: they are more likely to mark the day of small things. Attempt to increase your worldly store, to enlarge your sphere of effort and enjoyment, and you inevitably increase care and hazard, you inevitably meet temptation and opposition, you are likely to involve yourself in rivalries and competitions. Life becomes more burdensome; the mind is often a prey to anxious thoughts; business forces its way into the scene of pleasure. In the progress of refinement, we must not suffer the senses to outrun the soul, or the mere intellect the heart; and yet this is very likely to be the case. What passes for refinement is, in very many cases, a mere increase of comforts and elegancies, an added indulgence of appetite, and the love of outward show. But this is not true refinement. This is not a bettering of our condition. This is no true

elevation. It may be only a more skilful degradation of the mind and heart to sense. Many a comfortable plain household has been spoiled by what was reckoned an improvement in its circumstances; an improvement to be discerned mainly in an ill-adjusted, tasteless luxury. There must be a certain advanced condition, before there can be any considerable growth of taste or any marked intellectual culture. But the misfortune is, that, after this condition has been attained, the habit of thrift is even more and more confirmed; the desire to multiply worldly goods goes on increasing; the mind becomes hard, calculating, greedy; the fountains of affection are suffered to dry up; and, when the time comes for turning all the resources that have been gained to a good account, there is no capacity for extracting from them their highest and purest benefit. It is melancholy to think of the amount of wealth which is annually thrown away, applied not for the increase of knowledge or the development of refined tastes, but actually and literally in the accumulation of tasteless equipages, dresses, and furniture, and in relaxing the nerves and muscles of youthful energy.

The evil might be remedied by a partial application of the principle of association, by throwing a larger portion of the individual wealth into the common store. There is neither wisdom nor safety in holding wealth, save as a steward for the common weal. Thrift is a good thing; but it ought to be steadily subordinated to the higher meanings of life, and the spiritual functions of humanity. A very moderate competence, combined with a taste for books or pictures or music, is worth more than a large fortune in the hands of one without any such taste. Let a man give himself up to what is known in our day as industry; let him neglect sentiment, taste, affection; let him struggle only to get on in the world, and he will grow poorer the longer he lives. It would be good for such a man to die in youth, before the hot sun of worldliness has quite dried up his dew. Where such men abound, education even is degraded into a sharpening of the intellect for the acquisition of money and power; whilst the great spiritual elements of our nature are underrated and neglected, because they have no market-value. Make thrift an idol, and you engage the great God in heaven against it. The soul of man cannot live by bread alone. The experiment has been again and again tried, and has always resulted in failure. No community of men can

thrive merely by due attention to the arts and to commerce. Only truth and love can maintain the balance of society, and raise the unfortunate and the weak from that state of degradation which is as dangerous to the community at large as it is fatal to themselves.

A community, where thrift is the first thing, will be tried by two troublesome classes: on the one hand, a rising generation, a vast company of young persons cursed with wealth, which is only a temptation to idleness and dissipation; on the other hand, a horde of mere laborers, always upon the very verge of starvation, gathered together by some great industrial scheme, and depending for their actual daily bread upon a fluctuating employment, at the mercy of the speculator and the politician. Who loves to see mansions rising amidst huts? Who can acquiesce in such a state of things as irremediable, when the power and love of God have been given to our world in the person of Jesus? Only a most Christian devotion to religious and moral culture will save our modern systems of industry from issues most disastrous. Let us hope that we are not hastening to a dreary civilization, which shall be a desert and night to the soul, an increase of resources and of sorrow, a condition of spiritual death, a world, whose end is to be burned. Better than so were it to be —

“Trained up, through piety and zeal, to prize
Spare diet, patient labor, and plain weeds.

Majestic edifices should not want
A corresponding dignity within.

Youth should be awed, religiously possessed,
With the conviction of the power that waits
On knowledge, when sincerely sought and prized
For its own sake, on glory and on praise
If but by labor won, and fit to endure
The passing day; . . . and over all
A healthy, sound simplicity should reign,
A seemly plainness, name it what you will,
Republican or pious.” •

R. E.

• Wordsworth, Prelude.

L I N E S

ON THE DEATHS OF YOUNG WOMEN.

I.

FAREWELL, thou pure and lovely one!
 How short and fleeting was thy day!
 Gone ere the sparkling morning sun
 Had dried life's early dews away!

Farewell! a Father called thee hence,
 And thou wast not afraid to go;
 For thou hadst worn, in innocence,
 A wedding-garment here below.

Farewell! We would not that a tear
 Of fond regret our eyes should dim;
 For He whose love watched o'er thee here
 Hath called thy spirit home to him.

Farewell! Beside thy marble clay,
 What nameless thoughts our bosoms swell!
 We give thee back to God, and say,
 Farewell, thou sainted one! farewell!

II.

Yes, thou art gone, — gone home to rest;
 The peace of God is with thee now:
 No more distress shall wring thy breast,
 No care disturb that placid brow.

I saw thee when the hour drew nigh,
 When outstretched hands and fluttering breath
 Told that thy time had come to die,
 And thou didst ask, "Can this be death?"

While friends and kindred, round thy bed,
 In sobbing anguish gathered near,
 Thy pale cheek gave no sign of dread,
 And from thine eyes there fell no tear.

Those piercing eyes already saw
 The dawn of heaven's eternal light;
 Meek Faith beheld with childlike awe
 Her God, and shrank not from the sight.

And when thy firm, though faltering voice
 That lowly prayer to Heaven upbore,
 I heard the saints in heaven rejoice
 To greet one ransomed spirit more.

I heard the angels chant on high
 Another spirit's sweet release;
 "Daughter!" I heard the bridegroom cry,
 "Thy faith hath saved thee, — go in peace!"

C. T. B.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

DISCONTENT. — The uneasiness of many people is indicated by their frequent removals from place to place. The idea continually haunts such minds, that some possession, which they have not yet attained, will realize the fulfilment of their hopes; forgetting, that, while they carry *themselves* about, it is all in vain to seek the goddess Content.

SICKNESS. — We are never quite ready to be sick. There are so many things about which we would make arrangements; so much of the temporal that possesses us before we are willing to turn within, and close the chamber, and submit ourselves to physicians and nurses, that, were the choice given *us*, the benefit of the discipline of sickness would never be realized. Yet how benign an influence is thus exerted! How we moderate our feverish strife on the confines of a sick-bed, in view of soon entering an eternal state! And then the mission of recovery comes; and the soothing offices of kind friends make connecting ties with the present; and, rather than try the unknown future, we fall back upon life, and are willing again to bear a like infliction rather than put off the flesh.

H. S. E.

CHARGE AND ADDRESS.

At the recent ordination of Rev. Charles J. Bowen, in Newburyport, the following charge was delivered to the candidate by Rev. E. B. Hall, D.D. of Providence. The address, which is annexed by the consent of the author, was made to Mr. Bowen, at the close of an afternoon service of Sabbath worship, a few days before the ordination, by Rev. Samuel Gilman, D.D. at Charleston, S.C.

CHARGE BY REV. E. B. HALL, D.D.

MY Friend and Brother, — It has been the custom of late, more than formerly, to charge a young minister as if he were to be the servant of the public, rather than the pastor of a parish. If this be done on the ground that the greater includes the less, it will still be a question with many, Which is the greater? But, without attempting to decide this question, and believing that there need be no conflict between the two relations, I prefer to confine myself, in the few moments belonging to me, to the ministerial relation, strictly regarded, — the relation you now hold to your own people.

Your own people! Is there not enough in the very sound and significance of these words to stir your soul, and fill your life? Can you believe, that to you, to you in your inexperience and solicitude, are committed the highest temporal and eternal interests of a whole society, and perhaps of another and another generation in their places? I beseech you, my brother, neither to be troubled by the thought, nor lose it in any other. It is the great first truth, breathed into your ear and your heart by the voices of this day. In this hour, you are invested with a commission identical in kind with that of Christ himself; a commission from him, and likened by him to his own: "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." To what end? If one word can tell, it is *salvation*, — the salvation of the soul; an old and trite phrase, often abused in the use, oftener in the neglect. Used or abused, there is no language that belongs more properly to this occasion. I commend it to your serious thought. The salvation of the souls of this people is to be now your care and your work, — your first care, your chief work; to which every other should be subservient, for the neglect of which no other will compensate.

Salvation, and the salvation of your own people, — to these points I speak, and to these only.

I charge you to look well to that word *salvation*. I stop not to define it, nor ask you to take my view of it or another's; but to form a definite view of it yourself, with the Scriptures and Christ before you, in the very beginning of your labors here. I stop not to prove, that it constitutes the great work of the ministry. That you know, and in words every one admits it. Ponder those words; weigh that admission. Fathom the depth and height of a work which pertains to the soul, to sin, to deliverance from sin, and a fitness for celestial bliss. Think of it as a capacity, think of it as a privilege, and not least as a peril. Think of it in relation to one soul, and then in relation to a thousand souls. View it in connection with the young and undefiled, the mature and tempted, the old in sin, and the dying or dead of every age. Study it, not for its solemnity alone, or chiefly, but for its greatness, and your power and call to grasp and deal with it. Let it not overwhelm, but strengthen you. Thank God that he has promised the strength, and waits to ordain you for the work, according as you trust and serve him. Thank him devoutly, that you are permitted to contribute the smallest amount to a result, compared with which the wealth of a world, yea, and the peace of a world purchased at the cost of this, would be worthless.

Remember too, my friend, that, while this result comprises whatever is really good, looking to the elevation of the whole social, intellectual, or moral being, it cannot be compassed by devotion to a part only. It has been the error and obstacle of the religious world from the first, that its various sections and their rulers have placed its salvation in the prominence and promotion of this or that object, to the depreciation, if not exclusion, of every other. Now it is faith, now works; now a ritual, then a crusade; here a creed, there a mode; to-day, reform, or opposition to reform; to-morrow — who can tell us what it shall be? Ask not, nor heed the answer, except from Him who is the "author of eternal salvation to all that believe." Christ is no leader of a party, or promoter of *our* cause. Christianity is not a provision for the present only, or for the future only; for the quiet of the State, or the power of the Church. "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the holy spirit." And these must be of the "spirit"

and the individual man. Help them there, or you help them nowhere. Let them come in the inner being; and their own nature, if true, will diffuse them through the whole man and the whole community. Salvation must be personal; and the preacher must be personal, in a larger and better sense, though no less pungent, than the word usually bears. Be personal and positive. Be as definite as you can, but be not angry, or fond of making others angry. Be plain and practical, call things by their right names, spare no sin in any province or commerce of life, make every thing your concern that concerns righteousness, fear no consequences so much as those of unfaithfulness and iniquity, utter no false word, and strengthen no wrong even by silence. But in this, and in all, never lose sight of the paramount object, salvation, — the spiritual birth and growth, the Christian life and immortality, of each and every man you can reach.

Can you reach *all*? Yes, in one sense, and a glorious one. You do reach all, when you make thorough Christians; for every thorough Christian will pray for all and bless all, sending out an influence which no space or time can bound. You toil and live for all, when you toil and live for truth and righteousness. But how can you do most for truth and righteousness is the great question. And the answer involves the other position which I named.

You will do most, I believe, for all the purposes of your mission, by directing your efforts and devoting your strength to those nearest you, those who ask it of you, and to whom you promise it, — your own people. If they are *your* people, and you *their* pastor, I charge you not to let it be merely in the sense of being supported by them. The principle of honor, simple justice, were there nothing else, should prevent ministers from living on their people, and not living for them; complaining perhaps of an inadequate support and a meagre attendance on their ministrations, yet doing little to make those ministrations useful, or engage the affections that would secure all else. “The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.” And how emphatically does he give to the term “minister” its own expressive meaning of “servant”? Shall we fear to be servants, lest we become slaves? Fear it not. Be independent, but be not indifferent. Hold your own opinion, but complain not if your people hold theirs. Be always your own master, but chiefly that you

may serve others in the temper of the great Master. Feed his sheep and his lambs, so that your voice shall not be to them as the voice of a stranger. Know your people. Be not ashamed or slow to enter into all that concerns them, so far as they need and allow, with the self-respect of a man, the tenderness of a brother, and the faithfulness of a Christian pastor. In seasons of impression, let no pursuits of your own keep you from them until the opportunity is lost. See in this people not merely men and women, merchants and mechanics, politicians and pleasure-seekers, but souls; every one of them a living soul, to whose depths in every case there is an avenue, by which, however dark and seemingly dead, you may find an inextinguishable life. The harder the task, bend to it the more, and let faith nerve the effort. Why have all other laborers and seekers more faith than we? The first sculptor of his age, if not of all ages, was wont, when inflamed by a great idea, to attack the rude marble with a sort of fury, as if it hid from him the perfect statue. Not with fury, but with a like fervor and faith, let the spiritual workman approach every one whom he would fashion into the image of Him who created him; knowing, that, however rough or hard the surface, there is a soul there, and a power given him to bring to light the hidden man of the heart, "created after God in righteousness and true holiness."

My brother, the counsel I am giving, old as it is, unattractive and unexciting as it may be, I believe to be that which we all need most, and never more than now. I am persuaded, more thoroughly persuaded with every year which passes over us, that our happiness as ministers, as well as all true success and reward, depend, under God, on this singleness of devotion to our own people, and to their spiritual salvation. Give heed to it, I charge you. Yea, give heed "to your *ministry*, that you fulfil it." Your best power will come from such devotion. Your best affections will be cherished by it, and draw like affections towards you; forming attachments, which, if God spare your life, and you remain steadfast, will become the sources of a purer and more abounding joy than is often known on earth.

And now, my dear friend, the heart prompts a word of encouragement as well as counsel. But the office belongs to another, on whom I will not encroach. Yet I must give utterance to a single feeling, in virtue of the relation which I have long held to

you. From childhood to manhood, my eye has followed you, and my heart prayed for your best growth. Some of your conflict I have known, and some of your triumphs. Years have passed and to-day I meet you on the threshold of a new life, where all your powers will be tasked, and your highest ambition, if it be what we trust it is, may be satisfied. God grant it! In him trust, in him be strong. And doubt not, that the eye and the heart of many will follow you still, not in fear, but in affection and prayer. Let your own prayer be ceaseless. Be humble, be earnest, be gentle and hopeful. Be true to your faith, true to your people, and your Lord; and those who have sent you forth in hope, and those who welcome you here in kindness, may a length stand with you, in the grace of God, on the threshold of a higher and an endless life.

ADDRESS BY REV. S. GILMAN, D.D.

As the termination of your present visit among us is approaching, and as you are soon to depart for the place of your future residence, where you will be ordained with solemn and affecting ceremonies over one of the churches of Christ, I cannot bid you farewell, without expressing my deep sympathy and interest, and as I believe, the deep sympathy and interest of this congregation in your future welfare and prospects. This is now the third season that you have providentially been among us, and have conducted for a while the devotions and instructions of our humble but beloved sanctuary. You came with a mind still fervid from the arduous studies of the theological seminary, and with a heart still beating with the devout and high aspirations of youth. We have been glad to welcome you as the exponent of our cherished religious principles; and we would profess our gratification in the finding that liberal Christianity, in the lapse of time and in the change of successive generations, loses nothing of her fervent piety, her edifying influences, her solemn views of life and death of judgment and eternity. To the inculcation of this profound and endearing, and, as we believe, this *saving* system of religion you have consecrated the remainder of your days. Permit me to congratulate you on your chosen pursuit in life. After a kindred experience of more than thirty years, I may be somewhat entitled to convey to you these pleasing and sympathizing assu-

nances. I cannot, indeed, promise you a life altogether free from deep and awful trials. Frequently, oh! frequently, will your heart sink within you, at the almost infinite distance between your dearest aims and their perfect realization. Frequently you may droop in despair at the apparently insignificant result of your fondest and severest labors. Nevertheless, let me encourage you, even under these depressing circumstances, still to toil on. Your continued efforts may result in unexpected and blessed issues. It is morally impossible that the grand truths and duties of Christianity should be faithfully, sincerely, and perseveringly proclaimed to mankind, without meeting a favorable response in many and many an expectant heart. Numbers will be induced to acknowledge the deformity and wretchedness of sin, to forsake its accursed service, and to walk in the paths of righteousness, although they may not make *you* the confidant and depository of the very experiences which you perchance have awakened. It is in the nature of moral and spiritual instruction, that you cannot calculate its results and issues. No arithmetic can estimate the good which may be done by a single prayer, or a single, faithful, and pungent exposition of the word of God. It lodges in the heart, it drops into some hidden crevice of the understanding, it finds its way among the secret convictions of the soul, it extends its germ-like root beneath the rocky will; and there, breathed upon by the spirit of God, and fructified by the urgent necessities of man's sinful but aspiring nature, it often produces golden and blessed effects at far distant periods, and it even sometimes immediately bourgeons forth in clustering blossoms and fruits of righteousness. Let these thoughts, my brother, console and support you amidst the weary warfare of the Christian ministry. Opposition and misapprehension may await your exertions; the new-born zeal of friendship may grow cold, and surprise you by indifference, or lacerate you by desertion; yet there is something in the work of the ministry which you will find its own large reward. Multitudes will be grateful to you for every new view of divine truth which you may happily convey to their minds, and you will secure the sacred respect and affection of those hearts in which you shall have stirred up the emotions of piety and virtue, or awakened the tendencies of their better nature.

It is yours to dedicate the tender infant to its God; to kneel in prayer by the bed of sickness or of death; to sympathize with

the disconsolate children of mourning and sorrow; to unite the hands and destinies of those who are commencing together the journey of life; to listen to the sad tale of the repentant and conscience-stricken; to point the anxious and inquiring mind to the waters of eternal life; to be the mediating link between the rich and the poor; to be the organ of supplication for worshipping Christian assemblies; to explore the Bible, and human history and experience, and your own spirit, for topics and motives of elevated instruction; to keep your own soul and the souls of others strung to the standard of moral and spiritual progress in the passing age; to administer the sacred emblems of the body and blood of Jesus; to assist in training up youth to their religious duties, and in fortifying them against the mighty temptations of the world; to mingle as much of heaven with earth as you possibly can; and to labor in every field in which the peace and welfare and advancement of society can be promoted. These, my friend, are your duties, these your enjoyments, and these your trials. Who would not devote to them the freshness of his youth, and the deepening repose of his gray hairs? Go forth to meet and to welcome them altogether. Go with our prayers. Go with our blessing. Go in the strength of your own lofty purposes. Go in the power of the gospel of the Son of God. Go in the love, protection, and aid of the eternal Father.

SERIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

It sometimes happens that an unfortunate man gets drunk with very bad wine, — not to gratify his palate, but to forget his cares. He does not set any value on what he receives, but on account of what it excludes: it keeps out something worse than itself. Now, though it were denied that the acquisition of serious knowledge is of itself important to a woman, still it prevents a taste for silly and pernicious works of imagination; it keeps away the horrid trash of novels; and, in lieu of that eagerness for emotion and adventure which books of that sort inspire, promotes a calm and steady temperament of mind. — *Sydney Smith.*

CHRISTIAN FRANKNESS.

A DAILY journal not long since published the complaint of a man who represented that a young friend, a student in divinity, was visiting at his house, and was using every opportunity to lead away his wife and children from their professed religious opinions, and to indoctrinate them in another creed. The husband and father very properly felt anxious and disturbed. He viewed this conduct as a breach of the confidence of hospitality, as an interference with his own influence as head of the family, as an attempt to destroy domestic harmony, and to fasten on tender minds a dark creed, which he would not for any consideration have one of his household receive. He said he had given repeated hints to his guest to intimate to him how utterly repugnant was this proselyting zeal, and that it must cease; but no hints took effect. He did not know but that he should be obliged to deny the young man his house; and he appealed to the conductor of the journal to inform him what course it was best for him to pursue.

The answer that was given is well worth our attention. It was said that here was one of the cases where nothing was so good as Christian frankness. "Have a free and kind talk with your guest. Let him see that you understand the posture of affairs precisely; that you have feelings which you are not unwilling to avow, and which must be regarded. Tell him that you feel responsible for the religious training of your family; and that, plainly but kindly, you cannot consent to have your influence interfered with by him. He will respect your sincerity, decision, and candor; and Christian frankness will not only sooner answer those ends which you seek to accomplish by hints and compulsion, but will retain for you the affection and respect of your young friend beside."

Such in substance was the advice. No one will refuse to confess to the good sense and good feeling which it displays. It puts in a timely word in favor of a virtue which ought more frequently to mark our intercourse with one another, — Christian frankness; and let us fix our thoughts upon it for a moment or two.

What a pity it is, that, in a world where such a vast number

of idle words are spoken, so many mischiefs should arise, on frequent occasions, only because a few words are withheld! A coolness has sprung up between friends, and a dozen frank words would dispel it; but, because these are not uttered, that coolness proceeds to indifference, and this grows in time to neglect, dislike, and opposition, which may separate for life those who are best fitted to make each other happy. Neighbors have lived side by side in daily interchange of offices of cordial sympathy, till all at once something occurs that excites a suspicion, which ten minutes of free and kind talk would send to the winds; but, for lack of that, all good neighborly kindnesses are suspended, and the very persons who had thanked Heaven for permitting them to live near each other now wish themselves at the opposite ends of the earth. The father of a family sees something wrong in his son; but, instead of kindly talking with his boy about it, and explaining fully his wishes, he tries to hint his dislike by the method of coolness and reserve. But this is almost sure to be offensive to the son. To him such conduct appears sullen and surly, and may lead to a total alienation of filial feeling, a loss of paternal influence, — all which might have been saved simply by the exercise at first of a kind and gentle frankness. The employer comes round to observe how those whom he has engaged to serve him are doing their work. He sees something which he does not like. A spirit of dissatisfaction draws down his brow, gives a shrug to his shoulder, and an abruptness to his manner. His workmen do not know how to understand him, feel uncomfortable in his presence, would give any thing for a few kind and free-spoken words, without which their relation to him soon becomes too irksome and intolerable to be borne.

But it would be vain to think of enumerating a tithe-part of the occasions for exercising the virtue of which we are now speaking. Life is full of such occasions. No doubt one great reason why we do not practise this virtue more is, that we have not self-command enough to practise it. Especially where our feelings are a little injured, how few can speak temperately, calmly, gently, telling the exact truth, and telling it in love. Hence it is that we resort to the other way of intimating our dissatisfaction by coldness and reserve. And there is nothing which men in general will more quickly resent. There is a deep instinct at the bottom of this resentment, — an instinct which

shows the essential nobleness of the human soul. We were not made to stand in dread of one another, to be overawed and cowed down. The moment a man begins to practise that line of conduct towards us, we despise him. He may have right and truth and justice on his side, but we feel that that is not the way for him to maintain his own. His influence over us must be, not through our fear of his displeasure, but by his confidence in *our* willingness to see and to do the right thing, when he has frankly laid the case before us. And therefore he is to make a clean breast of it. This is influencing us, not as if we were inferiors, but equals and brothers. For one I honor our nature that it makes this demand for the virtue of frankness.

I honor it, too, for another reason which this subject suggests. Who of us can tell the power which the man of frank, transparent soul has over all our hearts? He who practises no disguises, keeps up no reserves, tells the exact truth, and tells it in love, — he is the man in your circle of friends that you will most love, soonest go to for advice, and on whose words you will even place the firmest reliance. He may not have learning nor office nor wealth, and yet you will feel a heart-tie to that man that neither learning nor office nor wealth, nor all combined, can of themselves command. It is the homage which we were made to pay to every truthful soul. I love our nature all the more that it is made so. I would that we might see the call which is hereby presented to us to cherish this virtue of frankness; how it binds hearts to us, gives us the rarest power over all around, — a power akin to genius itself, and sometimes even higher than that. No one of us knows the extent to which men will bear to be told their errors and faults, if we can speak of them in Christian frankness; yes, and will respect us and love us all the more, and feel bound to us by obligations more spiritual and sacred than can be awakened by any other act. For men love to be treated bravely and confidingly.

Nor, finally, should the effect upon ourselves of a frank expression of our feelings be overlooked. We may mark it where we will, and we shall find that the man who attaches any importance whatever to causes of alienation which he dare not freely speak of face to face with another, he is the man who will by and by break down all distinction between substantial and shadowy grounds of offence; he is the man who will at length take up

mere groundless suspicions, and allow them to act upon his temper and his life. Nothing so much frees a man from such things as a resolution always to be frank, and to give never one single thought to a surmise which we cannot both clearly state in words, and bravely and manfully present to him against whom it is entertained. The very resolution to do this will keep a man's soul open as the day; and it will speak to us through his countenance, and by the manners of his daily life, to win our confidence and love.

H. A. M.

"FORGIVE, AND THOU SHALT BE FORGIVEN."

AND this is death ; alone
I lay me down to die :
Oh ! what can for my sins atone ?
No help nor Saviour nigh.

"Forgive me, God," I prayed ;
"I dare not ask for heaven ;"
And whispering angels gently said,
"Are all thy foes forgiven ?"

"Most gracious God, they are :
As life and light depart,
There burns within one little star, —
Forgiveness in my heart."

"Thy mercies thickly have
Bestrewed my crooked way ;
And I my fellow-men forgave,
I had so much to pay."

"Each day I've waked anew
To feel thy fond caress :
What could thy dust and ashes do,
But love, forgive, and bless ?"

Oh ! then a spirit said,
While mortal ties were riven,
"I bring thy crown, and thee forgive
E'en as thou hast forgiven."

LETTER FROM AGE TO YOUTH.

MY dear Emily, — The continued interest which you constantly manifest in me, and in all which gives me pleasure, makes me wish to contribute in some degree to your happiness and improvement. For seldom do we, in these days, meet with a young person who really is willing to listen to one who is fast approaching the period, when, though her outward senses may be blunted, she yet trusts that her *heart* may still retain the freshness and love of youth.

Yes, my dear young friend, at the close of the past year, when its chimes were "solemnly and mournfully" ringing their last peals, my thoughts naturally turned to the past, and scenes long forgotten passed before the mirror of memory, until one arrested my attention most forcibly.

It was a bright summer morning, in the little village of L——, my native town. I was again in the home of my youth, my dear old home, long hallowed by the residence of four generations.

" Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw."

The large garden was in its full glory; and what can equal the delicacy of blossom or sweetness of perfume of an orchard of apple-trees in full bloom? The flowers still retained in their tiny cups the drops of dew, the birds hymned their praises to the Creator, and the rippling of water told of beauties concealed by the thick shade of elms and willows. The sun had just risen, and its golden light now illumined as with a fire the windows of our village-church, making us feel as if we indeed were among those privileged ones to whom the Shekinah was visible when they entered the Holy of holies.

The beauties of nature induced us to wander forth to enjoy them; and, accompanied by a dear friend then visiting us, our conversation naturally turned upon the flower-buds, rich in their sweet perfume, the green grass which seemed to say that each blade and spire were manifesting the love of a Father.

Our friend was repeating a favorite piece, —

"I love thee, Nature, love thee well,
 In sunny nook and twilight dell,
 Where birds and bees and blossoms dwell,
 And leaves and flowers,
 And winds in low, sweet voices tell
 Of happy hours ;"

when he was suddenly interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps, which excited our curiosity, as we had not left any member of the family at home. And how much was our surprise heightened by seeing enter the form of our beloved pastor whose loved countenance we had, years since, seen laid in the silent tomb ! All hastened once more to greet one so dear ; whose beautiful and expressive countenance spoke the words of welcome which his lips did not utter. He beckoned for me to follow him. Delighted with this distinctive mark of love, I eagerly hastened to a little by-path, hedged with rose-bushes, and over which an aged apple-tree now scattered its falling blossoms. He gently pressed my hand, saying in a quiet, solemn tone, "Are you of the *humble ones* of earth ?"

Not a word more was exchanged ; my whole past life flashed upon me ; the deep, penetrating glance of those eyes had searched my inmost soul ; I felt that I was thoroughly known. I could not return that gaze. I knew that I deserved not to be in the company of those friends whose hearts truly praised God, and whose lives were those of true Christians. I felt how often I had trusted to my own self-sufficiency ; how much I needed to cast myself at the feet of my Saviour, and learn the "one thing needful."

This scene, so vivid to my mind, one which the various conflicting scenes of passing years have not been able to efface, was only one of the visitants of the night-watches ; but its lesson has I hope, been impressed upon my mind.

And now, in my old age, in reviewing my life, I cannot but believe that the spirits of the departed are sometimes permitted to visit us, and in their gentle admonitions to strive once more to lead the wanderers back to the Father's home.

"For by faith we know,
 Although we may not see them till our night,
 That spirits are about us."

And, although *you* may never hear the sweet and solemn tone

of that beloved voice, yet may you ask yourself the question, "Are *you* of the humble ones of earth?" and may God grant that you may so live, that, when you

"Resign this earthly load of death
Called life,"

you may hear the welcome voice, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

And that God's holiest blessings may rest upon you is the sincere wish of your aged friend,

ELEANOR KNOX.

THE PROPHECIES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT RESPECTING THE MESSIAH.

I PROPOSE, in the present essay, to consider the question whether the advent and character of Jesus Christ were so distinctly foretold in the Old Testament as to constitute him the Messiah expected by the Jews, — as the majority of those professing to be Christians believe, — or whether, on the other hand, he is to be received, as others assert, *not* as the predicted Messiah, but as "an inspired prophet, a teacher sent from God, speaking the words of God, to whom God gave his spirit without measure, and who proved by miracles that his doctrines and precepts were worthy of all acceptance."

Formerly, the question whether Jesus Christ was the subject of prophecy in the Old Testament was a question wholly between Christian believers on the one side, and professed unbelievers on the other. At the present time, many writers in Germany, and some distinguished scholars in our own country, deny that Jesus was the subject of any prophecies in the Old Testament, but yet unhesitatingly receive him as an inspired prophet, a great and authoritative teacher sent from God.

Before proceeding to examine the direct proofs that Jesus was the subject of prophecy, let me first consider briefly whether there be any antecedent presumption or probability for or against such a belief. And, on this point, I remark first, that all who receive Jesus as an inspired teacher admit that Judaism was a

preparatory dispensation, designed to prepare the way for the introduction of Christianity. Paul speaks of the law (Gal. iii. 24) as "a schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ." And the learned advocate among us of the theory that there are in the Old Testament no prophecies relating to Jesus, nevertheless admits that he was sent "to introduce a dispensation for which the whole Jewish economy had been a preparation." Now, if the Mosaic dispensation, which was imperfect and for a limited and temporary purpose, was confessedly preparatory to the religion of the gospel, which was to be of a permanent and universal character, is there not an antecedent probability that we shall find in that preparatory dispensation a prophetic reference to that which was to follow? Would not such a reference seem to be needed as a means of raising that expectation of a future deliverer among the Jews which should prepare their minds for his reception when he should appear? If, as is agreed on all hands, there was to be an intimate connection between the Jewish and Christian dispensations, — if they are, indeed, but parts of the one great plan of the divine economy, then should we have occasion to be surprised, — on the contrary, should we not naturally *expect* to find in each a recognition of that connection, and an explicit reference to the other? Now, all Christians acknowledge that such references *are* found in the New Testament: is it not, therefore, probable that similar references will be found in the Old Testament to the coming of the great personage whose life and teachings are the great subject of the New? Do not such prophecies respecting the Messiah, as many suppose to be found there, seem to be needed to form the link, without which the connection between the two covenants would be broken?

Again, there was a general expectation among the Jews of the Saviour's time of the appearance of an extraordinary deliverer, who should rescue God's peculiar people from their humiliating condition of subjection to a foreign yoke, and raise them to a more than their ancient prosperity and glory. The prophets and wise men among them had long looked and longed for him who should "restore the kingdom to Israel." The evidence of this expectation is abundant in the New Testament. The way in which it is everywhere spoken of or referred to, shows that it was universally entertained. Take, for instance, the message from John the Baptist to Jesus, "Art thou he that should come,

or look we for another?" Nor was the expectation confined to the Jews. It was entertained by the Samaritans, as appears from the conversation between Jesus and the woman of Samaria. "I know," said she, "that Messiah cometh, which is called Christ: when he is come, he will tell us all things."

We have, moreover, the testimony of heathen historians to the prevalence of this expectation. Suetonius, in his life of Vespasian, says, "There had prevailed through the whole East an ancient and fixed opinion, that it was fated that at that time some should rise from Judea, and obtain the government of the world."

Tacitus also testifies, "that the generality had a strong persuasion, that *it was set down in the ancient writings of the priests*, that *at that very time* the East should prevail; and that some, to come out from Judea, should obtain the empire of the world."

The Jewish writers, Josephus and Philo, both assert and describe the expectation. Now, how can the almost universal expectation be accounted for on any other ground than that it originated from a prophetic announcement by Moses and others of the Hebrew seers? It may be said that they expected a Messiah of a very different character from Jesus Christ. True; but that may be easily accounted for by the necessary indefiniteness of prophecy, and the gross unspiritual conceptions of the Jews, who were not prepared to conceive of such a Messiah as actually appeared, or to appreciate the claims of such an one when presented. In my view, this expectation stands out alone in the history of man. There is nothing like it in all the annals of our race. It can only be explained in connection with its wonderful fulfilment, by admitting that it was indeed derived from heaven; and by the supposition that we shall find in the ancient records of their faith the prophetic announcement of his advent, and that, as the apostle expresses it, "in old time," that is, at a very early period, it was foretold to the ancient people of God, by "holy men," who "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

But it may be thought that a presumption might be found against the probability of our finding any prophecies of Jesus in the Old Testament, in the fact that there is abundant evidence of his divine mission in the well-attested miracles he wrought in connection with a doctrine worthy of the divine interposition to reveal, and that therefore there is no need of the additional and

secondary evidence of prophecy. If the main object of the prophecies concerning the Messiah were to furnish evidence of the divine mission of Jesus Christ, there would be much force in the remark. But if, on examination, we shall think we find such prophecies in the Old Testament, this would not seem to me to have been their leading purpose. One design of them probably was to affect the minds of those to whom the prophecy was addressed, and to be used as themes of encouragement, exhortation, or rebuke to the contemporaries of those who uttered them. In many of the dark periods in the Jewish history, the chosen people needed to have their courage strengthened by the bright visions and hopes of the future. For that purpose, the promise of the Messiah may have been made to Abraham, and constantly held up before the eyes of his posterity. For the same purpose, we should expect to find it, from time to time, confirmed and renewed, in order to keep alive their patriotism and devotion. The leading design of these prophecies was to produce certain states of feeling and courses of action in the nation among whom he was to appear, rather than to furnish in anticipation an evidence of his divine mission. Another object which such prophecies would tend to promote, and for which it is not unreasonable to suppose they would be given, is, by exciting an expectation of the coming of an extraordinary Deliverer, to prepare the minds of the people for his reception, and for the acknowledgment of his claims when he should come. If, then, we can discover important purposes which would be promoted by prophecies concerning the Messiah, — purposes worthy of the divine interposition to accomplish, will there not be created an antecedent presumption in their favor?

Having thus endeavored to show that there is no antecedent improbability of Jesus being the subject of prophecy, but rather the reverse, I now proceed to inquire whether our Saviour, or his apostles for him, claimed that his advent and character were foretold in the Old Testament. The following are some instances of his references to the Jewish Scriptures: "Search the Scriptures," says he, "for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and *they are they which testify of me.*" (John v. 39.) And again, "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me; *for he wrote of me.*" (John v. 46.) When he addressed the twelve on his last journey to Jerusalem, he said (Luke xviii. 31), "Behold we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written

by the prophets concerning the Son of man shall be accomplished." After his resurrection, he says, "These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me." (Luke xxiv. 44.) In Luke's account of the journey to Emmaus, he tells us that, "beginning at *Moses and all the prophets*, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures *the things concerning himself*." (Luke xxiv. 27.) So also, when entering into the synagogue, he opened the book of the prophet Esaias, and read the passage announcing the object of his mission, and declared concerning it, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." (Luke iv. 21.) To the woman of Samaria, who expressed her expectation of the coming of the Messiah as promised by the prophets, he says, "I that speak unto thee am he." (John iv. 26.) The language of these passages, and others of like import which might be quoted, is plain and explicit. None could be more so. It is agreed, indeed, on all hands, that many of the quotations from the Old Testament in the New are not made as containing any thing prophetic, but in the way of illustration or rhetorical accommodation, where one writer finds the words of some other well-known writer adapted to express the ideas which he desires to convey. Such quotations are often found to impart sprightliness and beauty to a composition. But the passages I have cited do not seem to be examples of this kind of quotation. He does not say in them, that the personage described in the Old Testament in the passages alluded to by him is *like* himself; that the language describing one may very well describe the other. But he says that he is the very one. They cannot, without great straining and perversion, admit any other meaning. If, then, it be denied that Jesus was the subject of prophecy, we must accuse him either of misapprehension or misrepresentation, in respect to passages of the Old Testament adduced by him in connection with his character and mission. He must either have been mistaken himself, or he was willing to deceive others. But either supposition is so derogatory to the character of the Saviour that it cannot be for a moment admitted. If he was mistaken as to the meaning of his quotations from the Old Testament, how can we be assured that he was not mistaken in other things? And if, on the other hand, taking advantage of the prevailing expectation of a Messiah among the

Jews, he declared that prophecies were fulfilled in himself, which he knew had no reference to himself, either in the minds of the prophetic writers or in the Divine Mind, he was guilty of dishonesty and imposture. He knew that those whom he addressed would understand him as asserting that the passages he referred to related primarily to himself; and if, knowing this, he did not undeceive them, we must believe him guilty of deliberate falsehood. Neither of these suppositions can be entertained for a moment by those who receive Jesus as a teacher sent from God. It seems to me, then, that we must admit that he *claims to be the subject of prophecy, and that that claim is valid.*

Now, let us turn to the apostles and first preachers of Christianity, and see what they say on this point, after they had been instructed in the faith they were commissioned to teach. Peter, addressing the people in the temple at Jerusalem, says, "Moses truly says unto the fathers, A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you, of your brethren, like unto me; him shall ye hear in all things, whatsoever he shall say unto you." (Acts iii. 22.) In the same connection he refers to the promise made to Abraham, that in "thy seed shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed." Stephen also quotes the passage relating to a prophet like Moses (Acts vii. 37), and both understand it as referring to Jesus. In the address already quoted, Peter says, "For those things which God before hath showed by the mouth of all his prophets, that Christ should suffer, he hath so fulfilled." And the same apostle, announcing the gracious purposes of God for the salvation of the Gentiles as well as of the Jews, declares that to "him," that is, to Jesus of Nazareth, "give all the prophets witness" (Acts x. 43); and Paul, in the commencement of his Epistle to the Romans, designates himself as called to be an apostle, separated unto the gospel of God, which "he promised afore by his prophets in the Holy Scriptures." Again, when he pleaded before Agrippa against the accusations of the Jews, he said (Acts xxvi. 22, 23), "Having, therefore, obtained help from God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and to great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come; that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people and to the Gentiles." And, finally, when he came to Rome, and had assembled before

him the chief of the Jews in that city, "he expounded and testified of the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses and out of the prophets." (Acts xxviii. 23.)

Now, it is obvious, that these apostles and preachers believed and asserted that Jesus Christ was the express subject of prophecy in the Old Testament. Their quotations and references cannot, I think, have been made in the way of rhetorical accommodation. It may be said that they were not infallible interpreters of the Old Testament, and that on points of minor importance they might have been mistaken. But is it reasonable to suppose that they would be permitted ignorantly to assert claims for their Master which were not just and could not be maintained, or to demand the acknowledgment of his divine mission on the ground of passages of the Jewish Scriptures which had no reference to him? I cannot think so.

It seems clear to me, from what has been said, that both Jesus and his apostles *claimed* that he was the subject of prophecy; and it seems very *unlikely*, to say the least, that they should have been mistaken themselves on this point, or that they should have attempted to deceive others. No other alternative remains, then, but to admit that the passages of the Old Testament which they refer to as prophecies related to and were fulfilled in him.

I now proceed to examine a few of the passages in the Old Testament which have been thought to contain prophecies of the Saviour. Gen. xii. 3, "In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." The same promise is repeated in nearly the same words in Gen. xviii. 18; xxii. 18; and xxvi. 4. Unless the prophetic promise was fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth, it has hitherto failed of its accomplishment. We have seen that it was cited by Peter as referring to him, and there can be no reasonable doubt, it seems to me, that that was its original import.

The next passage I shall consider is Deut. xviii. 18, "I will raise them up a prophet from among their brethren, *like unto thee*, and will put my words in his mouth; and he shall speak unto them all I shall command him." This also, we have seen, was referred to by Peter and Stephen as prophetic of the Saviour. Their interpretation, of course, is to be received, unless some good reason can be shown for rejecting it. It has been objected, that, as a prophecy, it would be out of place in the connection in which it

is found; and by those who make this objection, it is interpreted as denoting the long succession of prophets, beginning at the time of Moses, in which case, it includes the Messiah, who was one and the most glorious of that succession. But this is a departure from the most obvious exposition, without any adequate necessity. After urging, as he had done, admonitions against the pretended arts of enchantment, divination, and the like, and having cautioned the people against the impostures of these foreigners, whose pretensions to intercourse with the spiritual world were connected with the falsehoods and follies of heathen belief and practice, it seems to me altogether natural for Moses to bid the Israelites await God's time for making further disclosures, whatever that time might be, instead of seeking them at forbidden sources. Moreover, the dispensation of Moses being a preparatory one, what more likely than that Moses should be made acquainted with this characteristic of his religion, and that he should be enabled to announce the coming of him who should introduce a new and more perfect one?

It has been objected by one writer, that the description of being like Moses would not apply to Jesus; and therefore he understands it as referring to the long succession of prophets, which, from time to time, were raised up among the Jewish people. But to my mind there was a much stronger resemblance between the character and office of Moses and Jesus, than between Moses and any other of the prophets. One point of resemblance between them consisted in the degree of their intimacy with the will and purposes of God. Another may be found in the exhibition of supernatural power accompanying and giving proof of the divine mission of each. And especially was Jesus like to Moses in that which was Moses' chief distinction, viz. that he was a lawgiver, the founder of a new religious system, supernaturally communicated to his own mind, and sustained by miraculous exhibitions, of which he was the instrument. The writer who added the last verses of Deuteronomy seems to confirm the views I have taken, when he says, "There arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses." "Now, considering that our Saviour himself explicitly says of Moses, in a distinct reference to the evidence of his own claims, 'He wrote of me,' observing, moreover, in the New Testament records, authoritative references to this passage, to which no other satisfactory meaning can be attached, I do not hesitate to regard Moses as

here predicting the mission of the Finisher of his own incomplete work, the advent of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world." *

I had intended to examine some of the most prominent passages in the Prophets, which have by many been considered as prophetic of the Messiah; but I have only time to say, that, having satisfied myself that there was an antecedent presumption in favor of finding such prophecies, and being convinced that the coming of Christ was made known to Moses, I am prepared to believe that some of the passages in the later Jewish Scriptures, some of which are referred to in the New Testament as relating to the coming of Jesus Christ, did really relate to him in the mind of the writer. That they were in all or most of these passages, supernatural communications to them, I am not so confident. They might have been only a repetition of what they had read and believed in the writings of Moses. The universal expectation already referred to among the Jews, and even the heathen nations, of the coming of an extraordinary Deliverer, showed the interpretation which was put in those days upon such passages as have been referred to; and that they did not consider, that, previous to the coming of Christ, they had had their fulfilment. Whether the passages in the later books be independent prophecies, or only references to the promise made to Moses, is a point of comparatively little consequence. The passages which have been cited from the books of Moses cannot, it seems to me, be easily and naturally explained in any other sense than as distinctly prophetic of the Messiah; and the fact which he thus announced must have been supernaturally communicated to him by God. But the passages from the later writers may perhaps only give their impressions or conceptions of the character of the expected Deliverer, whom they looked for on the ground of Moses' prediction. That these conceptions were often vague, imperfect, and mistaken, need not excite our surprise. Prophecies of future events must necessarily be obscure and indefinite, and can only be accurately interpreted by the fulfilment. If the passages in the later books of the Old Testament usually applied to the Messiah be only the conceptions of the writers of the character of the Prophet and Reformer foretold by Moses, we may rather wonder that they were so descriptive of his true character as we find them to have been.

The conclusion to which I come, then, is that the future advent of a great Prophet, Reformer, and Deliverer, was supernaturally communicated to Moses, and by him prophetically announced to the Hebrew people; and that, founded upon this prophecy, a confident and ardent expectation of such a personage was entertained and cherished through all the vicissitudes of their chequered history, expressed and confirmed repeatedly in the writings of their poets and seers. This prophecy I believe to have been fulfilled in the advent and character of Jesus Christ. Thus the two dispensations, the Christian and the Mosaic, which all Christians admit to be of divine origin, instead of being disjointed and disconnected, are parts mutually referring to each other, of one great system of means for the spiritual regeneration of the world. "The law which came by Moses" thus points and leads to the "grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ." H. A.

THE KING OF TRUTH.

"Pilate said unto him, Art thou a king, then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest; for I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth."

O KING of truth! where is thy throne,
But in the human mind?
Where thy great kingdom, but the hearts
Of all by truth refined?

'Tis not the outward form of things
Thy sceptre swayeth o'er; —
No: 'tis the spirits of the good,
Who love for love restore.

Thou sittest Lord of human souls,
To guide by truth's great might;
Thy empire is the spirit's realm,
Alone by thee ruled right.

Born King and Witness of the truth,
Oh may we live like thee!
For we were born and came on earth
Its witnesses to be.

W. A. W.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

A SERMON, BY REV. WM. H. FURNESS, D.D.

JOHN, viii. 12. — "I am the light of the world."

WHILE nothing could be simpler, nothing farther removed from self-display, than the bearing of Jesus of Nazareth, it was marked throughout by a more than imperial dignity. The blood of twenty generations of royal ancestors could not have inspired him with so profound a consciousness of greatness as his whole manner evinced.

Here is one of his most wonderful characteristics, — the combination of the utmost simplicity with a kingly nobleness. While he toiled and suffered for the ignorant and the base as if he could do nothing more honorable, he spoke of himself in terms of the greatest exaltation, declaring himself the light of the world, the Son of the everlasting Father.

Had we lived in his time, and had his sayings respecting himself been reported to us, we should hardly have hesitated to pronounce him the wildest of fanatics. We should have thought it all but certain that what was said of him by some was true, that he was mad, possessed with an evil spirit. For a poor, friendless youth, without position or wealth, to talk thus — What, we should have been ready to ask, could exceed such folly? But now, when so large a portion of mankind account his birth as the beginning of a new era, — now, when his influence is so extensive and his name so sacred, we cannot but see that it was not fanaticism, not folly, but simple truth, that inspired those lofty utterances. That he said only what was true when he asserted himself to be the light of the world, the whole condition of the world now bears witness. History has verified his words.

It is very generally thought that he could not thus have spoken of himself, as sustaining so great an office and so intimate a relation to the Supreme, had he not been more than a human being. Undoubtedly there was something — there was a great deal more in him than what is commonly visible in our human nature. There was more in him than has ever been manifested in any other human form.

God, the Eternal Father, was in him as in no other shape of flesh. The Almighty Spirit breathed through his life, — spoke from his lips. I behold in him a divinity, but not the Divinity of a second God, not the divinity of another divine person, distinct from and equal to the one God and Father himself; but the divinity of the very God, and of no other. And this is what he invariably declared, not that he was himself Deity, not that the second person of a Trinity was revealed in him, but that it was the Father, the Father, who spake and wrought through him. "Whoever hath seen me hath seen the Father." "It is not I, it is the Father, who speaks to you." "Of myself I can do nothing." As the Son of God, he pronounces himself wholly dependent on the Father. "The Son," he says, "can do nothing of himself but what he seeth the Father do." So that, according to his own most explicit words, it was the Father, and the Father only, who was made manifest in him. He asserts no divinity in himself, but the divinity of the Father. All that was divine in him was of the Father.

But was he not, nevertheless, a human being, a man, all the while? Nobody questions it. Because the Father dwelt in him, and inspired his whole being, it does not follow that he was not human, as truly human as you and I, and all of us. For it is the very definition and distinction of human nature, that it is capable of receiving, and of being thus filled and inspired by, the Supreme Nature. The human heart is the appointed dwelling-place of Him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain. Here, in the human soul, and not in the far-off depths of time and space, unfathomable as they are, — but here, in the breast of man, is the hiding of the Almighty Power. Human nature is to be defined, not by its visible dimensions, not by the mere point in space which the human body occupies, but by its interior power, which is, in fact, beyond being defined, indefinable.

On one side, man is weakness itself, kindred to the dust. And if, when you speak of him, you are looking only on this side as if it were the whole of him, then surely Christ was more, immeasurably more, than a man; he was a God. He was not a mere man, if by man you mean this poor, perishing creature of the dust.

But, on the other side, considered in reference to his interior being, there is a nature, transcendently great and sacred, a divine

nature, partaking of the Highest. We have within us thoughts, ideas, of Holiness, Justice, Love, and Power. And these ideas are no baseless dreams. They can find no adequate expression in words. Still they are here, central and vital. They constitute the very self and soul of our nature, out of which comes all our life and power and peace. We look abroad, and see the laws of our thinking illustrated in the structure of things, as if they had been put together by one like ourselves. Hence there is more than a mere figure of speech, suggested by our pride, in the declaration that man is made in the image of God. Our nature is naturally related to the Divine Nature, and is capable of receiving that nature, we know not to what extent. We can possess of the Divine Holiness until it fills us and overflows. On this side we know no limit. We can continue receiving more and more of the Divinity without end. Such is human nature.

In saying, therefore, that Christ was a man, I do but say that he was a being kindred to, and in intimate alliance with, God. Not in kind, but in degree only, was he exalted and distinguished above other men, the first of the sons of God, the foremost of the whole human family. In him dwelt the Divinity without measure; and it was the purpose of his life, as well as his fervent prayer, that all men might become one with God the Father as he was.

In order to see how it was that he expressed himself so grandly, and cherished so exalted a sense of his own greatness, we have only to consider how it is that God enters the human soul by virtue of its very nature, and takes possession of it, and speaks and acts from it, as the very pavilion and tabernacle of his spirit. It is in the sense of Truth, of Justice, of Holiness, that God takes up his abode in our nature. When we see things as they are, as they are seen by God, and we revere the true and the right, and our hearts glow with thoughts of good, these sentiments and affections are the breathings of the Divine Spirit in man. These are the communications which God makes to us of himself. When your heart is warm with the love of truth and of man, then, in this conscious emotion, the highest power that we know of is present. That inward sense is the living presence of God. That is God within us. And you instinctively feel that this love of what is right is your own, and yet, at the same time, not your own. It is yourself that feels, and yet it is not yourself. In the

consciousness of having the truth, and of loving it purely, and of being ready to serve it to the uttermost, Christ became at once profoundly conscious of himself and of God; and we find him expressing himself accordingly. "I am the light of the world." "And yet it is not I, it is the Father dwelling in me, he it is that speaks, he it is that doeth these works."

There is a great mystery here, and yet it is not a mystery of Christ's nature particularly, but a mystery of that nature which we share with him, — our universal human nature. It is beyond the power of language to reveal it. I cannot speak of it in any words that will not sound mystical and contradictory. And yet the truth, the fact, is very plain. Do you discern God in the visible frame of things? You may apprehend him much more intimately, become conscious of him even, as the being of your own being. You become most thoroughly conscious of yourself through those affections which are most vital to you. In loving what is alone supremely lovely, your inmost life is awakened into activity. All other loves, passionate though they be, are faint and superficial in comparison with that. That burns at the very centre of your being, and is fed inexhaustibly; while all other affections are on the surface, and may at any moment grow cool and die. In loving what is holy and divine, you become more and more yourself. At the same time, you become sensible, as never before, that you are nothing; that it is God who is within you. Make his law your law, his will yours, and you are identified with God. It is no longer you, it is God, who lives. It is not you, but the Father, who works in you. And they that behold you, see not you; they see God.

Thus was it with Christ. He sought no private end, no personal interest. His heart was wholly given to Truth and Righteousness. In the entireness of his self-surrender, in his perfect worship of the Good, Heaven was opened to him, God was revealed to him, and the ineffable music of God's voice was heard, and the peace of God descended on him like a dove. The Father was no vague dream, but the life of his life. In this consciousness, he was serene; for he felt the Omnipotent with him and in him. In this consciousness, all human opposition was but an impalpable shadow; and he knew that he must conquer; and he looked upon the victory as won, and said to his friends, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." In this consciousness of God in him-

self, he bore himself with a superhuman dignity, and expressed himself accordingly.

What a pity is it, that, while we all point to Christ as the model of humanity, we yet contrive to entertain such views of him as tend to neutralize his example, and make it of none effect! It is thought to be nothing short of profanation to intimate that others may become good and great like him. The idea is not to be tolerated. And because we cannot think of equalling him, we would fain persuade ourselves that it is wrong to try to be a great deal better than we are. The right influence of his life is to induce us, not to emulate him, but to be true to ourselves, each in his sphere as he was in his. Consider, the diversity of God's works is endless. The Supreme Being never repeats himself. We were not made to become only so many copies of Christ. Even if all men opened their hearts wide to the power of truth, if all were pressing onwards with their utmost strength, still there would be but one Christ in the whole universe, although everywhere there would be one and the same spirit. Still he would shine with a peculiar glory. All that is required of us, all that we can rightfully aim at, is to be, like him, faithful. He had special gifts. He could do what no one else could. And so every man, the very humblest, may fill a place which can be filled by no other. If we were intended to be exactly like Christ, we should have been endowed and placed like him. His gifts, peculiar and great as they were, do not in the least affect the proper influence of his character. They do not impair his force. They do not separate him from us. Because it is not the superior endowments of any man, but it is the way in which he uses whatever power he possesses, — this it is that touches us most nearly. Here is the tie of kindred between him and us. The power that Christ exercised over disease and death is wonderful; but, by itself considered, it is nothing more. It excites our astonishment only. But the spirit, the generosity, with which he gave up his great gifts to the service and salvation of our guilty and lost race, — this it is that discloses the immortal ties of sympathy and veneration and love, by which we are bound to him as our friend and brother. Here we know that there is, or may be, a family likeness between him and us. By a like generous and self-renouncing spirit, we become one with him and with all things; for, in and through all, that spirit breathes.

If we would simply try to be obedient to the Divinity within us, in our day and place, as Christ was in his, we know not what would come of it. That there is need of his spirit is obvious enough. How the world suffers, waiting for the appearance of the sons of God! See what ignorance and iniquity reign among men; how wrong gets itself enacted and consecrated, that it may lay waste human hearts and homes! See how man is hardened against his brother, and with how little compunction he treads him down! What idols the world worships, heaping their altars with broken hearts and dishonored lives! Life and the world, in some of their most obvious aspects, look like a terrible vision; and, as one gazes at it, he is ready to pray for the dreamless sleep from which there is no awaking on this side. In view of his own participation in the heritage of sin and sorrow, one is prompted to cry out, "Oh hide me in the grave till this fearful scene be past!" Truly there is need of the mighty spirit of Christ.

But so thoughtless, so wilful, are we, we will not confess our need. And the slightest attempt to cherish that spirit is hooted at and scorned. We are actually afraid to look into the life of Christ, and penetrate with earnestness into its inmost spirit. We endeavor to rest contented with paying formal honor to his name. We cannot be induced to let go our cherished comforts, and come manfully up to the point of asking ourselves what the law of Christ is, and whether we will obey it or not. "What is the use?" we exclaim; "it will do no good. We shall only be misunderstood and ridiculed for all our pains; and, if we persist in the determination to make our Christianity a reality, we shall be forsaken and denounced, and have no rest for our souls!" How many thousands upon thousands are there, who are thus kept back from the only good of life, and who wander like uneasy shadows, and then vanish in the grave! No wonder life seems visionary. And is this to be so always? Are these children, whom we love so fondly, and in whose gladness we would fain lose the sense of our own weak folly, — are they to repeat over again the same weakness when we are gone? Are we never to be in earnest? Are our slumbers never to be broken?

What if the prospect of doing any good by a revival of the spirit of Christ be very dark? It cannot be darker than it was in his day. Who understood him? Was he not reviled and persecuted unto death? The servant is not greater than his master.

Who ever told us that, in this world of ours, we could be faithful to the Divine Voice, obedient to the will of God, and not encounter troubles manifold? Who ever said we could be born into a true and glorious life, without a struggle and a cry? For such things we must make up our minds. We must prepare for the baptism. We must gather ourselves up for the agony. In vain do we keep putting off. In vain do we wait. If we will not hearken to the music of Divine Love, we shall awake, with fear and shuddering, at the thunder of God's judgments.

I pray you, friends, by the countless comforts of your homes, by the friends that you love, by your parents and by your children, by that Infinite Love that folds you day and night in its embrace, consider what you are about, and have done with this wretched trifling, this show and make-believe of living. The everlasting gates are flung wide open before us. We are on the threshold of an enduring and divine condition of being. Let us break our chains, discard our soul-destroying pride and prejudice. For every honest endeavor after the true life, an exceeding great reward is at hand in the knowledge of God, which every such effort brings along with it. In coming to ourselves, we come to him, and he comes to us, — He in whom is fulness of life. What if we lose every thing else, and gain that? To know God — to know him in our own hearts — thus to dwell in the light of God, embosomed in his everlasting peace — shall we not bless the struggles that end all in this? There is no rest for us now or ever but there — in God. That is rest and power and all good. That is heaven, be our outward circumstances what they may, though we be poor and sick and defamed and hated. No estate, however ample; no friends, however numerous; no children, however dear; no honor, though the world ring with it for centuries; no luxury, be it ever so exquisite, — can give us the ineffable joy which flows only from the conscious life of the glorious God in the soul.

MAZZINI'S ADDRESS.

The subjoined address was delivered by Signor Mazzini, at Milan, on the 25th of July, 1848, at the request of the National Association, on the occasion of a solemn commemoration of the death of the brothers Bandiera : —

WHEN I was commissioned by you, young men, to proffer, in this temple, a few words consecrated to the memory of the brothers Bandiera, and their fellow-martyrs at Cosenza, I thought that some one of those who heard me might perhaps exclaim, with noble indignation, "Why thus lament over the dead? The martyrs of liberty are only worthily honored by winning the battle they have begun. Cosenza, the land where they fell, is enslaved; Venice, the city of their birth, is begirt with strangers. Let us emancipate them; and, until that moment, let no words pass our lips save those of war."

But another thought arose, and suggested to me, Why have we not conquered? Why is it, that, whilst they fight for independence in the north of Italy, liberty is perishing in the south? Why is it that a war which should have sprung to the Alps with the bound of a lion has dragged itself along for four months with the slow, uncertain motion of the scorpion surrounded by the circle of fire? How has the rapid and powerful intuition of a people newly arisen to life been converted into the weary, helpless effort of the sick man, turning from side to side? Ah! had we all arisen in the sanctity of the idea for which our martyrs died; had the holy standard of their faith preceded our youth to battle; had we reached that unity of life which was in them so powerful, and made of our every thought an action, and of our every action a thought; had we devoutly gathered up their last words in our hearts, and learned from them that liberty and independence are one; that God and the people, country and humanity, are the two inseparable terms of the device of every people striving to become a nation; that Italy can only exist, one and holy, in the equality and love of all her children, great in the worship of the eternal truth, and consecrated to a lofty mission, a moral priesthood among the people of Europe, — we should not now have war, but victory! Cosenza would not be compelled to venerate the memory of her martyrs in secret, nor Venice be

restrained from honoring them with a monument; and we, here gathered together, might gladly invoke those sacred names, without uncertainty as to our future destiny, or a cloud of sadness on our brows; and might say to those precursor souls, "*Rejoice, for your spirit is incarnate in your brethren, and they are worthy of you.*"

The idea which they worshipped, young men, does not as yet shine forth in its full purity and integrity upon your banner. The sublime programme which the dying bequeathed to the rising Italian generation is yours, but mutilated, broken up into fragments by the false doctrines which, elsewhere overthrown, have taken refuge amongst us.

I look around, and I see the struggles of desperate populations, — an alternation of generous rage and of unworthy repose, of shouts for freedom and of our formulæ of servitude, — throughout all parts of our peninsula; but the heart of the country, where is it?

What unity is there in this unequal and manifold movement? Where is the word that should dominate the hundred divers and opposing counsels which mislead or seduce the multitude? I hear words usurping the national omnipotence, "*The Italy of the North, — the League of the States, — federative compacts between princes.*" But ITALY, where is it? Where is the common country, the country which the Bandiera hailed as thrice initiator of a new era of European civilization?

Intoxicated with our first victories, improvident for the future, we forgot the idea revealed by God to those who suffer; and God has punished our forgetfulness by deferring our triumph. The Italian movement, my brethren, is, by decree of Providence, that of Europe. We arise to give a pledge of moral progress to the European world. But neither political fictions, nor dynastic aggrandisements, nor theories of expediency, can transform or renovate the life of the peoples. Humanity lives and moves through faith; great principles are the guiding stars of Europe towards the future.

Let us turn to the graves of our martyrs, and ask from the inspiration of those who died for us all the secret of victory in the adoration of a principle of faith. The Angel of Martyrdom and the Angel of Victory are brothers; but the one looks up to heaven, the other looks down to earth; and it is only when,

from epoch to epoch, their eyes meet between earth and heaven, that creation is embellished with a new life, and a people arises, evangelist or prophet, from the cradle or the tomb.

I will now, young men, sum up to you in a few words the faith of our martyrs. Their external life is known to you all; it is now matter of history; I need not recall it to you.

The faith of the brothers Bandiera, which was and is our own, was based upon a few simple, incontrovertible truths, which few indeed venture to declare false, but which are, nevertheless, forgotten or betrayed by most.

God and the people. God at the summit of the social edifice; the people, the universality of our brethren, at the base. God, the Father and Educator; the people, the progressive interpreter of his law.

No true society can exist without a common belief and a common aim. Religion declares the belief and the aim. Politics regulate society in the practical realization of that belief; and prepare the means of attaining that aim. Religion represents the principle; politics, the application.

There is but one sun in heaven for all the earth. There is but one law for those who people the earth. It is alike the law of the human being, and the law of collective humanity. We are placed here below, not for the capricious exercise of our own individual faculties, — faculties and liberty are *the means*, and not *the end*, — not to work out our own happiness upon earth, — happiness can only be reached elsewhere, and there God works for us; but to consecrate our existence to the discovery of a portion of the Divine law, to practise it as far as our individual faculties and circumstances allow, and to diffuse the knowledge and the love of it among our brethren. We are here below to endeavor fraternally to build up the unity of the human family, so that the day may come when it may represent *a single sheepfold, with a single shepherd*; the Spirit of God, the law. To aid our search after truth, God has given to us tradition, the voice of anterior humanity, and the voice of our own conscience. Wheresoever these accord, is truth; wheresoever they are opposed, is error. To attain a harmony and consistency between the conscience of the individual and the conscience of humanity, no sacrifice is too great. Family, city, country, and humanity are different spheres in which to exercise our activity, and our powers of sacrifice

towards this great aim. God watches from above the inevitable progress of humanity; and from time to time he raises up the great in genius, in love, in thought, or in action, as priests of his truth, and guides to the multitude on their way.

These principles, indicated in their letters, in their proclamations, and in their conversation, with a profound consciousness of the mission entrusted by God to the individual and to humanity, were to Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, and their fellow-martyrs, the guide and comfort of a weary life; and, when men and circumstances had alike betrayed them, sustained them in death, in religious serenity and calm, and in the certainty of their immortal hopes in the future of Italy. The immense energy of their souls arose from the intense love which informed their faith. And could they now arise from the grave and speak to you, they would, believe me, address you, though with a power very different from that which is given to me, in counsel not unlike this which I now offer you.

Love! Love is the flight of the soul towards God, towards the great, the sublime, and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God upon earth.

Love your family, the partner of your life, those around you ready to share your joys and sorrows, the dead who were dear to you, and to whom you were dear. But let your love be the love taught you by Dante and by us, the love of souls that aspire together; and do not grovel on the earth in search of a felicity which it is not the destiny of the creature here to reach, do not yield to a delusion which would inevitably degrade you into egotism. To love is to promise, and to receive a promise for the future. God has given us love, that the weary soul may give and receive support upon the way of life. It is a flower which springs up upon the path of duty, but which cannot change its course. Purify, strengthen, and improve yourselves by loving. Ever act—even at the price of increasing her earthly trials—so that the sister soul united to your own may never need, here or elsewhere, to blush through you or for you. The time will come, when, from the height of a new life, embracing the whole past, and comprehending its secret, you will smile together at the sorrows you have endured, the trials you have overcome.

Love your country. Your country is the land where your parents sleep, where is spoken that language in which the chosen

of your heart, blushing, whispered the first word of love; it is the house that God has given you, that, by striving to perfect yourselves therein, you may prepare to ascend to him. It is your name, your glory, your sign, among the peoples. Give to it your thought, your counsel, your blood. Raise it up, great and beautiful, as foretold by our great men. And see that you leave it uncontaminated by any trace of falsehood or of servitude, unprofaned by dismemberment. Let it be one, as the thought of God. You are twenty-four millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties; with a tradition of glory, the envy of the nations of Europe; an immense future is before you — your eyes are raised to the loveliest heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land in Europe; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries marked out by the finger of God for a people of giants. And you must be such or nothing. Let not a man of that twenty-four millions remain excluded from the fraternal bond which shall join you together; let not a look be raised to that heaven, which is not that of a free man. Let Rome be the ark of your redemption, the temple of your nation. Has she not twice been the temple of the destinies of Europe? In Rome, two extinct worlds, the Pagan and the Papal, meet each other, like the double jewels of a diadem; and you must draw from thence a third world greater than the other two. From Rome, the Holy City — the City of Love (*Amor*), the purest and wisest among you, elected by the vote and strengthened by the inspiration of a whole people, shall give forth the fact that shall unite us in one, and represent us in the future alliance of the peoples. Until then you have no country, or you have it contaminated.

Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim placed by God before humanity at large. God has given you your country as cradle, humanity as mother; and you can only love your brethren of the cradle in loving your common mother. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, are other peoples, now fighting or preparing to fight the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty; other peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal, — improvement, association, and the foundation of an authority which shall put an end to moral anarchy, and link again earth to heaven, and which mankind may love and obey without remorse or shame. Unite with them — they will unite with you. Do not invoke their aid where your

single arm can suffice to conquer; but say to them, that the hour will shortly sound for a terrible struggle between right and blind force, and that in that hour you will ever be found with those who have raised the same banner as yourselves.

And love, young men, — love and reverence above every thing the Ideal. The Ideal is the word of God, superior to every country, superior to humanity; it is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought, and in the dignity of our immortal soul; and the baptism of this fraternity is martyrdom. From that high sphere spring the *principles* which alone can redeem the peoples. Arise for them! and not from impatience of suffering, or dread of evil. Anger, pride, ambition, and the desire of material prosperity, are arms common to the peoples and their oppressors; and, even should you conquer with them to-day, you will fall again to-morrow; but principles belong to the peoples alone, and their oppressors can find no arms to oppose to them. Adore enthusiasm. Worship the dreams of the virgin-soul, and the visions of early youth; for they are the perfume of Paradise, which the soul preserves in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect, above all things, your conscience; have upon your lips the truth that God has placed in your hearts; and while working together in harmony in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, even with those who differ from you, yet ever bear erect your own banner, and boldly promulgate your faith.

Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken, had they been living amongst you. And here, where, perhaps invoked by our love, their holy spirits hover near us, I call upon you to gather them up in your hearts, and to make of them a treasure amid the storms that yet threaten you; but which, with the name of our martyrs on your lips, and their faith in your hearts, you will overcome.

God be with you, and bless Italy!

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. — No. XIX.

Poetical Remains of Mary Elizabeth Lee.

MISS LEE, a lady of genius, of lively sensibilities, of ret and refined manners, a sufferer by long disease, passed thr her short and unobtrusive life in Charleston, S.C. Her ly productions are here collected and published in a volume of hundred and twenty-four pages. A graceful, discriminating, affectionate biographical notice precedes the poems, written Rev. Dr. Gilman, her friend and minister. He describes interesting development of her mind, exhibits her accomp ments in scholarship, remarking that her writings have contrib to render Charleston classic ground, and engages the reader the rare excellencies of her character. The following sonnet one of her last compositions : —

“ Yes ; high soul ! struggle through thy day of ill.
 Soon shall the tangled web unravelled be ;
 And all the darksome trials that now fill
 The woof of life's slight tissue, in the free
 And cloudless beam of God's eternity,
 Shall take such hues of splendor, till thou own,
 Gazing far up the past, 'twas good for thee
 To be afflicted. Therefore make no moan ;
 No longer beat against thy prison bar ;
 But, though close pent amid earth's gloomy night,
 Look to the radiant heavens, where star on star,
 Kindled by faith, shall cheer thy trembling sense ;
 Till, even through death's black pall, thou viewest far
 The fixed and central sun of God's omnipotence.”

The Moorland Cottage. By the author of *Mary Barton*. Cr and Nichols.

“ *Mary Barton* ” was very successful, and its successor : deserves to be.

Memorial concerning Harvard College.

We learn this able document has been extensively circula throughout the Commonwealth. Both the matter it contains the list of names appended to it, of members of the corpora render it decisive and final on all questions hitherto open, res ing the rights and privileges of the college. Whether that re inquisitive and obstinate creature, called the “ popular mind,” be convinced by it that the management of the Institution is i it ought to be, we cannot predict.

The Limits of Civil Obedience. 'Crosby and Nichols.

Rev. Nathaniel Hall, of Dorchester, is always found on the side of humanity and the laws of God. In this published sermon, he discusses the obligations of the citizen under human government, especially in relation to the Fugitive Slave Law. He reasons clearly, soundly, unanswerably. The spirit of the discourse is quite inoffensive. His doctrine on the subject is the same with our own; and, when the confusion that transient interests have thrown about it has subsided, we suppose it will have an universal recognition.

Christ the Son of God; a Discourse preached in Montreal. By Rev. JOHN CORDNER. James Potts.

Rev. Mr. Cordner always shows the requisite resources, and a happy faculty for theological controversy; and his lot is cast where a good deal of it seems to be necessary.

A Colloquy between the Gallows and the Hangman; a Poem, with Notes. By ALBERT MIDLAND. London: C. Gilpin, 5, Bishopgate-street Without.

An "effort to uphold the sacredness of human life," in bad poetry, bad temper, and bad taste.

John M. Spear's Labors for the Destitute Prisoner, No. 4.

A good man here makes his fourth report to the unorganized friends in this community, who support him in his benevolent work. We copy the following passage as an illustration of his usefulness:—

THE INFANT PRISONER.

Very small children are sometimes found among prisoners. Sitting one day in a Police Court, I observed the door open, and a mere child was ushered in. The officer who accompanied him was a tall man, and the child was so short that he could not easily reach down to take his hand without stooping so low that he could not comfortably walk. With his hand on the top of the child's head, he in that way urged the little fellow onward.

Supposing the child was to be used as a witness, I wondered that one of such tender age should be expected to know the nature of an oath.

Addressing a friendly officer of the Court, I said, as I pointed to the child, "What have you there?"

"A prisoner," he replied.

"But he does not know enough to commit a crime," I said. What is the offence of which he is accused?"

"Assault and battery," he answered.

Turning to the child, I said, "Where do you live, my son?"

"In Peggy's Alley, sir."

While I was endeavoring to ascertain from the little prisoner where Peggy's Alley was, never having heard of the place before, the Clerk of the Court called his name.

He was now arraigned, and the complaint was solemnly read to him, gravely charging him with the commission of the crime of assault and battery "against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth, in such case made and provided," not a single word of which did the little fellow understand.

"May it please your Honor," I said, "the prisoner is not seven years of age. He does not know enough to commit a crime."

"I cannot help it," said the aged Judge, looking over his spectacles down upon the child with compassion; "he has been complained of, and the complaint cannot be withdrawn; and, besides, the offence is of so serious a character that this Court has not jurisdiction of the case. I must bind him over to appear before a higher tribunal."

"But if the poor child is sent to jail," I said, "to be kept until he can be tried, who will take care of him while he is there? He does not know enough to undress himself, and put himself to bed at night."

"A cradle should be sent to the jail for him," said the Clerk, indignant that a mere babe was to be imprisoned with thieves and robbers.

"I am sorry for him," said the Judge, "but I cannot help him."

"I trust your Honor will not put the bail high," I said; "for I should be exceedingly sorry to have so small a child sent to jail."

"Put the bail at fifty dollars," said the Judge to the Clerk.

"Will your Honor take me for bail?" I inquired.

"Yes," said the Judge.

I bailed him, took him to my house, gave him food, found his parents, put him to school, and when the Grand Jury came together, I got word to them of his tender age; they refused to find a bill against him, and he was discharged.

INTELLIGENCE.

REV. JOSEPH ANGIER settles in Troy. Rev. Mr. Weiss is absent from his parish at New Bedford, on account of severe illness; the society refusing to accept his resignation. Rev. Mr. Barry, of Lowell, has also taken a voyage, through the liberality of his parishioners, on account of ill health. — The meetings of the Sunday School Teachers' Institute seem to be going on very successfully. — A new Society has been started at Staten Island, of which Rev. John Parkman has been requested to take the charge.

If we may judge by the scarcity of news from them, for the last two or three months, the Churches have rest.

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No. 5.

“DRIVEN TO AND FRO.”

MRS. EDWARD RAYMOND was a bright, warm-hearted, fair, young, married lady, in comfortable circumstances. She had been a belle; now she was tolerably domestic, having a kind husband, whose tastes were quiet, and a beautiful boy, some three years old. She had just known her first sorrow, having buried her infant daughter; and, under the holy influences of this sharp summons to look upward, her soul was peculiarly open to good impressions.

She was sitting in her nursery alone one morning; for the nurse had taken her little boy to walk; and, with eyes dim with tears, she was folding up, and putting away, the delicate little garments of the departed babe. What thoughts passed through her mind, as she fulfilled her task, many may guess; for the trial she had been called to bear is a very common one. We cannot but observe how often “the Shepherd tenderly takes up the young lamb, and carries it forward, *that the mother may follow him.*” As she sat musing and weeping, and asking herself that very question, — “Why is it so common a calamity, this maternal bereavement, this snatching of young children from the bosoms that yearn so after them, from hearts that seem to be growing better under the daily blessing of their influence?” — she was summoned to the drawing-room to meet a true friend.

It was a Mrs. Allyne, a matron some twenty years older than

herself, a woman somewhat remarkable for uniting a fervent, untiring benevolence with a cool judgment and a knowledge of human nature. She had been much with Mrs. Raymond during her infant's illness and since its death, and was welcomed as those who have bound us by such associations must ever be. She did not come on a visit of condolence, therefore, like many who now turned their steps, as a matter of duty, to the mourner's house. Her few, judicious words had been spoken already, at the right moment. She knew that the work of time could not be hurried, but that the work of God in the heart might be helped by his instruments; and as one of them she came.

Not of the fresh sorrow did she speak now, nor of any desire to lift the mourner above her grief. She soon spoke of that which was at present taking hold of her own feelings. Charlotte Raymond listened at first, as people are apt to do when smarting under a first sorrow, with a little *selfish* feeling of astonishment at her friend's supposed want of sympathy, in introducing any topic but the sole one that could interest her. It did not occur to her, that she could or ought to be interested in any thing else. When Mrs. Allyne left her, she had forgotten this emotion, or remembered it only to be ashamed of it.

The substance of Mrs. Allyne's communication was as follows:

"Do you remember Hannah Shaw?"

"What! the pretty young girl that lived with Aunt Susan a whole year, and turned out such a good-for-nothing? Yes, indeed. I never saw aunt so much vexed about any thing. The girl went off to New York, did she not?"

"Yes, and I never could get any clue to her after that."

"Why, my dear Mrs. Allyne! what could you want of her? You know she went with that worthless young man; and she never could have come to any good."

"Perhaps not; perhaps she might. But only week before last, I heard of her."

"You did? I hope she is not here again."

"She has been in the city a year. For the first nine months she led a dreadful life of poverty and sin; for the last three months, she has been in our jail."

"And that, I suppose, is the best that could have been hoped for her. Is it not a pity she cannot be kept there for life? I suppose she must be let out one of these days."

"Kept there for life! For punishment or for reformation, do you mean?"

Now, Charlotte Raymond's mental habits were not those of discrimination or examination. She seldom turned an idea over in her mind, or saw that a subject had two sides to it; so she answered, with rather a puzzled air, "Why, both, I suppose."

Mrs. Allyne was aware that her young friend could not be taken with her all at once into an entire new world of ideas, without risk of serious, perhaps inextricable, bewilderment. So she went on quietly.

"Hannah's term of confinement was up last Friday."

"What a pity! I suppose she is off again to her old life."

"No, she is still in the jail."

"Why! how is that?"

"By her own choice."

"What a horrid creature she must be!"

"You shall judge for yourself. Shall I tell you about her?"

"Yes, do," replied Mrs. Raymond, with something of interest awakening in her face.

"She was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for larceny. I went there to visit another prisoner, and saw her sitting in such an attitude of despondency, in a corner by herself, that I was moved to approach her. I did not recognize her, however, till she looked up as I spoke to her. She is very much changed, her beauty nearly gone, her bright smiling expression entirely vanished. She knew me in a moment; and when I said tenderly, 'Why, Hannah my child, is this you?' she covered her face with her hands."

"I don't wonder she remembered you, Mrs. Allyne; you took a good deal of notice of her when she was living at Aunt Susan's."

"Yes, I was anxious for her, with her pretty face and volatile disposition and love of dress, especially as there seemed to be no one who took any special interest in her. The cook, you know, was very cross; and your Aunt Susan sometimes reproved her severely, and threatened to dismiss her, when she stayed out too long; but I don't think there was one kind, wise friend, who sought to gain her confidence, or make a steady life pleasant to her; do you?"

"Well, I suppose it was no one's duty in particular. I never heard that she had any relations in the city."

"*No one's duty!*" thought Mrs. Allyne: "under whose roof was she living?"

She was not ready, however, to communicate the thought, or rather felt that her hearer was not ready to receive it. She continued: "Hannah made me no answer; so I added, 'I am glad to see you again, Hannah.'

"What, *here!* Are you glad to see me *here*, Mrs. Allyne?"

"I did not mean that," said I; but truly, are you not better off here than where you have been for the last twelve months?"

"She murmured, 'Indeed I am. God knows I would rather live here all my days than go back.'

"Is that true? Do you know what you are saying, and do you mean it?"

"I do! I do!" said she. "I suppose nobody will believe me. I do not expect to be believed; but it is *true*."

"I believe you," said I.

"You do?" exclaimed she. "I am thankful for it. I knew that if anybody did, you would."

"Certainly, Hannah; I know that your life cannot have been happy since you left Mrs. Gardiner's."

"Happy! oh, mercy, mercy! you don't know what misery is, Mrs. Allyne; you know nothing about it, unless you can look into such hearts as mine. I thought I was happy at first, when I first went to New York; it was all so new, and I had been so restless and discontented for a great while, and they dressed me so beautifully; and then there were the theatres and dances; and—oh me! when I did come to myself!"

"And now, for the first time, one or two tears began to trickle from her dry, inflamed eyes. 'When did you come to yourself, Hannah?' I inquired.

"When I was sick, dreadfully sick, and saw that nobody cared for me; when I lay awake with pain all night, hearing the frolicking that was going on in the house, and could not help thinking of past times, and then of death and an angry God. O Mrs. Allyne! I remembered some very kind words you spoke to me one day at Mrs. Gardiner's, when I was dusting her chamber, and you came in, and sat waiting till she got back from her ride. I did not seem to pay much attention then; but you spoke so as if you really cared about me: I never quite forgot it."

"It did not save you, though, Hannah."

"No, indeed, ma'am," said she, "because so much was said on the other side. You could not follow it up, ma'am; you did not live in the house with me; and what could a few words, just for once, do, if they were ever so good? Oh! but how often I wished afterwards, that I had taken them to heart!"

"And yet, Hannah," said I, "you went back to your usual way of life as soon as you got well."

"She hung her head for a moment; and then, suddenly looking me full in the face, she exclaimed, almost wildly, 'What else could I do? I could starve, I could freeze to death in the street, — perhaps I shall yet; — but that was all the choice I had. I knew it was; and you know it is, Mrs. Allyne. I could stay among sinners, and be fed and clothed a while longer; or I could go among good people, and be kicked away to starve. They all told me so, where I was living; and I was not ready to bear all that; so I stayed on, till somebody invited me to come to —. And I was all the while so miserable! I was trying to save some money, to go and live innocently away in the country, where nobody knew me; and I stole some, and here I am.' She uttered all this rapidly, evidently in a state of great nervous excitement; and, when she had finished, she again hid her face with her hands. I did not know what to say to her."

"I do not wonder," replied Mrs. Raymond, now thoroughly drawn from her own sorrow; "I am sure I should not know what to say to such a girl."

"I should have been glad to tell her, that I would put her into a respectable situation as soon as her time was up, and give her a chance to redeem her character. But, you know, I do not keep house; and I know not an individual who would trust her. I talked with her some time longer, to ascertain as thoroughly as possible the sincerity of her repentance; and, though the natural sweetness of her temper is injured, and the life she has led has, of course, stained her soul deeply, yet I believe she *could be saved*."

"Then she ought to be."

"Let me tell you one circumstance more. I neglected, at that visit, to inquire when her time would be out. I went away, and thought a great deal about her case, and those of others; for I have reason to believe that hers is not a solitary one. I consulted some benevolent friends; but what to do with her, what to pro-

mise her, I knew not. I had many other engagements on my hands, and did not visit the prison again so soon as I had intended. When I did, she was gone, the warden knew not where. Her time had expired the day before. He supposed that she had returned to her former haunts, as a matter of course."

"Oh, Mrs. Allyne! and you think she might have been saved?"

"The warden seemed very sorry about her. He said he had never seen a girl who seemed more truly to loathe the life she had led, and that she declared to him, as she went away, that she would die rather than go on as she had done. He said she had evidently depended very much on seeing me again; that she had inquired for me, and watched the door anxiously all day before she was dismissed; and, after she was fairly in the street, he saw her stand a long time, leaning against the wall, apparently in great distress of mind. Then she walked slowly up the street; and, suddenly turning, she came back to the jail, and again stood for several minutes, as if about to ring. But, finally, she went away with her head hanging down, looking as if she 'could not bear the sunshine,' to use the man's own expression.

"But did you not say she was now in jail?"

"Yes; this morning I had a note from the warden, requesting me to come to him. I went immediately. I found him much moved. Hannah had been absent only two nights. She came back early this morning, and told him that she had spent two whole days in seeking honest employment in vain. She could give no recommendations; no one would take an entire stranger into the house; and she did not blame any one for such caution. The first night, she had hired a sleeping-place among decent people; but she had no money left, after buying necessary food; and last night, — you know, Mrs. Raymond, it was so intensely cold that even your furnace hardly kept your house comfortable, — the poor wretch had slept on a pile of shavings under a carpenter's shed, rather than go to the hateful abodes where she knew she should have been received. And, half-frozen and hungry, she came to the warden, as you were sitting at your breakfast-table, to implore him to take her back into prison, since she must sin or starve. He is a humane man, and he did; on his own responsibility, he has undertaken to keep her there a few days, till I see what can be done for her."

"O Mrs. Allyne! something *must* be done. What can we do?"

"I do not know, my dear. I am utterly perplexed."

"Couldn't I take her into my house for a little while? I could give her some sewing to do, perhaps."

"There is a short answer to that question, Charlotte; your husband would never consent to it."

"My husband! why, Mrs. Allyne, he is one of the most generous, kind-hearted men in the world."

"I do not doubt that at all," said Mrs. Allyne, smiling at Mrs. Raymond's conjugal enthusiasm; "but men have their own way of looking at these things. I do not think it would be a good plan for you to take Hannah, myself; but," added she, taking out her watch, "I have an engagement at one, and must leave you to think this all over by yourself."

"But just tell me, before you go, what other plan you have laid. I am *sure* my husband will be willing that I should try Hannah; but, if not, what else can I do?"

"Help to provide a home for a few such girls as Hannah. Believe me she is not the only true penitent among that class of females."

"Well, that I will if my husband, — but I am sure, I know he will consent. Come and see me to-morrow, Mrs. Allyne. You advised me last week to interest myself for the suffering of some other creature; I did not imagine then it would be possible for me to think of any thing but my baby; but now I shall not rest till I get Hannah Shaw into my house."

Mrs. Allyne shook her head with a faint smile, and went away. That night Mrs. Raymond eagerly opened her heart to her husband, as they sat before a bright coal fire in the well-filled grate. The next morning Mrs. Allyne came, as she had been requested. But it was no matter of surprise to her, when she found that the glowing young heart had been chilled, and that she was received with a faint smile and an embarrassed eye.

Not yet anchored in a steady, enlightened, practical Christianity, the youthful Mrs. Raymond was for a time to be "driven to and fro."

L. J. H.

(To be continued.)

THE MINISTRY OF NATURE.

FAIR Nature wins the pure man's love,
 And leads him gently on,
 Up the still heights of truth above,
 Whose light is Beauty's sun.

To gentle spirits here below,
 These visions blest are given :
 Into calm souls calm thoughts do flow
 Down from a calmer heaven.

While worldlings wander, fenced about
 With discord, care, and sin,
 And darkness threatens to put out
 The heavenly light within.

Yet hours, amid the strife, there are,
 When the uprising *soul*
 Affirms the True, the Pure, and Fair,
 And scorns this world-control.

And Nature serves, in faith, these hours,
 Working both day and night,
 With trees and rivers, fields and flowers,
 And stars of silent light.

These always sing melodious lays,
 Trying to win our ear
 Off from the world's discordant ways,
 Whose jarring notes we hear.

The leafy trees teach lessons wise,
 Better than printed book :
 They say that we, our home the skies,
 Like them, must *upward* look.

The rivers, as they glide along,
 Preach from the text of Time,
 And speak, in their soft-murmuring song,
 Of the " eternal chime."

The verdant fields of waving grain,
 And all the fruitful earth,
 Tell more than human preachers can
 About the second birth.

And flowers are types of Beauty all,
 In their unconsciousness, —
 Beauty that on our souls should fall,
 Beauty of Holiness.

And all the peaceful stars that shine
 Through the blue veil of night
 Are emblems of the life divine,
 And Truth's unchanging light.

Thus we in all things may discern
 Some plain, celestial sign,
 And learn to see, where'er we turn,
 Symbols of truth divine.

S. F. C.

West Roxbury.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

VEXATIONS. — I care little how great and heavy trials which we could not avoid are borne; but I do care to know how my friend has met petty inquietudes which might have been avoided. Tell me how that man demeaned himself, when his broker told him he had sold stock in the morning which rose three per cent the same afternoon; or how that female bore an unjust accusation, what she uttered when the cook forgot the chief ingredient which gave flavor to the viand; and I am furnished with a clue to judge how greater trials will be borne. It is on *little* rather than *great* occasions we lose our self-possession, and thereby betray our weakness, and the need of grace in our hearts.

ADMIRATION. — We may well distrust the materials of which a man is made, when admiration is lost upon him. He must be a demon or an angel whom human praise cannot move. It may not inspire vanity; but surely the approbation of our superiors should make us grateful that we were enabled to call out the faculties with which the creative Mind has endowed us; and, thus stimulated, we can become more patient and faithful laborers in his vineyard.

H. S. E.

THE RESOURCES OF OLD AGE.

A SERMON, BY REV. J. H. MORISON.

GEN. xxv. 8. — "Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years; and was gathered to his people."

IN these days of excited action, when those who have hardly passed the meridian of life are shoved aside to make room for the young, old age has been regarded too much as a period of comfortless imbecility. And this view of the matter has been countenanced by the aged themselves, who, having at the proper season neglected to lay up the true resources for retirement, and yet unable to bear the perpetual jostling and excitement of active business, withdraw from their accustomed occupations, and spend the evening of their days without influence, without employment, with little interest in what is going on around them, and almost without hope. Not long since, in meeting a man who, after a life of activity, had given up all employment, and retired in comfortable circumstances, with as many of this world's blessings as often fall to the lot of man, I ventured to congratulate him on the pleasures and satisfaction which he must now take, in having closed his labors, and enjoying, before the curtain should be drawn, the undisturbed retirement which had been richly purchased by a life of honest exertion. "No," he replied with a sigh; "no, my highest pleasures are nothing better than consolations." But surely things need not be thus. Every age, in the designs of Providence, has its peculiar duties and enjoyments; and, if we rightly employ our advantages, we shall not be forsaken even in our old age. Not more certain, nor administering a more real satisfaction, are the enchanting dreams, the fresh out-gushing affections, the sparkling delirium of hope and young desire, that mark the spring-time of life, than the golden fruits, the rich skies, the softened shades, the still and meditative hours, which may reach through its autumn, till the snows of winter spread their sheltering mantle lightly and gracefully upon its bosom.

But, then, in order to enjoy age, we must prepare for it. There is a retribution running along with our lives, linking each moment with every moment that shall succeed. The three principal, external resources of age are health, competence, friends. They

are subject to the accidents to which all outward things are liable, but depend in a great measure upon ourselves, and should therefore be attended to in all our plans of life.

1. Health, though always exposed to influences beyond our reach, is, to no small extent, the result of regular, industrious habits, temperance, and cheerfulness.

2. Next to health, among outward blessings, is a competent estate. And by competence I mean that which will enable us to live as we have been in the habit of living. To the young, it is of little consequence how they live. Their pliant minds are readily accommodated to circumstances. But it is not an easy thing for the old to be restricted in the expenditures, the hospitalities, the little indulgences and luxuries even, that have become necessary to them through the habits of fifty, sixty, or seventy years. Besides, the respectability and happiness of the old, now that they are cut off from active efforts, depends in no small degree upon the ability to do good. He who feels that his usefulness is over, that no way of dispensing blessings among others is left, must have a rare cheerfulness and faith if he do not lose something of his self-respect, and feel that life is growing every day more and more a burthen. For this reason, men in the prime of life should live so far within their income, that something may be laid up against the time of want.

There are situations, indeed, when this is not our duty. Men with large families and moderate incomes may well expend all their means in educating their children. Others, again, may feel it their duty to devote their lives to some great cause, which excludes the hope of providing even a moderate competence for themselves. Both these classes are among the real benefactors of mankind, and entitled to their respect. And where they have judiciously husbanded their means, and lived by a strict and wise economy, that all beyond their actual wants might be spent on higher objects, they have been forming habits and cherishing principles which will secure their peace. They have meat to eat which the world knows not of. By their lives of voluntary poverty, they are teaching a lesson which no eloquence of the lips can ever enforce. I do not now remember a more beautiful illustration of this than Noah Worcester, "the Apostle," as he has been called, "of peace," who had devoted his life to the great objects of humanity. He had always lived upon small means; and,

during the latter part of his life (he died at the age of eighty), "he was for years debilitated, and often a great sufferer; his circumstances were very narrow, compelling him to so strict an economy that he was sometimes represented, though falsely, as wanting the common comforts of life. In this tried and narrow condition," says his friend Dr. Channing, "he was among the most contented of men. He spoke of his old age as among the happiest portions, if not the very happiest, of his life. . . . When I have visited him in his last years, and looked on his serene countenance, and heard his cheerful voice, and seen the youthful earnestness with which he was reading a variety of books, and studying the great interests of humanity, I have felt how little of this outward world is needed to our happiness. I have felt the greatness of the human spirit, which could create to itself such joy from its own resources. I have felt the folly, the insanity, of that prevailing worldliness which, in accumulating outward good, neglects the imperishable soul. On leaving his house, and turning my face towards this city, I have said to myself, How much richer is this poor man than the richest who dwell yonder! I have been ashamed of my own dependence on outward good."

3. Next in importance above health and competence are friends. These, too, must be acquired in early life, by habits of kindness and affection. They are mostly to be sought in one's own family. The companions that spring up round a man in the family relations are those on which his chief dependence must be placed, for the social enjoyments of his declining years. The associates with whom he began his course are widely scattered; and hardly one remains to recall the incidents of his childhood. But children and children's children, gathering in manly or childish clusters round him, bring back the freshness of his early feelings, and make him young again. While the good patriarch looks back upon the grave, and thinks of Isaac and Rebecca, of Rachel and Leah, whom he has buried there, and with whom he, too, must soon lie down, he is brought away from the sad memories of the past by the manly presence of Joseph and Benjamin, and in their little ones sees his own features, and feels that his own life through them is extended to distant generations.

But, then, his friendships must not be confined to his own kindred. Few things have a more narrowing and unsocial influence than this. His sympathies must be expanded, his affections en-

riched, by a continued intercourse with others. And the ravages which death and change shall make among his friends must be supplied, all along from childhood up, by new accessions. Too many, when they have once started in life, feel as though they were shut out from new intimacies. Every friend that is lost is so much taken from their social existence; and, if they linger along till age, their friendships are all stripped off; and, like some tall tree over which the storms of autumn have passed, they stand out naked, unsheltered, and alone. Rather, in our friendships, should we be like the evergreen, where, as the old leaves drop off, new leaves are formed, and it continues crowned with greenness through the year; the memory of those who are gone mingling with, and throwing its shadows over, the brightness of the present. Thus the inroads of age upon the affections, though great and sometimes sharply felt, are made up in a way most grateful to the feelings. Young friends gather round the old man. Their vivacity and excessive life are sweetly tempered by his serenity of mind. Their impetuosity is unconsciously checked by the silent influence of his character; and his, perhaps too great, calmness is quickened by their activity, as the dashing torrents from the mountain flow softly through the deep channel in the meadows, and at the same time keep alive the stream which, but for them, might dry up or stagnate in its course.

Few kinds of social intercourse are more pleasant, or really more useful to all, than this union of the old and young. It is one of the great resources of age. Through it, the old are brought into immediate sympathy with the living world. They feel within themselves the stirrings and breathings that are around them. They draw in from society a perpetually reviving warmth. Instead of looking with fear upon every new change, because it is a departure from the course to which they have been accustomed, and mourning over society as lost, because it no longer moves on as it once did, they enter into the feelings of the present; they sympathize with its changes; they appreciate the good which is unfolding itself in the midst of many evils. They are not superannuated relics from the past, but really an important and influential part of the present.

But, then, in order that age may be thus honored and loved, it must have its attractions.

4. It must have knowledge. An ignorant young man or

woman may be tolerated. The grace and charm of youth may even make them attractive, without higher qualities. But ignorant old men can hardly expect to be sought after. Their own experience must, indeed, have taught them something; and it is pleasant to hear them talk of their early life, habits, and associates, to see the sunlight of youth kindling in the eye of age, and making alive again scenes and incidents that transpired more than half a century ago. But, in our unexciting life, every man's own experience is small; and, if he confines himself to it (however attractive he may sometimes be to a stranger), with his constant associates the old stories become tiresome. His mind is impoverished. The deference which he expects, and which age seems to demand, will not be paid. His notions are narrow. Experience has not enlarged his knowledge, but only stiffened into an icy rigor the few ideas with which he started in youth. No respect is to be given to his opinions on account of his long life; for really length of years hath not given experience. One day has been but the repetition of that which went before; and so, with little change as respects his opinions, he has gone on through life.

Thought and reason alone make experience valuable. Our own personal knowledge must be enlarged by reading, and set in order by reflection. The old shepherd who, in the plains of Chaldea, watched the constellations as they rose and set, had seen more, in his own experience, of the heavenly bodies than Newton, when, at the age of twenty-five, he first discovered and explained their laws. But the modern philosopher, extending his own knowledge by the observations of others, and comparing all by his own powers of thought, was able to weave into one beautiful system, and bring down to the uniformity of a single law, what to the other had seemed unconnected, perplexing, independent wanderings of separate spheres. So, in all things, it is not length of years, but application, strength of thought, largeness of comprehension, and continual activity of mind, to which we may look up for wisdom; and he who would multiply the resources of his old age, either that he may then live within himself or be attractive to the young, must have his mind always awake, ready to gather in knowledge and wisdom from all quarters. Nor is he to abate his activity with the coming on of years. He must keep up his acquaintance with passing events. He is to be familiar with the new modes of business, the new books, ideas, feelings, of the day.

Then he will be able to bring out from his treasury things new and old; and, comparing them with each other, may find profitable instruction and employment for himself, and his society will be sought by the young.

Too many men of active and strong powers dwindle away into nothing before they die. Finding themselves unequal to the keen competitions of business, they withdraw from it entirely. Their habits have been wholly active. Business has filled up all their thoughts; and now, upon retiring from that, they have nothing left. Their minds rust out; and they remain a mournful wreck of former greatness, like some old castle which has survived all the uses for which it was built, and stands upon its naked promontory, with not one cheerful countenance to animate its walls. Men should remember this, in laying out and carrying through their plans; and, while laying up "much goods for many years," they ought not to forget those inward resources which alone can furnish nutriment for their old age.

5. The next topic on which I would dwell is a cheerful, contented disposition. Old men are often peevish and irritable, or grasping insanely for new possessions, while the very earth is crumbling under their feet, and the grave opening to receive them. Of this contentment we have in Barzillai the Gileadite a beautiful illustration. He had ministered generously to the king during his extreme distress in consequence of his son's rebellion. David, moved by his kindness, urged him to go and live with him in Jerusalem. "And Barzillai said unto the king, 'How long have I to live, that I should go up with the king unto Jerusalem? I am this day fourscore years old: . . . wherefore, then, should thy servant be yet a burden unto my lord the king? . . . Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother.' " Still, wishing another to enjoy the preferment for which he has himself no relish, he recommends a young man to the king, who promises to receive him in his stead. "And the king kissed Barzillai, and blessed him; and he returned unto his own place." (2 Sam. xix. 31, &c.)

One of the peculiar beauties of age is its cheerful and happy serenity. The impetuous hopes of youth, the severe conflicts of manhood, are over; and, if they have done their part, the passions have been transmuted into affections, and a warm heart is gently

sending its influence all around it. I have seen an aged man or woman, whose countenance alone, resting in the sunshine of unbroken peace, taught, more effectually than human lips, the great lesson of Christian cheerfulness. And age is really the season for cheerful affections. Those long tossed about upon the ocean of life through anxious days and nights, dripping and shivering in the storm, have now got through their dangers; and, though winds are still abroad, they feel them not, as they sit by the blazing fireside of their own tranquil home. They have fought the good fight; they have kept the faith; and already their reward is with them. The prospect of death clouds not the serenity of their minds; for,

6. In a firm, religious faith is their stay. God's mercies are linked to their hearts, by the long experience of his love, through joys and sorrows, health and sickness, parents, children, friends. The earth shines upon them with a pure and tranquil light; for it is not to them as to the young, whose attachments are not yet formed. Every spot around them is consecrated by the past. Where we see only stones and trees and naked fields, for them is spread out a whole volume of life's experience; and, if they have been true to their Creator, the spots which tell most feelingly of suffering are shining now with the purest joy.

There is a tendency among the old, which every one familiar with them must have observed, to attach what seems to us a very unreasonable importance to forms, to little things. They have been long familiar with them, and now cannot easily give them up. The church, with its hallowed associations, independently of its instructions, is to them what it can never be to the young. Now, since we are so constituted, should we not make provision for this tendency in our nature? While, on the one hand, we should never encumber ourselves with unmeaning or useless rites, still less allow them to be multiplied, and crowd out the reality which it is their purpose to cherish; so, on the other hand, by a few simple rites, which can hardly be perverted, should we not endeavor to draw with us, through our lives, a chain of associations which may tend to counteract the strong associations of another character which are constantly binding us to the earth? For instance, while the constant pursuit of gain strengthens the love of money, and through this growing habit, with all its associations, avarice is threatening to become the vice of age, may not the sabbath-day worship, with its associations gathering strength also with

years, go with us through life, and do what it may by a chain of spiritual memories to save us from temptation?

Or, to take another, and indeed the only other rite, which we are accustomed to observe. In its influence upon the mind, beginning in childhood, and ever attended with peculiar feelings, it becomes a strong bond of union between ourselves and our Redeemer. And it is because of this, that the old, who have been long accustomed to it, though they come to church on no other day, are still anxious, when these days come round, to employ the little strength they have to unite with us once more in this simple but touching observance. It calls before them the dead, who, in days long since gone by, joined with them in this hallowed commemoration of a Saviour's death. It is connected, through a whole life, with seasons of retirement from its interests, of self-inspection, of sanctifying resolutions, of sweet communion in the spirit of love with him who died in our behalf.

But, setting aside these forms, which through association and habit have to the aged a force and significance which they can never have to the young, age, when rightly prepared by the previous stages of life, is peculiarly the season for religious meditation and hope. The activity of life is over. Its projects are all behind. Gradually, body and spirit have been seeking for themselves retirement and repose. The grave, death, eternity, are near at hand. Every day reminds them that their time here is short. Through a religious faith, the past and the future meet in one. They go back; the faces which they loved in infancy, "their bosom-friends of riper age," their parents, brethren, sisters, children, "summoned before them to their heritage," are gone. The earth is dear to them because of their memory. But through a religious faith they linger not round the tomb, nor dwell with the dead upon the earth; they go forward into the future, which is already so near at hand; and there, in fields of beauty, where unwelcome change shall come no more, are the faces which they loved in infancy, the friends of riper years, the companions of their age. More of their friends are in heaven than on earth; and their affections are calling them forward to the contemplation of divine things. Happy thou who in thy youth hast here laid up food for thy riper years! For then wilt thou have ever within thee a light which no earthly darkness shall extinguish, but which, through all the shadows of adversity and sorrow, shall throw out

its mild rays upon thy path, shining with rainbow hues through tears of grief, and relieving the heavy features of sadness by a smile of hope and inward joy.

“ When grief shall be thy portion, *thou* wilt find
Safe consolation in such thoughts as these, —
A present refuge in affliction's hour.
And, if indulgent Heaven thy lot should bless
With all imaginable happiness,
Here shalt thou have, . . . beyond all power
Of chance, thy holiest, purest, best delight.”

I have spoken of the comforts which *may* belong to old age, — of its outward enjoyments, health, competence, friends; of its inward resources, which may teach it rightly to employ, or even to dispense with these. The picture which I have endeavored to draw is not from the imagination. A few living illustrations it has been my privilege to know; and nowhere would I go more readily than to them for examples of real, pure, substantial happiness and usefulness. The feelings of childhood, long suppressed by the agitating burdens of life, have now revived within them. Their toils and conflicts ended, they have retired, before they go hence, to live for a time in the affections, in the knowledge which life has given, in their own serene temper, in the heartfelt experience of the Divine goodness. As they stand upon the verge of life, having tasted all its hopes, its joys, and feeling now within themselves the dawning of a higher state, well may they say, like the aged Simeon with the infant Jesus in his arms, — “ Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for I have seen thy salvation.” Thus, calm and peaceful, is the close of their autumnal day; and, when their sun is set, rich and golden memories linger long and pleasantly round its path.

BROTHERHOOD.

EVEN now a radiant angel goeth forth,
A spirit that hath healing on his wings,
And flieth East and West, and North and South,
To do the bidding of the King of kings;
Stirring men's hearts to compass better things,
And teaching Brotherhood, as that sweet source
Which holdeth in itself all blessed springs.

Mrs. Norton.

WESLEY AND THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

SOME century and a quarter ago, John Wesley was Fellow of Lincoln College, and Greek Lecturer there. With a few companions, recoiling like himself from the profligate habits of the place, he took to heart the appeals of Law's "Serious Call," and resolved to live with the invisible realities, which with others served but for a stately dream or a mocking jest. In the cold midnight, beneath the truthful sky, he struggled for a faith worthy of so great a sight. He prayed without ceasing; he fasted in secret; he passed the mystery on from his own heart to the souls of others; and led the saintly life with less offence to creed and prejudice, than almost any devotee in history. The son of a High Church rector, he could not be charged with unsacramental doctrine or nonconformist sympathies; he denied the Christian baptism of dissenters, and drove them from the communion as unregenerate. He duly proved his spirit of self-sacrifice by preferring a mission to the Indians of Georgia to a parochial provision at home, and the fraternity of the poor Hermit to the aristocratic priesthood of England. The sequel is well known; how he took up the labors, while others boasted of the privileges, of apostleship; civilized whole counties; lifted brutal populations into communities of orderly citizens and consistent Christians; and, in grandeur of missionary achievement, rivalled the most splendid successes of Christendom. With what eye did the Church as the mother, and the University as the nurse, of so much greatness, look upon his career? Did they avail themselves of his gifts, bless Heaven for the timely mission of such rare graces, and heap on him the work which he was so eager to do, and others so much needed to get done? Did they find an order to bear his name, and propagate his activity? He coveted their support; and so clung to their alliance, that seldom has a strong enthusiasm been combined with such moderation. But, in their most favorable mood, they did but stare and stand aloof. It was vain to look to the clergy for their help; he was driven to a lay organization, and even a lay ministry; the Wesleyan Chapel became the rival instead of the auxiliary of the Parish Church; and the most loyal of all popular religious bodies was absolutely

repulsed from conformity. When the leaders, with a cart for their pulpit, and a field for their church, provoked the vices and passions they denounced, and were stoned and carried off to prison, the rector was less likely to be their intercessor than their judge. And in Wesley's college-days, where the premonition of his religious movement was distinctly given, he met no wisdom and affection to protect him from the scorn of the learned, and the laughter of the rich. The apostle of popular piety was repudiated and contemned. — *Rev. J. Martineau's Battle of the Churches.*

TO A CHILD AWAKENED BY A SUNBEAM.

BABY, who wakest 'mid sunlight to play,
Thy gentle sleep broken by one sunny ray !
Ever, as now, be thy slumbers beguiled
By a beam from the spirit-land, beautiful child !

May He who keeps watch o'er all spirits in love
Ever haunt thy slumbers with beams from above !
And if, at thy waking, they might flee away,
Oh ! grasp them as earnestly, — win them to stay.

Thou closest thy hand to imprison it tight,
Ay, grasp it ; the wanderer's not yet out of sight ;
And thus ever aim at the beam from on high ;
The daybeam's still shining, though o'er cast the sky.

And thus will the "silver nerve," beauteous and strong,
Of Religion, beam brighter as years glide along,
More glorious than sunlight from life's morning hour,
Till Heaven its lustre o'er thy *last sleep* shall pour.

And then, at thy waking, not *one* ray of light
Will shine : clothed in sunbeams, thou'lt wing thy bold flight
Where no darkness can shroud it, no hand stop its way :
Oh, struggle, my boy, towards that glorious day !

ARRITA.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE INTERMENT OF DANIEL C. WEBB, ESQ.

AT CHARLESTON, S.C., NOV. 19, 1850.

If ever the human heart is constrained to look out of itself, and to implore the assistance of some higher power, it is when a faithful, useful, virtuous, godly man is removed for ever from his place in society, and goes to lie down in the mouldering earth. On such an occasion our affections feel an astounding shock; they grope in a gloomy void; all the endearing ties which the past has been weaving burst with a painful jar asunder; all the hopes and expectations which we have been building on the future in connection with the departed object are prostrated to the ground; we feel our helplessness; we acknowledge our desolation; we are conscious that characters of such a description are not to be created in a moment; that their places are not to be supplied by mere educational or mechanical contrivance; that God alone is the author of such illustrious examples of moral excellence; that he has been far from multiplying them in over-profusion on the present imperfect scene of things; and, fully aware of our own loss and the loss of society, we involuntarily breathe out the prayer of the devout Psalmist, "Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

Could we well imagine, O mourning and pensive friends! an occasion more appropriate for such a petition than this, which finds us collected in the sanctuary around the breathless body of our excellent and venerable brother? These few comprehensive words from Scripture furnish the completest clue to his character that could well be devised. Two epithets occur in them which shall guide our brief reflections, as we linger here, for a few moments of fond and solemn remembrance, over his waiting remains.

We are first reminded that the *godly* man ceaseth. How true a description of the event we are summoned to mourn! Our friend had himself been blessed in an eminently pious parentage, and well did he follow the holy example which they bequeathed.

Never was man more impressed with a profound sense of the existence, the government, and the glorious attributes of the Deity, or of those awful and binding relations which connect his creatures with his throne. Never did a Christian receive, with more submission and gratitude, the great communications of revelation and the precious offers of the gospel. Religion seemed to consecrate the very atmosphere which he breathed. His piety was of that antique and primitive stamp, which there is too much reason to fear is rapidly passing away. He was warmly attached, indeed, to religious *forms*; but in him the love of form only grew out of and was moulded by the living *spirit*. Daily religious exercises entered into the arrangements of his household as necessarily and habitually as the provision for their bodily sustenance. In the numerous journeys which health or business or recreation induced him for so many years to take in different parts of the country, no hurry, inconvenience, or other circumstance, ever prevented him from offering his morning oral prayer. For more than forty years he was an humble, consistent, devoted professor of the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The church of his God he loved with a singular attachment; and, had the choice been tendered him of the manner and spot in which he was to meet his death, he could not have selected any more harmonizing with his taste and feelings, his whole life and character, than to be summoned from the very seat where his revered father and himself had waited so long on their Creator with steadfast and undeviating punctuality. On the morning of his death, he was unusually impressive and affecting in his family devotions. A little before his departure from the world, by a wonderful coincidence, he joined the congregation with his habitual interest and animation, in the singing of the following hymn (the last that he ever sang on earth): —

“ Lord, what a feeble frame is ours !
How vain a thing is man !
How frail are all his boasted powers !
How short, at best, his span !

Swift as the feathered arrow flies,
And cuts the yielding air ;
Or as a kindling meteor dies,
Ere it can well appear :

So pass our fleeting hours away,
 And time runs on its race;
 In vain we ask a moment's stay,
 Nor will it slack its pace.

But, Lord, what mighty things depend
 On our precarious breath!
 And soon this dying life will end
 In endless life or death.

Oh! make us truly wise to learn
 How very frail we are;
 That we may heed our grand concern,
 And for our change prepare."

The very discourse to which he was listening was but another fitting circumstance of the impressive scene; and it almost seemed as if Providence had prepared a funeral service for him, before, instead of after, he should breathe his last. The subject of the discourse was the impossibility of testing a man's life and character by deathbed exercises and declarations. No sooner had the following words parted from the speaker's lips, than the spirit of our friend flew in an instant to its God:—

"We live in *deeds*, not *years*,—in *thoughts*, not *breaths*,—
 In *feelings*, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Had he lived a few moments longer, he would have listened to the following closing remarks, the delivery of which was intercepted by a higher teacher than mortal, uninspired man:—

"Let the precepts of Jesus be studied thoroughly; let the spirit of Jesus be imbibed deeply; let the endeavor be ~~unre~~mitting to walk by the example of Jesus fairly, and it matters little how or when or where this earthly scene shall terminate. In an instant—in the twinkling of an eye—as thousands are—we may be hurled from the visible realities of time into the now invisible realities of eternity; or protracted, painful, withering disease may strain every heart-string to its utmost tension before the last mortal chord be broken. And, however it may come, let but the fainting vision of the struggling soul be cheered by the retrospect of a conscientious and generous activity, death will be welcomed by us as a heavenly escort to a higher sphere, where the disencumbered spirit may discern more clearly, advance more

rapidly, expand more freely; while hosts of friendly spirits may greet us with a long-inspiring burst of sympathetic joy, — joy inexpressible and full of glory.”

O my friends! we, who still survive, may require more than our departed brother these glowing exhortations; and therefore have I asked permission to present the sequel of the discourse to which many of you so earnestly listened on the last sabbath, and which was interrupted by a sudden Providence, as instructive as it was mournful. No warning was given to *him*; for warning he needed not. His whole life was but a conscious preparation for eternity. The warning was evidently intended for *us*. That death spoke aloud to us all. Would that it might rivet into our spirits the too long-forgotten sense of responsibility to our Saviour and our God!

Turn we now, therefore, to the other clause of our suggestive text, and to another and corresponding side of our brother's character. The Psalmist there further laments that the *faithful* fail from among the children of men. Faithful! Who that knew Daniel Cannon Webb will not say that *fidelity* was stamped on every folding of his heart, on every lineament and material of his life? Ask the thousands, who, from first to last, entrusted to him the management of their temporal interests. Was not his scrupulous integrity in business carried even almost to the verge of a fault? If he had an infirmity, it arose from his ceaseless anxiety that strict and minute justice should be faithfully administered to every party concerned.

May not our Orphan House, the darling of the city, exclaim at this moment in tears, “Help, Lord; for the *faithful* fail from among the children of men”? For a long series of years, in his capacity of commissioner, he watched over it as a father watches over his family; foregoing every consideration of health, ease, convenience, or inclination, in order to be at his post on sabbaths and on week-days in that admirably regulated establishment; being able to call all its children by name, and even following them with paternal interest and affection long after they had departed from its walls.*

It was the self-same principle of fidelity which determined his action in reference to the temperance reform. He thought he

* The children of the Orphan House were at the funeral.

saw in it a field of doing good to his fellow-men. And, notwithstanding he was considerably advanced in life, and his habits were confirmed, and a love of repose was naturally stealing upon him, — notwithstanding his disposition was modest and retiring, and he had never assumed any post that required public speaking, yet so constraining was his sense of duty to that cause, that he became one of its most efficient leaders. Of almost stammering lips in other exposed positions, here he would preside calmly and cheerfully over crowded assemblages, and could exhibit a fluency of speech and felicity of expression to which even his friends might have supposed him a stranger.

Well, too, may this bereaved church acknowledge the pre-eminence of the same excellent quality of fidelity, in the connection borne to it by the deceased through the lapse of more than one generation. It was fidelity to his solemn convictions alone which ranged him, at a period of great difficulty and trial, among its fathers and founders. It was fidelity which induced him, for the same length of time, to serve it in every variety of office, sometimes as chief and sometimes as subordinate, just as his aids were needed. For the same period also he has acted as a deacon in our body of communicants; tendering the elements, with his sweet and gentle humility, to the colored communicants, and paying his punctual monthly visits in person to the families who received the bounties of the communion-fund. This same minute fidelity seemed also to follow him up to his latest breath, since probably the last sentence written by his pen was a little notice from the pulpit summoning a board indirectly connected with the church to attend a quarterly meeting, at which he himself presided in the intermission, and imparted words of firm, prudent, faithful advice.

In regard to his domestic relations: fidelity there, too, was the watchword that echoed from every arrangement, breathed in every air, and spoke from every detail. I will not intrude into the most sacred and intimate of those relations, since silence and imagination can alone truly picture his fidelity there. But I may be permitted to refer to the singular faithfulness with which he ever performed the duties of a father and a patriarch, and to that persevering exactitude with which, beside bestowing on his offspring the best education that others could communicate, would set apart little, regular fragments even of the busiest time to teach

them some extra accomplishment, or to perfect them in what they had already attained.

He was faithful to *himself*. He watched over his own moral and spiritual character with the vigilance of a trustee. He adopted no opinion, commenced no course of action, surrendered himself to no intimacy, from mere impulse or caprice, nor without weighing, with his characteristic scrupulousness, every circumstance, every quality, and every consequence, that ought to have modified his judgment. I see this self-fidelity in the very journal which he so constantly kept to the last day of his life.

He was faithful to every human being with whom he came in contact. He seemed to find in every man something to respect and love. This was the foundation of that exceeding delicacy, that nice, exquisite honor, at once gentlemanly and feminine, with which he approached every person, for any purpose whatever. It procured him love and honor in return, wherever he went; and probably no mere private person in our country has acquired so many attached friends and admirers in far distant places. Often have I heard his name spoken with enthusiasm by those who, I supposed, must have been strangers to his person. It was this same fidelity to general humanity which inspired that boundless hospitality, not only to ancient friends, but to strangers of every class, who had scarcely a claim to his attentions in this regard. The same sentiment also, I have no doubt, dictated his regular and persevering observations of nature and the weather, which he so often communicated to the public for the general benefit. But I forbear. Of the friends who are now listening to me, I feel confident that many are ready to say, — "Multiply as many instances of his faithful qualities as you choose, yet *we* could tell you more."

But, before ceasing to speak, I cannot refrain from alluding to my own relations to the beloved and revered deceased. Thou friend of my earlier years! friend of my active manhood! and friend of my advancing age, farewell! Since the day when thou first tookest me, as a stranger, by the hand, to the moment when we last exchanged greetings in this sanctuary, how kind, how unaltered, how uniform, has been thy deportment towards me! How hast thou ever overlooked my faults and infirmities, and sustained me in every emergency by thine assistance and advice! How have I, as a pastor and a friend, leaned upon thee! How

have thy kindnesses to me and to mine been as the kindnesses of Providence, — beyond enumeration, beyond the grasp even of memory itself! *Could* I do otherwise than offer on this occasion some faint and feeble tribute to thy worth?

And yet, O waiting and sorrowing friends! it is not to indulge in eulogy, not to perform a professional ceremony, not to pour out the gushings of mourning friendship, that I have lingered thus long on the life and character of our departed brother. I have wished to fulfil, and carry out as it were, the prevailing bent of his own heart, and to make him useful, instructive, and beneficial, even in his death. Surely there *must* arise in our bosoms some wish to imitate the virtues we have been contemplating, some generous resolution that we will walk worthily of the integrity, the rectitude, the piety, the fidelity, that have just been removed from among us; that the space they have left shall not, so far as *we* are concerned, remain altogether void. Then will he have lived and died truly to some purpose. Then will even the crown of his reward, which angels are this moment weaving for him at the bidding of the Saviour, be twined with a new and for him a dearer wreath. Then also will our own happiness and solid hope be mingled with the precious savor of his memory, — the cherished fragrance of his name.

S. G.

A LETTER ON PREACHERS.

MR. EDITOR, — May I give you a brief account of a brief experience in two Episcopal churches which I lately attended? Not that this experience contains any thing remarkable; but it suggested thoughts which it may be well to express. I love to join in the worship of other denominations when I can, and believe it would be well for us all to do so often, especially clergymen, who have few opportunities of hearing preaching, and may always get useful hints, if not serious impressions.

On "Ash-Wednesday" just past, I heard an excellent discourse from Rev. Mr. W. of Providence, a simple and earnest preacher, little known abroad perhaps, but devoted and useful at home. He took a subject appropriate to the beginning of Lent, — the duty of "taking up the cross," and preached an unwritten sermon

(using only a brief), full of pertinent and useful counsel on the importance of *self-denial*, and the advantage of having special seasons for cultivating and practising this virtue. There was not only no thought or word in the discourse to which every Christian, every sinner and probationer, must not assent, but there was much to make one feel the duty and necessity of giving special heed to this one matter, — the denying ourselves, at times, even those indulgences and pleasures which in themselves are lawful and, at other times, expedient. I was made to feel, as I have often felt, that there is virtue and blessing in putting restraint upon our appetites and habits, apart from the question of right and wrong, safety or danger, in a particular course. There is a religious use, a Christian duty, in occasional "fasting," practising the strictest temperance, if not abstinence, in the pleasures of the table, fashion, dress, amusement, light reading, and all frivolity even innocent. This power over ourselves we ought to possess; and the best way of gaining it, certainly one way, is by resolving that, for some portion of every year, we will keep it specially in view, and observe religiously some restraint in our habits of self-indulgence. If our Saviour, for any reason, found it needful or profitable to devote forty days to fasting, prayer, and secluded meditation, do *we* not need it? And if we need it, or would secure its good influences, should we not have regular and positive seasons for this special purpose?

Such was the tone and tenor of the discourse I heard, with definite and practical illustrations. The thoughts are familiar to us all; but we do not all make the best use of them. And I could not but wish that our own people, and all people, would sometimes make it their distinct study and chief business to cherish these thoughts, and carry them into action.

On the Sunday following Ash-Wednesday, I had an opportunity of attending service in one of the most frequented, if I may not say fashionable, of the Episcopal churches in the city of New York. Not many churches in our cities, I suppose, whatever the denomination, are commonly crowded in the afternoon. In that which I attended, I saw, not literally a crowded, but a full and very attentive congregation, such as I believe no man but Dr. H. often draws, at that hour and for a common service. A man of learning, of strong thought and stronger expression, though not original or particularly profound, a man of fluent and powerful address, this preacher is probably unsurpassed in the pulpits of his

own church; and we have heard him in former years, when we felt his power to an unusual degree. But not so now. A greater difference there could not be than between this discourse, and that which we have already described from one of his brethren. Not that they admit of comparison, or were opposed to each other, except in this, that one was founded in truth and nature, the other in error and inconsistency.

Dr. H. preached from the familiar and important passage, — "What must I do to be saved?" And his first and chief labor was bestowed upon the proof, that we need salvation because of our "sinful nature," — nature, not character. Little, comparatively, was said of the sins we "commit;" but the main stress was laid upon the sin in which we were "born." And yet, strangely enough, the evidence of our being born in sin was found chiefly in the fact that we do sin! The existence of depravity was assumed as the proof of native and total depravity; and the battle-field, crime and vice of every kind, were set forth as establishing beyond controversy the great fact of *original sin*. This mode of reasoning is, of course, not new to us; but we hardly expected to hear it from a man of mind, and of great reputation as a scholar. We always lament it, not simply because of its false theology, but quite as much on account of its vicious logic, and its offence against the laws of evidence. On those laws the great historical truths of Christianity rest. And when a man in whom the people trust, whose intellect they respect, and whose conclusions they accept without reflection, bases his doctrine, and conducts his entire discourse, on a palpable and weak assumption, it must weaken the hold of truth and religion upon men of common sense, and all independent thinkers. Especially is this true when such reasoning is backed up by the words of Scripture applied with equal unfairness. Is it right, is it honest, to continue for ever to quote Paul's words respecting "the natural man," as referring to a man's state by nature, and proving original depravity? If Dr. H. is a scholar, he knows that the word here rendered "natural," the same that in another epistle is better rendered "sensual," refers only to the "flesh," the animal nature of man; and that the design of the apostle is to show, that the animal is opposed to the spiritual, and of necessity those who pamper the animal, becoming sensual and wholly "carnal," cannot discern or enjoy spiritual things; a solemn truth, practical and vital, but going much far-

ther to demonstrate man's freedom and spiritual capacity, as well as responsibility, than to prove his native depravity.

Again, a great portion of this discourse, in which there was much that was true and excellent, was taken up, as such discourses usually are, in showing how utterly unavailing are our own efforts and deeds towards effecting our own salvation. And after this had been set forth in many propositions which no Christian disputes, but which are wholly irrelative, the last and chief condition of salvation was made to be a holy life! As Hannah More once said, "Our good works are nothing; yet we cannot be saved without them." That is an important nothing which is *essential* to salvation! We will join with any Christians in commending the grace of humility. But we must urge it as much on those who rely upon what they "believe," as on those who rest upon what they "do." To believe is to do; to pray is to do; to look to Christ, to call him Saviour, to plead his merits (unscriptural and rather equivocal as the phrase is), to throw ourselves wholly upon the mercy and unmerited grace of God, as every mortal must, with any faith or life, — all this is doing, not merely believing. It is voluntary and individual, a real act, a personal thing, as much as any of those "good works" which men slight, but which Christ encouraged. This old distinction is worse than vain; it is hurtful. It can never do any good to lead men to slur or neglect good works. We wish they were far more abundant than they are. And we rejoice that the sects who most depreciate them contradict themselves before they have finished preaching, and still more in their living. Their practice is better than their theory. A few of every name, the weak and those inclined to be wicked, may think it enough to rest on faith and creed and the church, letting works alone, or turning them into "filthy rags." But the mass of believers of every communion, and not least of that which has nourished so many great minds and good men as the Episcopal, will agree with Dr. H. in the end, if not in the beginning, that the great and essential thing is, after all, "a holy life."

I heard a good deal this year of the use of "ashes" on Ash-Wednesday; women and girls, if not men, coming home from the Roman Catholic services with their foreheads crossed and strongly marked with literal ashes, though without the sackcloth. Is there any approach to this in that church which is said to be furnishing

so many subjects for the Pope's dominion? Will the time never come when sensible men will discern between the flesh and the spirit, a creed and a character, the shape of an accident and the life of a soul?

Yours in faith and hope,

E. B. H.

INSECTS.

USE, — what use are they of? In us, what arrogance it is to be asking this about any living things at all? Gnats in the sunshine, — what use are they? Is any man the maker of them, that we should ask about them, as we do about ploughs and mills? Yes; but if any other creatures are made without a purpose, then perhaps we ourselves are. But is it right for us to feel bewildered in our little minds, because every thing about us does not tell us of what use it is? Use is no standard for us to be testing creatures by. We men, we ourselves, — what use are we in the universe of God? None, none at all; no more than the sparrow in the garden, or the worm in the ground, or the grub coiled up in a leaf on the bush. Only let me feel this way, this humble way, and then they are useful; to me they are useful; creeping things, and things in the air, and in the water. They are of religious use to me, by making me feel humbly.

They are creatures of God, like ourselves; fellow-creatures of ours. It is a lowly fellowship we have with them, very; but it is good to be acknowledged.

About birds and animals, there are some right ways of thinking and feeling that we have not got yet, I believe. Animalcules, so small as for there to be millions of them in one drop of water; minnows, that live and die in the same little nook of a stream; moths, that flutter about for a few hours in a summer night; insects, at home in the cup of a flower; wild-bees, that work so loyally, and winter together so snugly in banks and hollow trees; ants, in their underground chambers; living things at the bottom of the sea; — these, and every other creature of God's, there is a way of feeling about that is good for a man; religiously good for him.

W. M.

DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

Our last Number contained a Sermon on the Divinity of Jesus. Grateful to the author, so eminent for his profound studies of the New Testament, admiring the spirit of the discourse, and fully recognising both the lofty standard of virtue it exhibits, and the power with which it pleads for holiness of life, — we are yet unable to agree in its doctrine of Christ. We propose to offer here, in simple terms, a statement which is more satisfactory to ourselves, and opens another view.

So long as the differences of opinion that obtain at present respecting the rank and nature of the Son of God shall continue to divide and interest those minds that think at all on religious topics, and so long as any thing like the existing postures of sects and doctrines shall remain, it can hardly be unreasonable for any man to offer a careful and deliberate exposition of his belief on that subject. If we are Christians at all, Christ is the author and founder of our faith. He is the Head of that church into which disciples gather for fellowship. The question what and who he is, to all persons of any spiritual consciousness, is vital at every point, and momentous under every aspect.

There are two prevalent apprehensions of the character and office of Jesus as Saviour of the world. One contemplates him as specially appointed to represent the perfection of humanity, meaning by humanity what we have hitherto known or conceived of the spiritual powers and possibilities in a human being. This view holds Jesus to have been a perfect man; the completest moral example and religious genius of our race; exhibiting in his life and death the utmost that human excellence can do or be; as showing the ultimate achievement, thus far at least, of a man's virtue, love, and faith; and as having withdrawn his personal presence and power from the world at his ascension, so that the communion of his followers is not literally a communion *with him*, but is only a commemorative observance for a Teacher living on earth in the past, but retired now into the heavens.

The other view regards Christ as showing forth not only a perfect humanity, but also the mind of the Deity; representing God to man as well as man to himself; being the express image of God's person; exhibiting, as in God's behalf, through some union of nature with the Father, not explicable to us, the

Divine forgiveness, justice, and mercy; and reconciling alienated souls by manifesting God in his flesh. According to this doctrine, he survives in his church to this day, and will survive, not only by influence and memory, but by the presence of his person; so that when, in the communion of faith, we draw near to him, he, though invisible, yet by the rich gifts of his Messiahship and by a felt benediction, draws veritably near to us. We have no hesitation in saying, without reference to any former opinions, that the latter of these two views appears to us, not only incomparably the most benignant and precious, but to stand towards the other in the relation of truth to error; to be charged with inestimable benefits to our religious progress; to be liable to fewer theological perversions, and less dangerous abuses; and to need also that it be more distinctly asserted and impressed on our present habits of thinking, especially among the inquiring and the young.

A common form of stating the doctrine, that Christ was merely human, and of denying him a distinctive Divinity, is to say that "he was distinguished and exalted above other men, not in kind, but in degree only;" that he transcended mortals only by an excess of virtue, not by any peculiarity of origin, not by any singularity of endowment, not by a superhuman nature. He was purer and holier than other men; and therefore more of the Divine afflatus flowed through his life.

Against this misconstruction of the whole foundation-work of Christian doctrine, as it seems to us, — injurious, like most other religious errors, by its issues in practical piety, as well as radically mischievous to theology, comprehensively mistaking as to the very being and authority of him who is the centre, the fountain, the embodiment of whatever we have that we can call religion, — we raise a threefold objection. And we urge that objection by an appeal to the grand, threefold source, where alone we can apply for a final decision: the Word, or the New Testament writings; History, or the organic working of Christian life through the church; and the Soul, with its intuitions and its wants.

We should be willing, in the appeal to that first and chief of all authorities and testimonies — the New Testament, to waive every reference to the other striking passages that will appear in their natural connections as we press farther into the subject, and to rest the question on the three following explicit

ones alone: Just as Jesus was opening his ministry at Jerusalem, John the Forerunner said of him these plain words: — “He that cometh from heaven is above all. He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God; *for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him.* He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life.” Were these words spoken of an extraordinary mortal, constituted and endowed no otherwise than as you are and I am? Almost at the same moment, Jesus was holding one of his first reported conversations with the Rabbi Nicodemus by night; where he announces some of the sublime principles of his kingdom, and the profound mystery of the second birth. And this is the well-weighed avowal by which he initiates this inquiring representative of the old religion into the great secret of the new: “God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. And he that believeth not is condemned.” Is this the utterance of a being who “differs from other men in degree only, but not in kind”? Many years had passed since the Saviour’s crucifixion; the gospel had been tested and tried by the terrible ordeal of the apostolic age; and yet time enough had not passed to drift the believer away from his anchorage on the simplicity of the Master’s original teaching; and then one who was able to know whereof he affirmed wrote to the reluctant converts from Judaism, — “God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son; whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds; who, being the brightness of his glory, and the expresse image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high; being made so much better than the angels, as he hath obtained a more excellent name than they. For unto which of the angels said he at any time, ‘Thou art my Son: this day have I begotten thee’?” Tell us, which one, then, of all the heroes, sages, saints, of any nation, commemorated by monuments, by literature, by private veneration, shall claim to be brother, in kind or in degree, of him whom even all the angels of God are commanded to worship!

The second appeal is to Christian History, or the organic working of Christian life through the church. Begin where you will,

at any point from the least conspicuous movement of the public mind in Christendom chronicled in last evening's newspaper, up to Constantine's political conversion or Nerva's royal concession, and you will find that whether you strike down below the surface of events, or reach out either way to trace their sequence and interdependence, the under-tide that bears all up and sweeps all along is the irresistible current of Christ's divine life. Changes with which no other change compares, revolutions for which no civil revolution can account, impulses of thought, conquests of science, growths of institutions, marches of learning and society, — all testify that a silent power was cradled in the manger at Bethlehem, which was to dwarf down the empire of Cæsars and Bonapartes into the puny dynasties of nursery games. All the growing multitudes, achievements, industry, enterprise, discoveries, wisdom, and strength of the race, lift a chant of thanksgiving that has grown louder from the first, and is swelling still, to proclaim Christ the more than mortal regenerator of its destinies, the superhuman Head over his church.

The third appeal is to the Soul, with its intuitions and its wants. Whenever it is most deeply stirred by penitence, or strained by agony, or kindled into holy aspiration, the spiritual nature craves a more intimate communion with God than would be possible if that God had not mysteriously manifested himself in flesh; not a sovereign in the skies, but a beating and friendly bosom in Bethany. It cries out for the Christ, who, by representing the pity and pardon of the Father, is Way and Truth and Life. The individual heart, when it is really agitated, whether by hope or love or pain or fear, emphasizes the promise of revelation; and the longings of the individual soul respond to the broad verdict of history. It confesses, like Peter before the persecutors, that there is no other name under heaven, given among men, whereby it can be saved.

Objectors start other theories. It has been said, for instance, that even in our human nature there are capacities so noble, and traits so high, that we do Christ honor enough when we allow him to possess an unprecedented and complete combination of them. We believe, on the contrary, that, in the essential peculiarity of his nature, Christ is as distinct from us as the spiritual nature in us is from the perishable.

We acknowledge that in mere humanity there is "a nature

transcendently great and sacred," a nature so surpassing the animal organization, so wonderfully superior to this chemical compound that we call the body, so far outstripping in its reach, capacity, and eternal duration, all the energy and acuteness of physical sense, so fitted to receive the impression and inspiration of God's Spirit, that it may be even said, in a certain liberal use of language, to be *kindred* to God, or, in an apostle's vivid phrase, to be "a partaker of the *divine* nature." Thank Christ also for this very assurance, — for without him you never could have felt it, — that man is, every man is, immortal as well as mortal, a spirit as well as dust, allied to the Almighty while he is hastening to a grave. Rejoice in that great boon; and let the conscious dignity of such a conviction bear you up into a life of lofty virtue, that shall be worthy of such a heritage. And yet there is that in Jesus Christ which separates him even from this spiritual nature in humanity, distinguishes him from the best dignity in man, and exalts him above even our highest honors. There is a line drawn between his soul and our souls, not cutting us off from his perfect sympathy, not barring us from his fellowship, not veiling his face with any dimness from ours, but marking us, in our nature, as human; and him, in his nature, as divine.

We are encouraged, it is true, to call ourselves children of the Most High; but if we call ourselves so in an humble temper, remembering what sins penitence has to deplore, we shall never confound *our* filial relation with that of him who could utter the sublime and mysterious challenge both to philosophy and faith, "I and my Father are one." "Behold," says an apostle, "now are we the sons of God." But it must be an irreverent self-conceit and a shallow insight that can mistake this thankful confession for a bold assertion of the believer's equality with him whom the church and the gospel unite in revering as *THE* Son of God, and who received that majestic anointing and seal upon his authority, when the Spirit descended visibly upon him in Jordan, and a voice said, "This is my Beloved Son; hear him." "Only-begotten Son" it is written; what means that significant word, "only-begotten," if Jesus is not a Son in some sense that we are not, and never can be, sons?

Another form taken by the argument for Christ's simple humanity is this, — that every member of the human family is capable of certain lofty spiritual exercises, is visited by holy aspirations,

has a moral sense that distinguishes between right and wrong, and can form "ideas of truth, of justice, of holiness." These ideas and affections, it is argued, are God within us; because they are in harmony with his character, and it is by them that we recognize his attributes. In Christ these moral ideas were held with peculiar clearness and power; these spiritual affections moved in extraordinary purity and constancy. This fact, therefore, is held to satisfy all that language of Christ and his apostles where he is declared to be one with God, and to exhaust the meaning of those passages that attribute to him a quite superhuman nature. He had in him more of God than we, only by as much as he gave to those ideas and affections, possible to him and us alike, a fuller development than we.

Now, this explanation is as unsatisfactory to us as the preceding: it grows more and more unsatisfactory, the longer we study the facts of Christ's ministry, the words God spake by him, or his effect on the world. Those facts are miraculous, or they are an imposition. Those words are an assertion of a union between Jesus and the Father altogether peculiar and distinctive, or they are deceptions. That effect on the world must be accounted for by an agency behind it entirely above all other known historical motive powers; or else it is brought about by some artifice superlatively cunning, a legerdemain more incredible than miracle itself. The facts:—When I behold,—through those impregnable narratives where sharp-eyed and cavilling criticism has sought and sought again, but never found, a flaw or crevice large enough to enter one splitting wedge, those compact records where the persevering batteries of unbelief, shifting their point and method of attack with every shifting current of sceptical speculation, have never opened a single breach,—behold Lazarus coming forth from his grave, the dumb speaking, the blind seeing, the shrunk hand of palsy full and flexible with the circulations of health, the stone over his own sepulchre rolled away, and doubting Thomas putting his fingers into the print of the nails, his hand into the spear-wound in the side, till he exclaims, "My Lord and my God!"—then I am compelled to recognize a present Divinity, of which no field of human history anywhere gives a token, no breath from any chamber of the past, its marvels of literature, philosophy, or enterprise, yields a whisper. The words:—When I hear him saying, not with any trace of fanatical excitement or

transient enthusiasm, but with that calm authority of unmistakable truth to which all the results unite in bearing confirmation, — “No man knoweth the Father, but the Son; the only-begotten Son who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath revealed him; Before Abraham was, I am; I am the resurrection and the life; Whosoever shall confess or deny me before men, him will I also confess or deny before my Father and his angels; I came forth from God;” — then, listening while he thus “speaks as man never spake,” it is as impossible for me to doubt the authenticity of his speech as it would be irrational for me — admitting that — to deny that there is a nature in him that he does not share with me, and is not common to men. The effect on the world: — When we have it thrust upon our convictions by every fragment of historic testimony, by even heathen Pliny and infidel Gibbon themselves, by all monuments of human progress, and by all the civilization of to-day, and all the spreading life of the church always, that since the moment when Christ came up out of the Jordan, wet with the baptism of John, and with the glory of his heavenly consecration shining upon him, a new principle has been steadily working in the heart of human things, to transform them, new in form and in spirit, in name and in essence; — then how are we to escape believing, that, if God was in the building of the world, it was not man that by regeneration created it anew?

Choose out any of the brighter luminaries that have poured splendor on any path of thought, or blessings on any interest of the world's welfare, —

“Men whose great thoughts possess us like a passion, —
Thoughts which command all coming times and minds;
Whose names are ever on the world's broad tongue,
Like sound upon the falling of a force;
Men whom we build our love round, like an arch
Of triumph, as they pass us on their way
To glory and to immortality;” —

take the mightiest in influence, the richest in knowledge, the nimblest in genius, the purest in excellence, — Plato or Humboldt or Shakspeare or Fenelon, — and then, if your reverence will bear the shock, imagine him using any of those majestic expressions, respecting his origin and his work, which I have quoted from the lips of Jesus; and, though you had begun to doubt, you will be startled back into a sense of the real divinity of the Re-

deemer. Conceive that philosopher, poet, or statesman, standing before the Eternal and Almighty Father, under the shadow of impending death, and uttering that petition in the prayer of the Lord, "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world," — you will need no other proof how far our idle speculations wander from the awful bounds of truth, when we speak of God's Messiah as in kind like men.

If our God were only an assemblage of abstract qualities; if, instead of looking to him as a personal Friend and Father, we had regarded him as only an agglomeration of impersonal attributes, mercy, justice, wisdom, strength; or if we refined away our feeling of trustful intimacy towards him into an intellectual conception of a Causative Principle, — then the argument we have just noticed might have some force with us. All that would be necessary to make God manifest, either in Christ or in ourselves, would be some appearance of those qualities or attributes in us; and just in proportion to the degree in which they appeared, we should all be gods. But, if our view of God's nature and man's nature proceeds according to another philosophy than this pantheistic one, we shall presently be satisfied, that though a man were strong, wise, just, and good, up to the full measure of the possibility of his nature, and such a pattern of all spiritual graces as should equal the Christian standard itself, yet he would be as far from participating in the essential and incomprehensible nature of the Deity as every other man; simply because his constitution is human; because, being human, he is made subject to certain limitations of ability; and because every finite being is psychologically separated by an impassable gulf from the Infinite. Christ, we believe, was not so separated. He was one with the Father, in a sense and a way that we cannot be one with Him; united to Him by certain mysterious bonds and inscrutable affinities, which it is as easy for faith to conceive as it is impossible for logic to define; not contradicting the fact of his derivation from the Father, but forming a oneness between them which is at once the secret of the Mediatorship, the key to the gospel, the ground and hope of our final reconciliation with both: and, moreover, it is of the "person" of God that he is "the express image." Our charter for the liberty of this inspiring doctrine is the whole tone pervading the New Testament, from

the announcement of the Spirit to Mary the mother, — “That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God; and of his kingdom there shall be no end,” — down to the last benediction of the Apocalypse, in the name of “the Lord Jesus Christ.” It is in the language express and general, it is in the breath and spirit, it is in the precept and the sanctions, of the whole Christian revelation. If you ask for it in a single sentence, you find it gathered up into that comprehensive declaration, — “No man can come unto the Father but by me.” We believe, therefore, we cannot but believe, — we are as unable as we are undesirous to doubt, — that, in regard to that deep, wide line that distinguishes the Infinite from the finite and the Divine from the human, Christ the Redeemer does not stand by his nature on the human side. We discover no way in which an estranged, lost family on earth, not knowing God by all its wisdom, and condemned by a law which it had not power or will to keep, could be raised, restored, and justified, but by one who should bring the Deity to the earth, while he lifts up man towards Deity. The Redeemer must make God manifest in the flesh, mediate between heaven and humanity, show us the Father to move and melt the child.

We are not unfamiliar with the several interpretations affixed to the passages we have cited, by those who would discharge them of the contents we have found in them, and reduce them to a bald consistency with the humanitarian theory. It is doubtful, judging by experience, whether it avails much to undertake a refutation of these interpretations in detail, before the heart, by another and a surer process, is brought to an inevitable persuasion of their insufficiency. They will satisfy, till some special exigency of spiritual experience dissolves them in its potent alembic; and then they look as unengaging to the affections as they do forced and unnatural to the understanding.

If, now, any critical mind is inquisitively asking what the way and method of this union between Jesus and the Father is, as if some logical difficulty there were sure to baffle our conclusion, and win a triumph over faith, let us frankly confess, that no inability of ours to make full answer embarrasses us, nor compromises our doctrine. It affords us no perplexity that we cannot explain in terms, nor even to our own reason, all that belief accepts as a motive for worship. Unless religion transcends the sphere of definitions, and reaches over into the realm of mystery, she ceases

to be religion. *How* Christ is one with the Father, by what rule the divine-human in him is adjusted, what the element is that is common to both, where it begins and how far extends, — it is a cheerful concession with us, that we do not know. Contentedly we will leave all that to the vagueness and generality of the phrases of Scripture. If pursued with the protest that we have no right to receive what reasoning cannot frame into propositions, or justify to the dry intellect, we can only reply, that it is certain we must all, then, abandon our faith in God himself, and in many of the facts of our own inward life. Trust will not consent to be catechized by curiosity; prayer is not to be puzzled by punctilios of explication. It is enough for us, that, joining with believers of other names and differing shades of doctrine from our own, we can approximate to a wide and catholic confession of faith, by setting, one over against another, the strong and varying descriptive titles of inspiration: — “Emmanuel, God with us; the Word made flesh; God made manifest in the flesh; the express image of his person; the life that was manifested; the glass in which we look to behold the glory of the Lord; the fulness of God revealed bodily; the power of God; the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ; the image of the invisible God.”

First among the obvious, practical effects of this doctrine on the spiritual life, stands this, that it seems to be true; and, in the simple economy of God, truth always blesses, liberates, and cleanses him that holds it, by the same law that error curses, cramps, and destroys.

It stimulates our virtue, too, and our aspiration, by making us followers of a Master whom no attainments of ours can overtake, and holding up ever before us a living standard, unattainable in its loftiness, while condescending, with infinite compassion, to our finite strength. Approach him indefinitely we may in goodness; and yet the reverence of our discipleship find nurture in this, that there is something within him that we can never compass. We must learn to dismiss it as a false feeling, that, in order to copy our Saviour's example, we must equal his dignity; that, to render him imitable, he must dwell on the level of our natures. Imitation for his holiness, but homage for his divinity.

And, then, what encouragement is there for our trustful gratitude that we are left to no painful questioning, whether Christ's

word is God's word, Christ's promises sustained by Almighty veracity, Christ's reconciling invitation pledged by the Father's power? Faith is made independent of doubt; and hope casts her anchor fast by the pillars of heaven.

Because Christ is the brightness of God's glory, and the express image of his person, we know that our sacrament is no cold memorial, our communion no funereal pomp; but that the Master himself, as actual a person there as at the upper chamber, presides at the feast, and the very presence of his affectionate spirit welcomes us to a joyful participation.

The whole circle of Christian doctrines cluster together;—repentance, newness of life, reconciliation by the Mediator, the Saviour's divinity, forgiveness and acceptance with God. Let us bind them in one unbroken clasp about our hearts; live as children of the light they shed; exemplify the whole religion of him whose image, "the brightness of the Father's glory," is the centre of them all. Bear abroad his spirit, the spirit that purifies uncleanness, heals injustice, emancipates the slave, quenches strife, humbles pride, works by love, makes man the brother of man. And may his oneness with God bring our souls to his Father and ours!

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

AGAIN the year's full circle meets, and it is Christmas eve.

Ah! swift indeed,

With noiseless speed,

Time's mystic shuttles fly;

But few the golden threads his loom has gathered to supply

The varying warp and woof that tells our twelvemonth's history.

'Tis Christmas eve! Without, I hear the bleak, cold winter wind

Sweep to and fro

The sheeted snow,

Or fling it o'er the hills.

The wintry blast, the holy time, and feelings holier still,

With shadows from the silent past, the solemn moments fill.

Full thirty times the sun has brought the circling seasons round,
The fruit-seed burst,
The harvest nursed,
The earth in ice-chains bound; —
Since on a Christmas eve like this, when homes rang out with glee,
The pitiless wind held battle with the fierce and pitiless sea.

And as the waves, with angry might, beat back upon the land, —
Tossed to and fro,
As to-night the snow,
A toiling, home-bound bark.
O reckless wind! hadst thou but known the priceless freight it bore,
With summer breath thou wouldst have borne that young life to
the shore.

I was a child, but well remember the noon of that fair morrow!
The Christmas board
With bounties stored,
The weary one to greet;
The better welcome beaming from my mother's face of joy,
The fearful look when told the night had robbed her of her boy.

And now my thoughts turn tenderly from that time-hallowed woe,
From that bright life
That went in strife
Beneath the midnight storm,
To this, so pure, so beautiful, so like unto the other,
Just gone to heaven from the fond arms of father and of mother.

My gentle, blue-eyed nephew! Idol of fondest hopes!
Not many a day
Has passed away,
Since by thy mother's knee
I saw thee nestle for a while; then, startling from her side,
Swift through the room and down the stairs, thy agile footstep
glide.

'Twas the last time I beheld thee; but the moment left its trace:
For ere 'twas flown,
And thou wert gone,
With all thy infant grace,
I marked the yearning fondness of thy mother's mute caress,
As, bending down, she put from off thy brow the silken tress.

Oh ! came there then no whisperings from some far seraph-voice,
Like a faint bell's toll,
Telling her soul,
The pure, unsullied brow,
The gentle, loving spirit, and the mild blue, tender eye,
Were meet for heaven's peacefulness and angel's company ?

The silken tress lies folded down beneath the coffin-lid ;
The footstep light,
By day or night,
Is heard not on the stairs ;
Gone is the blue eye's lustre, the earnest, loving voice,
The dimpled hand's soft clasp, and all that made the heart rejoice.

But it is Christmas eve, dear friend, the blessed night of nights :
Away with gloom !
The soul needs room
For fervent joy and praise ;
For, hark ! there swells from angel-hosts the glorious song again, —
“ Glory to God, Peace to the earth, and Goodwill unto men ! ”

Again doth Bethlehem's midnight star forsake her radiant train ;
And, as the night,
In solemn flight,
Deepens o'er Judah's hills,
Concentrates all her silver rays in one effulgent crown,
Above the lowly resting-place of Christ, the Chosen One.

Look up, then, stricken parent ! look up, and stay thy tears :
The choral song
Still sweeps along,
Still echoes through the years.
Divinest love sent forth the arrow piercing through thy breast :
That love divine shall heal the wound, and give thee peace and rest.

Look up ! the Saviour of the world, though to his glory risen,
Still undefiled,
Takes the pure child,
And blesses it in heaven.
Still faithful doth he plead for thee before the Father's throne ;
Still is he Christ, the pitying One, God's well-beloved Son.

E. L. H.

THOUGHTS ON THE SHECHINAH.

GENESIS, XV. 7—17.

passages in the Bible are regarded by most readers, as enveloped in impenetrable mystery, or as perhaps fanciful even frivolous, because they happen to be unacquainted with the peculiar modes of thought and speech among the ancients—their religious rites or social customs.

Who therefore, who devotes himself to the elucidation of such passages of the Bible may be considered as engaged in a laudable task, because every such dark passage, when made plain, not only strengthens our faith in the record as a true history, but our reverence for it as an inspired book.

Among the passages which have been made the subject of curiosity and investigation is that contained in the fifteenth chapter of Genesis, beginning at verse 7. In order to a full understanding of the subject, however, we must be permitted a few words on the Shechinah, or Divine presence, as visibly manifested in the earlier history of the world. At that time, the mass of mankind appear to have been utterly incapable of forming any proper conception of a Supreme Being. The whole of the earlier history of the Jews is a struggle upwards from idolatry into more elevated and purer thoughts of the Deity, and shows with what tenacity the people cling to natural forms for worship. Here and there, an individual had been raised up, and, being made the recipient of supernatural communications, had, in consequence, attained to more enlightened views of God and his Providence; but, when undertaken to instruct his more ignorant brethren, he could bring but his own assertion to offer in proof that he spake by the Holy Spirit. The age of miracles, through the instrumentality of men, had not yet come.stupendous exhibitions of Divine power which attended the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, and their wanderings through the wilderness, were reserved for a distant age, when the idea of an all-wise but universal Providence should become more familiar to the minds of men, and they should be able to refer the occurrence of events considered beyond the range of natural laws, to its true source. How shall this idea of the one invisible God, this

fundamental truth of our religion, become so imprinted upon human minds as never to be erased? Not by the voice of inspiration alone, whatever that voice might be. Abraham craved something more, some visible symbol of the Divine presence, which should seem to corroborate the truths which were communicated to him.

Such was the Shechinah, seen at one time in dim prophetic vision, at another in Horeb's burning bush, and yet again leading the march of the chosen tribes through the sea and the desert hovering over the ark of the testimony through the years of theocracy, and finally resting between the cherubim of the inner sanctuary.

Through this symbol chiefly, as we conceive, in connection with inspiration, the Deity impressed upon the minds of the primitive Jews the knowledge of himself as an unseen yet present God. Unlike the sacred fire of the Persians, or any other object of heathen worship, it was entirely beyond the control of heathen power, and was subject to no conditions but such as were affixed to it by the will of the Supreme. Having premised thus much we are prepared to proceed with our explanation of the passage question. It is an account of the covenant made with Abraham, and, although the circumstances are related with much minuteness the whole appears, as it stands, quite unintelligible, owing to our ignorance of ancient customs attending the ratification of covenants. By a reference to Greek and Latin poets, as well as other parts of the Bible, it is found that on these occasions a ceremony took place almost precisely similar to the one recorded here; that is, some animal or animals being slain and divided, the two parts were laid one against each other, and the contracting parties passed between in token that the covenant was sealed or made sure. Abraham had been told that his posterity should inherit the land of Canaan. He inquires whereby he shall know this. He is then ordered to prepare his victims in the manner mentioned above; and after falling into a trance, during which he was far enlightened in regard to the fortunes of his descendants, he saw a smoking furnace and the burning lamp, — the cloud and fire, in other words, the Shechinah, or Divine presence, pass between the pieces as a sign that the promise was made sure. In the light of this explanation, the passage appears perfectly intelligible and we can readily understand why every circumstance is rela-

with so much minuteness. It is the opening scene in that grand series of events, by means of which, in an objective manner, the cardinal truths of our religion were to find a permanent place in the hearts of men. As such it has peculiar value, and could not well be spared without marring the completeness of the sacred record.

Abraham stands pre-eminent among men as an example of the power of faith. He is called the father of the faithful. At first thought, we might be inclined to question the truth of this high praise. Favored as he was with visions and revelations assuring him of his own acceptance with God and of the renown of his posterity, we might be inclined to say that he could hardly have shrunk from the performance of any task, however arduous, in the hope of so glorious a destiny as lay before him. But it should be remembered, that, if his faith had peculiar helps, it had peculiar trials also. Standing, as it were, at the head of the old dispensation, he was deprived of one of the essential aids to faith. The past had for him little instruction. If he listened for her voice, he could catch but the faintest whisper. If he *looked* back, he could see, indeed, exhibitions of Divine power, enough to fill him with reverence and awe, but hardly enough to inspire hope. Small indeed must have been the knowledge he could derive thence, which should teach him in regard to the future destinies of his race. His reliance must have been upon the inner light alone, interpreted by such outward signs, whether miraculous or otherwise, as Infinite Wisdom might grant unto him. At best the rays of light that fell upon him from heaven must have been faint and few, compared with the full blaze that shines upon us, through patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and the Son of God, all collected together and concentrated in that book of books which we call the Bible. Those of us who hold in our hands this volume should never plead, in extenuation of our want of faith, that we are less favored than were those ancient worthies who lived in the very dawn of revelation. The evangelists relate, that, when Christ was crucified, "the vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom." The Shechinah had departed, and the Holy of holies was exposed to the gaze of the irreverent and profane. The old dispensation was passing away, and henceforth men must look for other manifestations of God's presence in the world than such as shone forth from between the cherubim above the mercy-

seat. Yet once more it came, on that ever-memorable day of Pentecost, when the "disciples were with one accord in one place,"—and sat like cloven tongues of fire on each of the apostles, causing them to speak with the celestial power of truth and love. Was it not to them a blessed assurance that the church was to make her future conquests, not by means of bloody victories achieved in mortal conflict, nor yet by visible symbols, with forms and ceremonies to suit a ruder age, but by the living word, prompted by the Holy Spirit in every devout and earnest heart, and uttered by tongues touched with the hallowed fire of Heaven? Know you not that your bodies are the temple of the Holy Spirit?

E. N. H.

PUBLICATIONS.

WE have received from their several officers, Annual Reports of the State Lunatic Hospital at Worcester, Boston Seaman's Aid Society, Prison Discipline Society, Young Men's Benevolent Society, Middlesex Sunday School Society, Massachusetts General Hospital, and Harvard College, — all being institutions that need no commendation.

Spiritually Minded ; a Discourse preached at Louisville. By
REV. JOHN H. HEYWOOD.

This discourse was occasioned by the death of a Methodist lady of remarkable piety and charity, and is itself full of earnest and touching expressions of those heavenly graces.

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THE PHARISEES AND SADDUCEES.

At the time of our Saviour's advent, two sects mainly divided the Hebrew commonwealth, opposed to one another, yet from their essential principles making common cause against the religion of Jesus. So vehement became their opposition, so unmitigated their hostility, so subtle and crafty their attempts to entrap the Saviour and his followers, that he ultimately was obliged to denounce their evil practices, and most emphatically to warn men to beware of the leaven, or the theory and animating principles, of both these contending parties.*

Now, we believe these two sects, these Pharisees and Sadducees, represent two antagonistic elements, not in human nature but in human character, and both equally adverse to Christianity; two extremes of error equally distant from the truth, always lying between extremes; two tendencies in Christendom, as well as in Judea, alike fatal; two dangers to which men are always exposed in their consideration of religious things; — in short, we believe, in the nineteenth century as well as the first, in this nominally Christian land as in Judaea, there is need of repeating the Saviour's warning. In order to perceive these errors, and thus be guarded against them, it will be needful to offer a statement of the prevailing habits and principles of both Pharisee and Sadducee, and draw a parallel between them.

* Matt. xvi. 6.

The rise and origin of both sects is somewhat obscure: we can learn something, however, from the records and traditions of the era in which they were most flourishing. The name Pharisee is derived from a Hebrew word signifying to "separate." Those who chose that designation were emphatically separatists, having little intercourse with other sects in Judea, and none with the Samaritans. Their theology was stern and uncompromising, yet consisted rather of outward ceremonial than of rational obedience and fervent piety: they tithed mint, anise, and cummin, yet neglected deeds of goodness, understanding not what that meaneth when God demands mercy in preference to ritual sacrifice. More zealous than all others to acquire proselytes to their opinions, they sadly neglected requiring moral character in their converts; so that often, despite abundance of external sanctity, they even exceeded their teachers in high-handed wickedness.

It will not be surprising that contemporaneous with such a sect should have flourished the Sadducees, one extreme always producing another. Honestly protesting against pharisaic error; loathing the hypocrisy of those whose life proved their pretensions to sanctity a miserable lie; rejecting, in the name of insulted reason, much superstitious dogma; scorning the puerilities of these would-be teachers of the age, — they were not, alas! satisfied here, but went in their protest into absurdities almost as great, though widely different from those they rejected. They were the materialists of that day, the matter-of-fact men, who refused to credit any thing not cognizable by external sense, and making that arrogant claim, that even infinite truth must come within reason's finite comprehension, or else be unworthy of reception. So far from believing in the terrors of the future state, which troubled the stern Pharisee, they simply believed in no future state whatever, — not denying that man possessed a reasonable soul, but that this was immortal; and consequently they swept away, by this denial, all those sanctions of virtue arising from a belief in future rewards and punishments as the result of character formed here in this probationary state. This life with them was all: on the shore beyond death's river, no disembodied spirit should find rest from suffering in another sphere of activity. Little zealous was the Sadducee to make proselytes; and, so far from regarding rites and ceremonies as a substitute for religion, or making long prayers at the street-corners to be heard and seen of men, it is much to be feared, judging from

his sceptical cast of mind, he was not over-careful to make short prayers in his closet to be heard of God. He did not tithe mint, anise, or cummin, — not he; there was no such expensive superstition in the saddusaic code; yet was he equally neglectful of merciful deeds and practical religion. In fine, Sadduceeism was a perpetual protest against Phariseeism; the one is a rebound from the other; the two will always be found together; for the mind of man is seldom so well balanced as not, like the pendulum, to touch both extremes of the arc which it describes. Perhaps it is well, that, where one such error is found, the other does also exist as a check and balance or as a counteracting influence, as one poison is sometimes necessary to neutralize another.

The Pharisees were popular with the people: their apparent sanctity, their pretensions to piety, all unreal as these were, imposed upon the honest and unsuspecting heart of the multitude; while their tenets, however absurd, touched an echoing chord in the soul, which, fitted to grasp eternity as well as time, and for truths higher and larger than earth yet knows, always is impressed with the mysterious and wonderful, and prefers even mysticism to a cold, earthly rationalism which believes nothing not cognizable to the senses, and receives nothing beyond the province of present intellectual consciousness. At the present day, by far the larger portion of the Jewish race are Pharisees in their observances and tenets, though the name has been cast aside; it is still a race of most consistent and exclusive "separatists," though even in Christendom they have plenty of imitators, who in this respect vary but little from the original model, and drive multitudes among us into the opposite, saddusaic extreme, the legitimate and necessary counterpart of Phariseeism everywhere.

In contemplating these two sects, the representatives of extremists in the religion of every age, their opposite faults and tendencies seem to be briefly these.

The Pharisees made every thing of forms, till they became a substitute for religion of the heart, making an end those things which, even rightly used, are but means to an end. Prayer thus became a vehicle of self-righteousness, and God was sanctimoniously thanked that the supplicant was already upright and no extortioner, unjust person, or even a despised publican. The temple itself became the scene of mere ritualism; and worship was supposed to derive sanctity from being offered in that place,

rather than the place to be sanctified from its use. Well might they be startled at the teachings of one who taught them that not only at Jerusalem, but anywhere in spirit and truth, could God be successfully sought by true worshippers. The Sadducee, on the other hand, though not wholly neglectful of forms, yet esteemed them rather as the decencies of life, and reputable customs, till they became with him neither religion itself, nor the steps by which he ascended the mount of heavenly vision and contemplation. Thus he ignored that part of our nature which, while cased in this material body, and surrounded by the material universe, requires the visible as a type, explanation, and symbol of the unseen.

Again, as to zeal: the Pharisee abounded therein, would compass sea and land to make converts to his code of doctrine. He gave tithes of all he possessed, and was right heartily in earnest in his sectarian efforts. But, alas! ere we praise this zeal, we discover it to have been not according to knowledge, and to have thus been a weapon in the hands of blind though honest bigots, leading even the sincerest of Pharisees to persecute unto the death those of a different faith, and to account it a method of "doing God service." Their alms were done to be seen of men; their gifts were made a subject of boasting and a reliance in lieu of internal piety.

The Sadducee saw this error, and flew to the opposite extreme: caring little about making proselytes to his opinions, he cared no more about making men righteous. He loved disputations to overthrow the faith of others, but was not in earnest to spread what he regarded as nobler and truer. We doubt whether his gifts ever impoverished him; and we know not if a Sadducee's prayer is anywhere on record. A scorn of misdirected zeal straightway led him to the conclusion, that all zeal at all times is pernicious; a conclusion about as wise as would be that of a man who, seeing a fire destroying some fair dwelling, should conclude fire always to be man's enemy, and therefore discard its culinary use; or that of the man who, occasionally seeing the faculties of human nature perverted, jumps to the conclusion that human nature is ever and utterly corrupt in all its forms.

As to faith, the one believed too much; the other, too little. The one had a corrupted system of faith with some good points, many bad; the other, scarce any creed, either written, or engraved on the

tablets of the heart. The intellectual disease of the one was credulity; of the other, scepticism: one was full of imaginary terrors as to the future state, the other flung aside even those which were salutary. The one held not alone to the written code, but also to the traditions of the elders, foolish and burdensome though these were; the other scarce venerated enough the written word, so as to give to many occasion to doubt his hearty reception thereof. One said to every man he believed in the wrong, "Stand one side, I am holier than thou," and cast him out of the synagogue; the other sometimes loved those in error, not in spite of but because of the error, and was too apt to make them chosen intimates.

In the midst of these contending elements, these manifestations of extremes in regard to religion, these Pharisees and Sadducees, came Jesus, bringing the gospel's mild, beneficent light, reconciling and harmonizing these various elements in human nature, and giving a faith free from every objectionable extreme. Humanly speaking, one of the greatest perfections in his divine character was its balance, the harmonious equipoise of all its powers and faculties. The religion he revealed to us is in nothing extravagant or fanatical, in all things is reverential and lofty. It meets and answers the highest questionings of reason, yet requires the purest, most childlike faith; it satisfies the coolest analysis of the judgment, yet gives full scope to the imaginative and ideal, and invites the most soaring and expanded conceptions of the fancy, directed by the eagle-eye of reason, not blinded, though the flight of its thought be in the highest heaven, and toward the very "sun of righteousness."

Christianity, therefore, offended, and was opposed by, both Pharisees and Sadducees; for it agreed with the ultraism of neither party, took sides with neither, but occupied ground passed over in their pendulum course by both. It boldly denounced Phariseeism, chief and foremost, as the responsible cause, not alone of its own errors, but those of Sadduceeism also, as one extreme always gives birth to the other; yet rebuked the Sadducee, because he suffered his protest against and his disgust with the Pharisee to drive him into a position equally false and dangerous. Jesus refused to be a separatist and divider; with even the most sinful and those most in error he sought to hold converse; and with the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well-side, and with that other sinful one, he reasoned both of righteousness and

of mercy. The Pharisees, astounded that he ate with despised publicans and wretched sinners, he met on their own grounds and justified himself, since 'tis they which be sick who need the physician, not they which be whole, and he came to call not the righteous, if such there were, but sinners unto repentance. The sinful most needed his example, most demanded his pity; and he moved among them, not to countenance by his presence, but to reprove their sins by his words, and win them therefrom by his love.

As to forms, Jesus had regard to that part of our nature which requires form in order to retain the substance, and values the casket which keeps the jewel safe and undimmed. He himself preached in the temple, attended the passover, offered himself in baptism, and instituted that solemn yet simple rite usually termed the Lord's Supper, and requested all his disciples to observe it in his remembrance; a request of which multitudes claiming the Christian name are still regardless. Yet he by no means sanctioned the dead and hollow formalism of the Pharisee; offered his prayers on the lonely mountain or amid his disciples, not at street-corners; set at nought the superstitious observance of the sabbath, when that interfered with the claims of humanity; and, to show that man must hallow the day by the use of it, not the day hallow man by using him, his disciples changed the day, though not resigning a day of prayer and praise, nay, warning men not to forsake the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some *was*, and we have some reason to suppose *is* at the present day likewise. He set the subject of gifts in the right light; not censuring the Pharisees for tithing mint, anise, and cummin, but for neglecting the weightier matters of the law, and doing their alms to be seen of men, and blamed not their zeal but its misdirection.

Christianity presented a system in nowise contradictory to reason, yet teaching much which lies beyond its utmost bounds, and requiring reverential reception, waiting for full comprehension, when the curtain of the eternal world shall be uplifted to our beatified vision. The great doctrine of the soul's resurrection was taught, and in the history of Lazarus, nay, by the Saviour's own history, was it proved beyond the cavil of sneering and sceptical Sadducee; yet was not the future state declared that system of sensual reward or suffering in which the Pharisee had believed.

Jesus everywhere required *faith*; they alone were healed who

possessed it; yet it was not a faith which would permit the hungry to go unfed, or the naked unclothed, or the toilworn stranger unsheltered. The sermon on the Mount, while inculcating no austerities of the Mosaic ritual, certainly enforces those acts of benevolence which comprise the highest form of morality, — ay, and promises blessedness and God's favor as their reward.

In fine, Christianity proves, by internal as well as external evidence, its truth: it must be from Heaven, given by the universal Father; for it satisfies the wants of every portion of our nature, our reason and affections. Gentle woman and strong man, the little child and the hoary-headed sire, men of every clime and century, have found the aliment for which the soul cried out from its very depths; yea, it is perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

And Christianity has been working, lo! these many years; yet Phariseeism and Sadduceeism are nowise dead; and, while no sect among us can be justly said to be a representative of either principle, yet is it not lamentably true that many individuals, in avoiding the Scylla of the one, are wrecked on the Charybdis of the other? Yet, with the Christian record in our hands, shall we be longer Pharisees or Sadducees? shall we not rather be Christians, earnest while enlightened, fervent in our closets, and unostentatiously abounding in deeds of goodness?

May the day be hastened when Christianity shall do its perfect work throughout every land!

A. B. F.

SOME people seem to think, that, when they have obeyed the moral principles of the gospel, they have done all it was their duty to do. They care not how many hearts they repel, how many minds they disgust, by the unattractiveness of their piety; and seem to think that they best obey the precept of loving not the world, by giving the world every cause to hate them. Unfortunately, the dislike they so justly inspire is transferred from them to the faith they profess: and the noblest, the most benign, and the most comprehensive of religions is contemned as harsh and low and narrow, because harsh and low and narrow minds have adopted it for their own. — *Thoughts on Self-Culture, addressed to Women.*

H O M E .

Oh, golden word of magic power !
 Music for heart and ear !
 What joys, what hopes, what memories,
 Blend in sweet concord here !

Home trains the young in purity,
 Shields age with tenderness,
 And every stage of manhood's prime
 Doth beautify and bless.

The light of home plays round about
 The infant's form and face,
 And crowns his young and helpless life
 With more than earthly grace.

Home lingers with the captive child,
 While conning irksome lore ;
 And guides him, rushing, glad and free,
 Out from the school-house door.

Youth, in its freshness, one elects,
 Above all others dear ;
 And hearts and hands are joined in faith,
 A fair new home to rear.

Home gives to childhood and to love
 The brightest gems they wear ;
 And these reflect their beauty back,
 To make the home more fair.

The wanderer, lured o'er distant seas,
 Mid foreign joys to roam,
 E'er gives his best and happiest hours
 To silent thoughts of home.

The stricken one, upon his couch,
 Of health and strength bereft,
 Thanks the All-Merciful, that still
 His peaceful home is left.

And when the light of earth grows dark,
Kind angels to him come,
And lead him up, through shining gates,
To an eternal home.

S. F. C.

West Roxbury.

TRUTH IS POWER.

A SERMON, BY REV. F. H. HEDGE.

2 COR. xiii. 8. — "We can do nothing against the truth, but for it."

THIS is true in a larger and exacter sense than perhaps the writer himself intended. He meant to say that, as Christians, whatever power his people possessed they derived from the service of truth, and that they were powerless when opposed to the truth. But, in saying this, he indicates a principle which does not stop with that application of it. I discern in that saying a law applicable to all states and times. Man can do nothing against the truth. He can neither extinguish it, nor change it, nor limit it, nor put it back. Whatever we do or say, whether we deny the truth or affirm it, whether we labor to overthrow or seek to promote it, truth, in the end, is equally benefited by our action. We promote it, whether we will or no. Whether we mean to serve it or no, it serves itself with us and with all our doings. All things favor truth; all things further truth. All nature is leagued together in its service. We are entered into this league involuntarily, and must serve the truth, with or against our will.

But let us be careful to distinguish between truth absolute and truth subjective, — truth as it exists in itself, and truth as it exists in us. Absolute truth is the relation of things in the Divine Mind. Truth as it exists in us is a true relation between our idea and God's; it is so much of the mind of God as we have embraced and made ours. Now, when we speak of truth in this sense, — of truth subjectively, of its history and fortunes in ourselves, — it is not true that we can do nothing against it. We may effectually oppose its progress in ourselves. We may exclude truth from our own minds, as we may shut out the natural light from our dwelling, or change the aspect of things to ourselves by looking at them through a colored medium. The action of truth

in the mind of our neighbor, we may also hinder and thwart for a season. But when we speak of absolute truth, of *the* truth, and the cause of truth, and its course and destiny in God's world, — then, I maintain, we can do nothing against it, but for it. For what, indeed, is truth but God? It is God to the understanding, as love is God to the heart. It is the eldest power, and includes all other powers. It is eternal self-affirmation, which no negation can destroy, but only illustrate. The entire universe is its manifestation. The whole course of things is that whereby it is made actual to finite intelligences. Our very opposition, our errors and falses, being a part of that course, are made subservient to the truth, and are finally absorbed in it, as a part is absorbed in the whole. Absolute truth is perfect and unchangeable, never more and never less. But truth as realized by finite natures is a constant growth. To finite natures, it is never perfect, but always in process; and in its process it employs, and, like a river, absorbs into itself, all the other processes and powers of the world. The resistance which we oppose to it is a condition of its development, and a tributary which serves to swell its course. We cannot oppose it in one direction without aiding it in another. We can do nothing against it, but for it.

If this shall seem too metaphysical, let us look at what is obvious and self-evident. I say, we can do nothing against the truth, because we can do nothing without the truth. It is the condition of all effective action. Our natures are planned in conformity with the truth, and have no power without it. We can accomplish nothing but by means of the truth. Mere error, in and of itself is powerless and dead. It can only maintain itself, and establish a footing in the world, by means of some truth with which it is connected, and which constitutes its life and force. When men war against a particular truth, it is in consequence of, and by means of, some other truth, which they have looked at too exclusively, but by urging and unfolding which they promote, in the end, the one they contend against. For all truth is one and entire, and the whole must finally gain by the honor rendered to the part. The denier who assails revelation can do nothing against it, but for it. How does he assail it? He lays hold of some doctrine or fact in history or science, which seems to him to conflict with revelation, and which, accordingly, he wields against it. But if it be a truth which he has hold of, and if there be

any truth in revelation, they must harmonize. It is only with the errors and false doctrines that have gathered around it, and not with revelation itself, that the doctrine or fact in question conflicts. These errors and false doctrines they serve to dispel, and thereby render an important service to the cause which they seemed to oppose. The very shaft which was aimed at the truth is for it. It is not the truth which it hits, but the errors and fables associated with it. These being knocked away, the truth stands forth in more exceeding brightness. "God," it is said, "holds the pen of the scoffer against Christianity, and Christendom hastens to put away from itself that which can be scoffed at. The scoffer did his work; in what spirit it concerns him most to know; that work has saved myriads from scoffing."

Truth alone is power, and gives power to error. Error can obtain footing only by means of the truth that is in it. When a new faith is persecuted, it is the old faith, and the truth that is in it, though mixed with error and superstition, that inflames the zeal and strengthens the hands of the persecutor. When the reformers in the church have been zealous for the word, it is by weapons drawn from the word that they have been assailed. When the populace have risen against some moral or religious movement, they are moved by some truth which prompts them to action. However mistaken in their conclusions, and however unjustifiable in their proceedings, they are never wholly mistaken in the principle on which they act. They have always some truth in their minds, which they are endeavoring to work out, grossly exaggerated it is true, and seen through a false medium; but still there is some truth which lies at the bottom of their movement, and impels them to action. It may be questioned, whether a mob ever was, or ever could be, collected for any violent purpose, unless their imagination were first possessed with some truth, or what they supposed to be such. Falsehood which is seen, and understood to be such, can not only supply no motive to action, but must always paralyze action by precluding faith. No man ever uttered a deliberate lie with the same confidence and effect which accompany the utterance of truth. No man ever defended the wrong side of a question, knowing it to be such, with the same success as the right side. There is a resistance in the soul, which is never wholly overcome. Swedenborg saw in the spiritual world some who were trying to enunciate a proposi-

tion which they did not believe; and, behold! their organs refused to obey the will, the words that were wanted would not come; but, instead of them, the words not wanted, which expressed their real faith. Such is the necessity of truth, its relation to our minds, and its influence on our powers, that the greatest impostor can deceive others only by first deceiving himself; and he who has begun with endeavoring to deceive others, will end by deceiving himself. No two characters are more nearly related than impostor and fanatic. If a man should seriously and wilfully go about to advocate a false doctrine, knowing it to be false, one of two things would happen to him: he would either come to believe in that doctrine, and to be a raging fanatic in its name, or he would lose his intellectual vigor, and become an imbecile. Terrible are the retributions of the spirit. Let a man undertake to serve himself with falsehood instead of truth, and he will soon be a madman or a fool.

We can do nothing against the truth, but for it. In every contest which ignorance and passion may wage against it, truth must always triumph. In all the great struggles through which humanity passes, the right cause is always victorious. All revolutions and world-movements result in favor of truth. See what a disproportionate and awful power the humblest individual acquires when armed with this weapon. A huge and immemorial mischief has possession of the world. Centuries of precedent and authority shore it up. Thrones and principalities wall it round. All the powers of earth are leagued in its defence; all the prejudices and passions of men are ministering to its support. So ramparted and buttressed, it stands like the everlasting hills, and to all appearance is likely to stand till the crack of doom. Who that feels it to be an evil shall dare assail it? Who that assails can hope to overthrow it? By and by, some obscure individual, without means, without authority, steps forth, and for the first time, with all the force that is in him and in it, pronounces a truth by which that evil is rebuked. Unaided and unfriended, his word goes forth, the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Ere long, the huge fabric is shaken to its base. Down topple principalities and powers before the truth of that word. The growth of centuries passes like a shadow from the earth, and the world comes out from its long eclipse with a new face and a new faith.

The history of Christianity, in all its phases thus far, is a ser-

men on the text. "We can do nothing against the truth." The commencement of that history presents the remarkable phenomenon of a whole empire, with armed legions, combining to destroy a small and despised sect. But empires and armies are powerless against the truth. The despised sect subdued the empire to itself, and gave laws to the nations.

Then, for a thousand years, the Roman Church embodied or commanded the entire strength of the Christian world. A German student-monk finds that church corrupt and antichristian, and dares to say so openly. Standing on the truth as he has received it, he confronts the Christian world with his single word. "Here I stand," he says at Worms, to the world there present by its potentates and priests: "I cannot otherwise. This is God's truth, and your practices are a lie." And the world is forced to give way. He with God's truth is stronger than Christendom without it.

A century later, the Church of England attempted to crush and tread out the spark of truth embodied in the Puritan dissent. Nothing could seem more hopeless than the struggles of the persecuted Puritans against the combined power of Church and State. But they struggled notwithstanding; and when, at length, the England of their nativity could hold them no longer, they went forth, and founded another England on the outside of the world. "We may censure Puritanism," says Carlyle; "but we and all men may understand that it was a genuine thing; for nature has adopted it, and it has grown and grows. Give a thing time; and, if it can succeed, it is a right thing. Look at American Saxondom, and at that little fact of the sailing of the Mayflower, two hundred years ago, from Delft Haven in Holland. The weak thing, weaker than a child, becomes strong one day, if it be a true thing. Puritanism was only despicable, laughable, then; but nobody can manage to laugh at it now. Puritanism has got weapons and sinews; it has fire-arms, war-navies; it has cunning in its ten fingers, strength in its right arm; it can steer ships, fell forests, remove mountains; — it is one of the strongest things under this sun at present."

In a word, then, nothing can resist truth, because truth is the only power. All that we do effectually, we do through this agency. We can do nothing against it, but for it. I go a step farther, and say that we can not only effect nothing contrary to the truth, but we never really desire any thing contrary to

truth. Every man, in his secret soul, loves truth better than error. A man who should cling to error, knowing it to be utterly and only error, would be a moral monster, such as the world has never yet seen. It is true, we often see men wedded to error, and apparently preferring the false to the true. But what seems to us attachment to error, in such cases, will be found, on closer examination, to be based in love of truth. We see the disciples of an antiquated faith clinging to those forms and beliefs which were once universally received, but which are now rejected by most thinking and intelligent minds. They seem to us to be in love with error. But, depend upon it, it is not the errors contained in those views, but the essential truth which they involve, that has won the assent of those who embrace them. Every doctrine that was ever propounded to the world and generally received, contains some truth, by which alone it could ever live, and get itself received among men. Those doctrines which you reject as false and absurd were true once, in the sense in which they were then conceived. There is still truth in them, or they could not have survived until now. Those who receive them see the truth that is in them, and not the error. Let them once see that error is there, and the error which they see they will assuredly and decidedly reject. The human mind is not so constituted as to choose error, knowing it to be such. It can no more prefer error to truth than the stomach can prefer stones to bread.

Again, we often see men opposing with their might the course of civil and social reform, zealously maintaining the old way, and contending against needful innovation. These men are not in love with error, that they thus resist the truth. On the contrary it is perhaps their very fear of error which has led them to assume this position. They only see with other eyes than you. They see in the old way a truth which for you has lost its meaning and force. In the new way, they see errors and dangers which are not apparent to your eye. They may be, and probably are less right than you; for right is generally on the side of progress but neither are they wholly wrong. They are right as far as they go. They are not against the truth, but for it. They supply a needful check; and, were it not for the wholesome resistance of such men, reform would often defeat itself, and by living too fast come to an untimely death.

We can do nothing against the truth, but for it. We can

desire nothing against the truth, but for it. These two propositions I commend to your attention. On the other hand, as I have intimated, we may essentially prejudice our own relations with the truth. We may essentially retard its progress; we may even extinguish its life in our own minds. We may extinguish it by overcaution or by overboldness, by a too timid or a too curious mind, by being too conservative or by being too radical, by a wilful rejection of the new or hasty surrender of the old. It is difficult to say which of these tendencies and habits of mind is most prejudicial to the truth. The one tends to extravagant superstition; the other, to indifference and unbelief. If I were forced to choose between excessive credulity or excessive scepticism, I should say that the former is the least evil of the two, because it is the positive and progressive element in the mind. It helps us on, whereas the other can only help us off; and there is always more to be learned than unlearned. Where credulity is the ruling tendency, men will imbibe much that is false; but they will also adopt much that is true. Where scepticism has the ascendancy, we avoid some errors, but gain nothing positive in their place.

Whatever may be our own tendency in this regard, there are two maxims, connected with the subject we have been discussing, which claim to be considered. The first is, never to be afraid of the truth. The second is, never to be afraid *for* the truth.

In the first place, never be afraid of the truth. It is never truth, but falsehood, that does mischief in the world. Yet, though, as I have endeavored to prove, men love the truth upon the whole, they seem sometimes to stand in mortal fear of that which is not yet sanctioned by the common belief of mankind. We often hear it said, "This or that doctrine may be true: we, for our part, incline to believe it; but it will not do to propound it openly, for fear of the consequences that may flow from it." Here is a strange confusion of mind, and a want of confidence in the truth, which savors of atheism. To believe that truth which is clearly seen to be such can have any other than a salutary influence, is to affirm and deny, to believe and disbelieve, at the same time. For the utterance of new opinions there is doubtless a choice of time, place, and audience; there is also great caution to be had in the formation of opinions. Let nothing rash or premature be sent abroad into the world. But let inquiry take its course; and let no man stand in awe of conclusions fairly drawn from premises that

are unquestionable. Let nothing that has been duly weighed, and approved itself to our sober judgment, be suppressed for fear of consequences. Let it go forth. If false, it will perish in the stream of time; if true, it will live, a light and a blessing, from age to age.

Again, let no man fear *for* the truth, — the truth that now is, and has always been. Whatever is true is eternal. The ancient faith may seem to be weakened by speculation and inquiry. Criticism may assail it on this hand and on that. But if, and so far as, that faith is true, it will survive criticism. Criticism will only serve to sift the chaff from the wheat, and cause the unadulterated truth, detached from all that is foreign and extrinsic, to stand forth in its native beauty. And let us not fancy that Christianity is in danger, whenever a new work, more liberal than ordinary, is sent abroad into the world. Christianity were not divine, if a book could overthrow it. Let us beware of confounding Christianity with the formulas which may happen, at any given time, to embody it. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels." Christianity exists not anywhere pure and unmixed, but complicated, more or less, with human inventions. For the last three centuries, it has been putting off the cumbrous body of traditions which the gradual accretions of previous centuries had gathered around it. It has been casting aside these mortal hulls, disengaging itself from dogmatic and ceremonial encumbrances, and assuming a more humane and spiritual aspect and action. Who will say that Christianity has lost any thing by this process, — which, it may be, is not yet complete; that, in putting off these "frail and weary weeds," it has parted with any portion of its life and power? The truth which Christianity introduced into the world, the world has; they are become a part of it; and no power of man, and no change of circumstance, and no length of time, can blot them out. Not forms and traditions and dogmas constitute Christianity, but those divine ideas which for so many centuries have wrought with miraculous effect on the human world, and which now compose the life-blood of society, and circulate through all its veins, and feed all its nerves and sinews. These are Christianity, and these are imperishable, — the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

DAY-DREAMING.

AMONG all the occupations to which the human mind can give itself, there is none perhaps so fascinating to a certain class of spirits as that of day-dreaming. No habit fixes itself with a more tenacious grasp upon its subject, as its power in general becomes absolute before it is even suspected of being a possible source of evil. There is no point, probably, on which advice is less likely to be followed. He who ventures to utter the voice of warning to the youthful dreamer is liable to be regarded as an ascetic or a very prosy personage, whose imagination, if he ever possessed any, has become so chilled by the frosts of age that he is no longer tempted to indulge in any romantic flights. Or, if he be half-believed, the attempt to relinquish the habit is as if "the Ethiopian" should seek to "change his skin, or the leopard his spots." It needs the full conviction of the judgment and the utmost power of the will to break up a habit so interwoven with the very springs of thought; so delightful is it, moreover, to escape from the monotony of common life, to that beautiful dream-land where one may in a moment be transformed into the hero of a world of his own choosing, and reign supreme in whatever province the individual taste may prefer. Beauty, wealth, honor, and affection attend the steps of the dreamer, and are ever ready to do his bidding. He has but to pass the vail which conceals the fairy realm, and whatever he most craves in outward circumstance or inward power becomes his own. Fancies come and go, without number and without end; or perhaps the same fascinating vision is repeated till it has become almost a reality to the mind of him who has conjured it up; when suddenly the spell is broken with a shock, as when one dreams of falling; and the fairy castles, which a moment before stood in such fair proportions, lie in glittering fragments on the ground. Nay, not even the fragments remain; and the awakened dreamer wonders at his own folly, which could construct so fair an edifice with no foundation on which to rest. Yet the next moment finds him erecting another structure, as beautiful and as frail.

And why should one not indulge in this fascinating recreation? Why not take an occasional flight from a world of sober realities

and many disappointments, to one where impossibilities become probable, and every wish is gratified? What would a man be without imagination? and, in this matter-of-fact world, is there much danger that it will be too extravagant in its flights? These are questions which naturally arise; and they will receive different answers from various orders of minds and different periods of life. But though all, perhaps, will recollect the incredulity with which, in early youth, they received any suggestions as to the danger of indulging in this seductive habit, experience and maturer reflection often prove that its evils are not to be disregarded. Some of them seem too obvious to be overlooked.

First may be mentioned the waste of time it occasions; since, unless it can be proved that these dreams are in some way profitable to the mind, it is evident that the many hours thus spent are absolutely thrown away; hours which might have been laden with treasures of thought, and stored the soul with wisdom. One who is seriously addicted to this habit, unless his daily occupations necessarily engross his mind as well as his hands, falls so naturally into this dreamy state that he really inhabits the fictitious more than the actual world. How great, then, must be the sum of the hours thus spent!

But it is to be feared that the loss is not always merely negative. The thoughts, those rebellious subjects, long allowed to roam at will, are not easily reduced to subjection. If he whose mind is well disciplined finds it necessary to maintain watchfulness, how shall it fare with him who has never established order there? Having allowed his imagination to rove without restraint, he will find it difficult to fix his attention on one point, at least if it be foreign to the usual course of his reveries; and the control of the thoughts once lost, it is impossible to say where the evil consequences may end.

Beside these considerations, there is great danger that one who lives much in an ideal world, where all is bright and beautiful, and all the imaginary events of life are ordered in a way to gratify the wishes of the dreamer, will find the common routine of existence in the actual world void of interest. Like the devourer of romances, he will be in danger of experiencing a degree of weariness and disgust on returning to what he regards as the trivial affairs of every-day life. In addition to this is the incidental danger of fostering vanity. None but a misanthrope will torture

himself with dreams of neglect and unkindness from his fellows; and if, for a considerable portion of the time, one fancies himself the object of admiration from the world, he is very liable to return to actual intercourse with mankind, bringing a higher idea of himself than justice warrants, and expectations which cannot be realized. All these ill consequences may not be necessarily connected with the habit we are considering; but all seem so naturally to result from it as to be worthy of serious attention.

But beside this beautiful dream-land, which each man constructs wholly for himself, there is another realm, scarcely less shadowy, though it has once been real, — the actual past, with its wealth of hallowed memories, its holy friendships, its sorrows, some of them now almost transmuted into joys, its joys surrounded by new lustre as we see them through the vista of years. What a joy is it to know that these treasures of the past are ours, — ours beyond the power of any future, however stern, to wrench away! While memory maintains her sway, they are ours; and, even when her feeble grasp is unable to retain the events of yesterday, the bright scenes of childhood and youth and maturer years may be fresh in her view, as if they were passing this very hour. The holy past! We could not be without it. Through its ministries have our characters been formed, little by little, as the trickling streamlets form the mighty river. And in the future that lies dimly before us, there will be a solemn hour, when the past shall give up its dead, and become joyfully or awfully present once more. Yet it is not so much by musing on the past, as we are wont to do, that we are to prepare to meet that solemn future, as it is by striving ever faithfully to "act in the living present." How few of us do actually and worthily live in the present fleeting moment! "The dead past" is reluctant to "bury its dead;" nor is it always easy to determine when the past is dead. While it has a lesson of wisdom to impart, a voice of warning or encouragement to utter, it should be allowed to speak, and should be heard with reverence. Yet the past has its witcheries and its seduction, like the fairy land of dreams; and each heart must judge where they lie.

But, to return to the principal subject of these remarks, said a young friend to me, "The brightest creations of genius are but dreams; and the execution often falls far short of the conception." Truly it is so; and who shall chide the aspirant after excellence in any department of art or science, if he take refuge from the

obtuseness, and perhaps ingratitude, of his fellow-men in a land of dreams? The loftier and purer his genius, the more will he be lost in the glory of his dreams. Having proposed to himself a worthy object in life, having set it before himself as an end which *must* be attained, through poverty and toil, through good or evil report, — his day-dreams will be aspirations. They will be inspirations also, sending him back to the sober, and it may be grievous realities of life with renewed strength to suffer and to do.

Imagination, that graceful and beautiful attribute of the mind cannot have been bestowed on us merely as a snare, a temptation always to be resisted and restrained. "The conclusion of the whole matter," then, seems to be this, that each mind must judge of the character of its own reveries by the effect which they leave on the mind. If they send him back to real life with a firm purpose to serve God and man, with a more solemn sense of the greatness and responsibility of life, with a purer heart and a clearer head, and a more joyful faith in his own ability to achieve some noble end, — it is well. But if, alas! it is too often the case he return to the actual world with a sense of precious hours wasted, of intellectual and moral strength lost, so that he has no longer power to think clearly, and act or suffer manfully; if his mind be so perverted as to see no dignity in even what are deemed the meaner duties of life, — let him know that he will not be held guiltless for this abuse of his gifts. Let him abjure the habit though it be like cutting off the right hand or plucking out the right eye.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE. — The Scripture reads, "Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered." Why, then, doubt that our heavenly Father hears our feeblest cry, and knows our minutest want? It has been truly said, the fall of a sparrow and the downfall of an empire are alike under his cognizance. Why then, withhold a petition from His ear who knows the secret recesses and thoughts of thy heart? God's greatness thou cannot fathom. His minute care is more incomprehensible than his extended dominion.

H. S. E.

"DRIVEN TO AND FRO."

(Continued.)

AFTER a little general conversation, Mrs. Raymond said rather abruptly, — as people are apt to do when they have something which *must* be uttered, and which they would rather not say at all, — "You were right about my husband, Mrs. Allyne. He was very much astonished that I should think of taking that girl into the house."

"I should have been much more astonished if he had consented, my dear. And neither should I have advised you to do it, young and inexperienced as you are, and with three other domestics in the house. Such a responsibility requires some preparation. Did you say any thing about providing some suitable place for such girls?"

"Why, yes, a little, but not much; for you see my husband does not believe in reforming people that have been so very bad. You don't know how he laughed about it: I really felt foolish. You know we women always get laughed at, when we meddle with things we don't understand."

"And sometimes when we meddle with things we do understand," replied Mrs. Allyne, with a pleasant smile. "I suppose we are as capable as men are of understanding the simple precepts of Jesus Christ; they must have been meant for us as much as for men; of course we are as much bound to obey them. When we are merely trying to obey them, we are sometimes stopped by being told that we are meddling with what we do not understand."

"But Mr. Raymond did not mean any thing about the Bible; he was not thinking about that at all. I suppose he meant that we know nothing about such bad people. Indeed, he said it was not proper for me to know any thing about them; that there always had been and always would be such characters in the world, and we could not help it; so it was best to let them alone."

Mrs. Allyne sat looking silently and sadly into the fire a few moments; and the young wife, fancying that she was retailing her husband's sensible ideas to good purpose, went on more eagerly. "You see, Mr. Raymond knows how enthusiastic we women are;

and he is afraid of having me carried away by all sorts of notions; taking up my time and money to no purpose."

"Money, my dear? Your husband is considered both a rich and a liberal man."

"Oh, yes! it is not the money he cares about; for he has been urging me to-day to go to Washington with him for a month, and that, you know, is quite an expensive trip; and he never hesitates about any thing I want, on account of the expense."

"Then, as to your time, have you ever said to him what you said to me the other day, about missing your baby so much! how you could find nothing to do which interested you? how little you had realized the fact that an infant occupied so much of a mother's time?"

The tears came into Mrs. Raymond's eyes, as she answered, "I believe I did not say any thing about that; you know men do not give much of their time to an infant, and they cannot know just how it is with us;—what a blank such a little creature leaves behind."

"No, we cannot expect it of them; they are not constituted like us, because their work in this world is to be so different from ours. They are just as little capable of performing our duties as the majority of women would be of performing theirs."

"Oh! I am glad to hear you talk so, Mrs. Allyne; my husband can't bear the advocates for women's rights."

"And yet," replied Mrs. Allyne, "I heard a learned and wise man say lately, that people cried out with horror at the thought of such a novelty as a female President, but nobody seemed shocked at the idea of an English Queen! Don't be alarmed, Charlotte; I am not coming out one of those nuisances that annoy Mr. Raymond so much. I am old-fashioned enough to feel that what are commonly called a woman's duties are her privileges, and I have enough of female pride to believe that no man could discharge them even tolerably."

Mrs. Raymond half smiled as she said, "I doubt if Mr. Wilbur could stay at home, and manage that nursery full of wild children as well as his wife does;" and then, with a look of painful recollection, she added, "and I suppose few men would know how to stay by a sick child, day and night, for a whole week, doing just the right thing, and never getting out of patience with the child who is recovering, and full of fretfulness."

"People will say it is all matter of education," replied Mrs. Allyne, "and there we will leave it. I do not consider it my business to make a proselyte of a young woman to my views of duty, if her husband is opposed to them; so I shall also drop the subject of which we were speaking just now."

"Oh no," exclaimed Charlotte, "Mr. Raymond thinks very highly of you: he only wonders that such a sensible woman should take up such schemes; but he thinks you will give it all up by and by."

"Give up all what?"

"Why, trying to do any thing with these very bad characters."

"Does he think that a person may be so very bad that it is impossible to become any better?"

"I don't know; — yes, — I suppose he must think so."

"And, supposing there were such a class about us here, what would he have done with them? Is it best to leave them entirely to themselves, to grow worse and worse, and to do their utmost in making others as bad as themselves?"

"Oh! I suppose he thinks the law will take care of such. They will certainly get into prison."

"But, as their numbers must increase upon us rapidly, we cannot keep them all in prison for life. What shall we do with them when they come out? The jails would not hold all, if none came out. You know, culprits are sentenced for various terms. What do they do when they are returned upon society?"

"I suppose many go to honest labor, and are quite reformed by having been in jail. They are afraid of having to go there again."

"Imprisonment has not been found to have that effect. Many a sinner is sent again and again. Sometimes they learn evil in jail; sometimes their dispositions are such that punishment only hardens them; sometimes, like Hannah Shaw, they find it impossible to get an honest living, because they have already been so wicked. You see your husband has not confidence enough in Hannah Shaw to take her into his family, nor would I advise him to do so. Supposing a few real penitents come out of jail, their own friends, their very brothers and sisters, possibly their parents, if they have decent ones, ashamed of them, too indignant at the disgrace they have brought on the family to receive them, — what shall such forlorn creatures do? where shall they go?"

"I should think they would go off somewhere else, where nobody knows them, and begin life afresh."

"It costs money to get from place to place. And if a woman should beg her way from State to State till she saw another sky over her head, and not a face around that she had ever seen before, who would recommend her to employment, who would trust her? There are always enough in every spot to do all the labor that is wanted, as many a friendless stranger in our cities has found. Besides, you know not how diligently those who have once fallen are sought for by evil spirits."

"Evil spirits? what do you mean?"

"I mean those whose characters correspond exactly with the idea I had of Satan when I was a child. People who know that a woman's principles, if she ever had any, have been weakened by transgression; and that, if they assail her with temptation, the moment she breathes the air outside of a prison, she will in all probability become their victim, a more hopeless sinner than ever. Just so I used to think Satan was always watching his opportunity to tempt."

"O Mrs. Allyn! you cannot believe there are such horrid creatures?"

"I *know* there are. Jailers, and police-officers, and many a poor victim, will confirm what I say."

"It does seem too dreadful. Cannot such things be prevented?"

"Gentlemen say that nothing can be done, nothing ought to be done."

"I don't believe my husband knows about such things. I am sure he would be shocked if he did."

"I suppose he has never paid any attention to the subject; few business-men feel as if they had time for any thing but business through the week, with necessary rest or recreation in the evening."

"I am sure Mr. Raymond has no time for any thing. He says he wants me to go to Washington, to keep me from brooding so over my sorrow; but I really think he needs the journey himself, he is so worn with that everlasting counting-room."

"Well, my dear, you see that is just the case with the industrious part of the community, whether rich or poor. They are too busy to look after the ignorant, frail, tempted creatures,

whom the thoroughly wicked are never too busy to look after; and so the morals of this city grow worse and worse. And when your boy arrives at his sixteenth birth-day, he will find himself in a far more immoral place than the youth who reaches his sixteenth year to-day: the number and variety of temptations that assail his virtue will be trying beyond your power of conception. Your putting the whole subject away from you will not prevent that. Your dismissing the sins of this city from your thoughts cannot put them out of existence. There they are. They do exist; they do increase; they will destroy hundreds of young men and women. If that beautiful boy asleep in his crib is not among the destroyed, some of his little playmates, whom you look upon every day, probably will be. Not a mother can be sure of her boy's safety from the grossest dissipation, where vice is as watchful to ensnare him as she is to save him. Temptation will meet him where she cannot follow him; it will take a thousand forms, while she can wear but one."

"O Mrs. Allyne!" exclaimed Mrs. Raymond, as she hurried to the crib, gazed with unutterable love and anxiety on the lovely child asleep there, and then returned to the sofa to hide her face with her hands. "I do not think I could live if I had a profligate son. He cannot be, I shall train him so carefully!"

Mrs. Allyne sighed. She had witnessed the ruin of those whose training had been at least as careful and judicious as Reginald Raymond's was likely to be."

"If you are so filled with pain at the bare idea of witnessing the dissipation of your own son, how can you help feeling compassion for those mothers of your own age who have such a calamity before them; — for all mothers in this city, hundreds of whom must endure this anxiety and this misery? You know it is so. You know that every night, when you, if you lie awake, can listen happily to the peaceful breathings of your innocent boy, at that very hour, many mothers, some perhaps in this very street, with its handsome houses, are lying, listening anxiously hour after hour for the returning footsteps of some beloved son, whose innocence is gone, whose soul is stained, and fate darkened both for this world and another! How can you help feeling some sympathy for such mothers, even if you can possibly be sure that such midnight hours will never be your lot? O Charlotte! if you are indifferent now, may you never have to ask yourself, on

a pillow wet with tears, "My son, my son! where is he? in what haunt of wickedness? Oh that he were again a babe in my arms, or sleeping by his infant-sister under the marble slab!"

Charlotte's tears gushed. "I am not indifferent," she exclaimed; "I do pity such mothers; but what can I do, except bring up my own boy as well as I know how?"

"I do not say that you can do much; but I do feel, that, however little one woman may be able to accomplish, she is bound to do that little; and if one thousand women in this city — which contains several thousands of virtuous women — all resolve to do each the little she can, will not the result be something?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But how little! Why, if the wickedness is so strong and great, all that a thousand women could do would amount to a mere nothing in comparison."

"I beg your pardon, dear Charlotte. It would seem at first glance a mere nothing. But I maintain that any thing — a thing accomplished in such a cause — is worth a great deal of effort. Why? tell me why I have a right to say so."

"You must tell me, Mrs. Allyne; I have no doubt you have a good reason for all you declare."

"Well then, my dear, because the whole subject bears directly upon one point, — salvation! If you saw that it were in your power to save or destroy one single soul, — just one, no matter whose, — would you not be awe-struck at finding yourself in such a position? Would you be able to rest, without making every effort in your power to procure the everlasting happiness of that one soul? Could you bear to think of its misery, especially if that misery came through your indolence, or neglect and indifference?"

"No, indeed."

"And yet you are exactly in that position. You say that all which a thousand women could do would amount to so little. But supposing half a dozen good, intelligent, wealthy women unite in a resolution that they will anticipate these demons that I mentioned to you, that they will get access to women now in prison, become acquainted with their peculiarities of character and position, so far as to judge which are the most hopeful subjects for such an experiment, and then direct all their energies to the task, — do you not believe they might win back one such as Hannah Shaw to virtue, even one? and would not that one

soul be worth all the trouble those half-dozen women might take? Would not their own souls have something to rejoice over in another world? would not others be encouraged to attempt the same blessed work? And stay—hear me one word more. Just think, if that one individual is never approached by these women, how much evil will radiate from her, as she goes along her wicked way; how many others of both sexes she will corrupt during that very next year. And all that—all of seduction which she personally will accomplish—might have been prevented! O Charlotte! how can people rate so low the saving of a single fellow-creature from sin and misery? If all people who lead what are called correct lives were but awake to this responsibility,—were but striving each indefatigably to save others as well as themselves from vice, would the stars shine every night on such iniquity as now revels under the roofs of this city? Would not a few wretches be saved? and would not God think them worth receiving?"

Charlotte sat deep in thought.

"It is all true," she said at last. "We have no right to be contented with our own comparative innocence. I wish I *could* do something! I will not think any more about how little it may be, but I will try to do something."

"That seems to me just the right spirit," said Mrs. Allyne, a joyful smile lighting up her benignant countenance. "Something, no matter how little, whatever you can do, in such a blessed work! A little labor, a little time, a little money, spent in some ways, is better than a great deal in undertakings more ostentatious; because it counts for good, it *is* good, whether it apparently fail or not. And it never does wholly fail, that I firmly believe."

"I suppose it will be good for me to try to understand these things, to get interested in them, at all events, if no other good comes out of it. Sometimes I think I am leading a very selfish life. Even my grief seemed to me selfish, as I sat thinking about it after you went away the other day. And since my husband cooled me down so about Hannah Shaw, I believe I have been in a more repining state than usual."

"Ah, my dear! there is something to be considered. You say you will do what you can. The question is, What can you do?"

"Well, you must tell me. I am quite in the dark, as ignorant as possible. I am willing to work; but I know no more than baby what to do first, which way to turn. Shall I give you some money?"

"Not even that without the knowledge and approbation of your husband. If you have his sympathy, it will help both of you; but it will benefit neither your own character nor his to set in opposition to him in this matter. Try to win that sympathy. Use his love for you for the unselfish purpose of elevating his own views of life and Christian duty."

"I hear his step under the window now. Do talk to him Mrs. Allyne. He won't laugh at you; and I really think, if he would only listen, he might feel differently."

Mr. Raymond came in; a young man of good sense, pleasant temper, gentlemanly manners, and correct morals. There was enthusiasm in him, except about politics; and, while he would have been indignant if charged with being an irreligious man, he prided himself so much on being a practical person, that in fact he ignored the spiritual world completely. He called himself a Christian, but felt as if God lived a great way off, and Christ great while ago, and neither of them had much to do with everyday affairs, except when somebody died.

He treated Mrs. Allyne with respect; everybody did. His connections and position in life commanded it from him, as well as the dignity of her character and manners. He heard all she had to say with civility, laughed a little in a polite way at some of her notions, argued with her about others, without being able to perceive when he was confuted, and ended where he began, with saying, "Well, my dear madam, I wish you well in all your benevolent plans; but I must say I should prefer that my wife would not mix herself up with these projects. If you are going to send round a subscription-paper, of course I have no objection to her doing whatever other ladies of her circle may do; but, tell you candidly, I have not the least faith in your accomplishing any thing at all."

"But do you understand, sir, what it is we mean to attempt?"

"Why, I think so, madam. You are going to collect a few young women of the worst character into a house under your charge, and you are going to talk to them, and read the Bible, to suppose, and make them very comfortable; and as soon as the

are tired of a quiet life, some in six weeks, and some in six months, they will slip through your fingers, and be off to their old haunts, with a horse-laugh and an oath at the kind ladies whom they have duped into cossetting them up so nicely. You may be able to stand it; but I should be sorry to have my young wife cut such a ridiculous figure before the world. But that is just the way, depend upon it, Mrs. Allyne. You don't know these abandoned creatures yet. They are thorough hypocrites, coarse wretches, that have been degraded below the notice of any respectable woman by their vices, and there is nothing left in them but wickedness. They have chosen their own lot; they have begun to sin, and continued to sin, because they love sin; it is their taste, their nature; and as long as human nature is what it is, and young men are what they are, such things must be in every city. Everybody that knows any thing of the subject will tell you so, my good lady; and, if you go on with your plan, you will find it out for yourself in time."

Here the servant announced dinner. Mrs. Allyne was engaged elsewhere, and was forced to drop the subject. Charlotte tried to take it up when her good friend was gone; but her husband, finding that she was getting seriously interested in the matter, and was beginning to feel as if it was her duty to follow it up, dropped argument, betook himself to sarcasm and indifference, — *contagious* indifference; wound up with saying, as usual, that modest women had nothing to do with such characters; and cleverly substituted a discussion about the trip to Washington.

Charlotte went to bed somewhat bewildered in her mind, and no longer clear that Mrs. Allyne was not what her husband pronounced her, — a very good woman, but visionary, and somewhat meddlesome.

L. J. H.

(To be continued.)

If ignorance often saves a man from becoming a teacher in heresy, it would seem that it by no means protects him from the possibility of becoming a scholar in errors alike preposterous and ruinous. — *Selected.*

SABBATH COMMUNINGS.

February, 1851.

I WAS most grateful for your letter, my true friend. It *was* better to me than a sermon, inasmuch as its fulness of hope and trust, its lenient judgment, and indulgence for my weakness, were more soothing and empowering than any sermon could have been. Yet was I more grateful for the faithful, yet kindly reproof it contained; for reproof, rather than indulgence, is what I still need: the gloomy doubt is not all dispelled, nor the strength of hope yet revealed. Were you less tranquilly joyous in life, less steadfast and undaunted in your faith, I half believe that your counsels would have more weight with me. But one consoling thought you grant, that "a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Thanks for such admission. If you and others have indeed felt it so keenly at times, as you say despondingly, then may I take to myself new courage for these more sheltered battles of life. But I meet so many apparently light, unburdened spirits, who seem to look for, and to find nought but rest and peace in their homes, and who would wonder and shudder at the idea that affection or conscience could suffer peril there, that I have felt alone and singular in my great need and grievous failures. By your candid testimony and deeper thought, I am convinced of my mistake. I believe now that temptation sometimes assails the uncharitable in most ignoble and unlovely shape, and is allowed the victory too, that the hard lesson of humble mercy may be forced in upon the heart. In calm and prosperous seasons, it has seemed so easy and delightful a task to adorn our peaceful homes with "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," that I have visited with secret contempt and indignation the trivial or serious breaches of peace in some fair and happy abodes. "But let him who thinketh he standeth take heed," "lest a worse thing befall him." There are irritating trifles, matters for contentious debating; there are gloomy reserves, angry words, sullen and disrespectful manners, a long list of foes, cowardly and disgraceful foes, who stand aloof from the strong and happy, watching for a weak point in our citadel, a broken weapon in our armory, a dark day, a stormy time, as occasion for their ignominious attack. Who does not know and abhor them?

Happy those who have never given them the vantage-ground !
Still happier those who, through their own victory, can compassionate and aid the fallen !

You reprove me for asking from you a sermon, and point me to "the highest ever preached, that sermon to the multitudes upon the mountain-top, yet the purest, most persuasive household guide our homes could entertain." You speak of it with beautiful enthusiasm ; and I can easily understand how its reading, even in public, might touch and move you. I have sometimes, when alone, read it aloud, as if to my own soul, imagining the holy Christ standing before me, fixing his love-full yet deep-reproving eye upon my face, and speaking in most sacred tones his words of calm reproof, of most gentle entreaty, of most high command, until my whole soul is melted and my eyes blinded with tears. A deep, unutterable love for the Preacher fills and overflows my soul. "He is all love, all beauty," and every precept so winning, so comprehensive for earth and heaven, that it seems only a holy joy to obey, to follow, to imitate him. But even then, when in purest communion with his spirit, through the dark remembrance of broken vows and false denials, comes home the import of the dreaded question, "Are you ready to drink of the cup which I shall drink of?" "Whosoever taketh not up his cross, and followeth not after me, is not worthy of me." And then, as ever, must the faltering, sinking heart receive his sorrowful rebuke, "*O thou of little faith!*"

But because our cross is broken into fragments to suit our feeble strength, and we are daily called upon to bear some light portion of its weight ; because it is no Mount Calvary we must ascend, but only the lesser summits which his feet have trodden ; because no scoffing multitudes follow to mock, but loving friends tarry to help, — because of all this, we forget that we are at all called upon to drink of his cup, or bear his cross. No wonder that we do not recognize the sacred burden ; but is it not incredible that we can so rebel and murmur at its mere shadow ? — that we should so slight his requisitions, and dream to wear his crown, but never bear his cross ; seek his brightness from the Mount of Transfiguration, yet shrink from the first shadow of Gethsemane ; dwell within his heavenly influence, yet forsake it and flee at the mere challenge of a foe ? "The world is too much with us ;" rather, we are too much with the world. In our struggles for

earthly happiness and repose, each vying with the other to obtain a full share, we habitually persuade one another that Christianity has now no cross and no Gethsemane. We must, in our selfish desire, be born again into Eden; and, if all goes not blissfully with us there, we murmur and repine.

Not your letter alone, dear friend, has thus turned the current of my thoughts. A new study of the Mountain Sermon, with your hints to enlighten, has indeed convicted me of error and sin. But penitence is a far more natural and easy thing than reformation. Do you not think so?

Your figure is far better and wiser and nobler than mine. Thanks for the suggestion. It should be full of life-giving power. Better, indeed, for our homes, were they founded upon a rock, barren and tempest-beaten though it be; better to know that the rain must descend, the floods come, and the winds blow, for only thus shall they stand, and not fall. In fairer and serenest climes, under the calm of a higher heaven, may we raise our pure white tents, and lay up our incorruptible treasures; their green pathways will we strew the symbolic branches from our own tree of life; and there may we swell the chorus taught us here below:—"Hosanna! Blessed indeed is he who comes to us in the name of the Lord."

Most gratefully yours,

ANNIE I

RESPONSE TO "SABBATH COMMUNINGS."

YES, I think I really did preach to you that morning. And your chosen text it was evidently unnecessary to dilate upon seeing, that, through some hidden process, the mystery was cleared and assurance came, as, on such a question it only could through the coming of Christ,—that so-needed coming, not only to the individual soul, but to the universal soul of man, as to make it amazing that Christianity ever can be doubted as a special revelation from God. Perhaps no more strictly special in the general application than in your individual instance. For,

indeed, I believe that "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his notice."

The same messenger that brought your welcome "communings" brought also these words:—

"A thought is something real: unto eyes
 Angelic, unto ours, one day, when flesh
 Shall cease to prison up the spirit-sense,
 The things of faith shall be the things of sight."

And another selection from one of the finest and most devout minds among living writers, you will readily assimilate into this train of thought: "If we would bless our fellow-creatures most effectually, most deeply, we must fill up the fountain within, with good thoughts and high purposes, drawn from a divine supply. Carry them the things which come from meditation, from prayer, from fidelity to God. Go to God. Go to Christ, praying for the treasures of knowledge; fill yourselves with true goodness and excellence; then, and then only, can you unfold to others the principle of true benevolence. You will then go with a benediction in your face. Your countenance will be to others as the face of an angel. Not the simple feeling of good-will to our fellow-creatures, but we must cultivate good thoughts and holy purposes, with a faithful looking-up to God, with all the devotion of which we are capable, before we can bless others. I suppose we never exerted ourselves in serious thought, or carried on a religious meditation, or, even in solitude, offered a sincere prayer to God, for which some fellow-creature was not the better; he had a part of the benefit, though he were not in our mind as the prayer rose from our soul,—even as the mist and vapor, rising in the far-off loneliness of mid-ocean, come down in dews and showers of blessing."

And now will you believe, after all this preparation, that I really did preach to you? Or, if you cannot so believe, think but, perchance, the sounds of spoken prayer went undulating through the still sabbath air, falling on the bodily ear, to be interpreted by that fine, subtle sense, which, when not held listening to the household jar within, *does* translate and explain all spiritual communings. Or, perhaps an extract from my journal of the notes of that day, you will acknowledge as preaching to you:—

Sunday, Nov. 10, 1850.

Another week has passed away, another sabbath dawns, and not yet may I go up to the temple of the Lord. Lord, here is this sanctuary of my chamber, in this holy of holies of my heart come thou! Let my morning service be acceptable in thy sight. O Lord, my strength and my redeemer! Not yet may I take up the prayer of thy church: "Let thy Holy Spirit accompany us to the place of thy public worship, making us serious and attentive, and raising our minds from the thoughts of this world to the considerations of the next, that we may fervently join the prayers and praises of thy church, and listen to our duty with honest hearts, in order to practise it." But in this, as in all things, I may well trust thee.

"And now, O Lord of life! I cried,
Around me spread, unknown and wide,
Thy ways, a pathless sea;
But thy dear love till now is tried,
And I will go where thou wilt guide,
And where thou art I dare abide,
For ever safe in thee."

How gladly would I have worshipped to-day with Annie in the sanctuary! I remember in thankfulness now that we have been happy in going to the house of God in company. There is no friendship worthy to be called such, that does not call forth the religious capabilities of the soul. No, I need not fear that my service will be impaired by my human affections, though the Lord God be "a jealous God."

As I sat in my solitary chamber, confined there by indisposition, recalling that most exquisite "Sabbath Sonnet" of Mrs Hemans, to aid in quelling the lingering longings toward our "Mecca," I little realized I might then and there project a blessing to a friend over the space that separates us; more surely perhaps, than in the way you prescribed, that of reading and interpreting (how feebly I need not add) the lesson of the day. And, then, to shrive you: you would, I fear, be like the lady in the fine old border-ballad:—

"And she blest herself that many a sin
She ne'er told to the holie man."

And I, to listen thereto, should surely find myself a "pervert," cast out from my reluctant church; and, for the practice of auricular confession,

cular confession, St. Peter's key would lock the convert within the door that no man shall open.

Though I speak lightly about this matter, I do not feel so. For I agree with Lord John Russell, that our church, or rather *my* church, and better still, *my branch* of the church, need fear less the advances of Rome than her own Romanizing tendencies. And other fearful portents, too, stream across the waters. "Her Majesty" does not very meekly bow to spiritual domination. In the "Scottish Free Kirk" she can and will, on occasion, worship, spite of lords spiritual; and to the Bishop of London confesses, over the set of Channing lying on her table, that it is her favorite Sunday reading.

On this subject I know you sympathize with me, though of differing communions in that one church of Christ which is to be gathered from the north and the south, from the east and the west, to sit down together in the kingdom of God.

HELEN S.

SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

THE destruction of these cities, as recorded in the Scriptures, is one of those historical facts, of dreadful yet instructive import, upon which it is well occasionally to pause in contemplation. The leading particulars of the case, stripped of the oriental *machinery* in which the Bible wraps it, are as follows:—

First, That the inhabitants of the district had, from some unexplained cause, become shockingly corrupt and imbruted. It is probable that they had fallen into some gross form of idolatry, and in consequence had become so besotted, that they were unable to discern the indications which were apparent to other observers, of approaching convulsions of nature in that region, which might prove fatal to them.

Second, That it was made very evident to Abraham, who was then living a little way to the north, that these cities would soon be utterly overwhelmed. He had no doubt about it, and he announced the fact distinctly and publicly. It appears, however, that he was not the first to perceive and proclaim the coming event; but that it was suggested to him by two strangers, whom

he was hospitably entertaining, called in the Bible, "angels;" the same who, in a spirit of extraordinary kindness, went down immediately after to the very city of Sodom, for the sake of giving timely warning to Lot, Abraham's kinsman; and who, notwithstanding the super-earthly halo which is thrown around them, were probably *men* of a religious character and office, who had been longer in that country than Abraham, and been in the habit of noticing such phenomena as those upon which their present apprehensions were grounded.

Third, That Lot, with his wife and two daughters, upon the urgent representation of the "angels," began at once their preparation for leaving the city; while his sons-in-law, whom he entreated to accompany him, ridiculed the idea of danger, he seeming to them "as one that mocked." At the first breaking of the morning, after he had been thus warned, the "angels," seeing the terrible signs thickening, "hastened" Lot, lest he should be consumed if he tarried longer to arouse and collect his friends. But he still lingered, unwilling that any should be left behind, till, perceiving that no farther delay *could* be allowed, they laid hold on him and his family, and, hurrying them out of the city, bade them "flee for life," "not to tarry" in any part of "the plain," nor wait so much as to "*look* behind them."

Fourth, That the doom announced by the "angels" was fulfilled in a manner the most frightful, and a destruction the most complete. "Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and he overthrew those cities and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground." The voice of the "angels" was now confirmed by the fact. Abraham, who had entertained them at his tent in Mamre, and who accompanied them on their way till they came to an eminence which commanded a view of the doomed region, waited in solemn expectation to behold the things which should come to pass. And on the following morning, standing there on the same hill where he had parted with the "angels," he looked, "and lo! the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

Fifth, That the wife of Lot, instead of pressing forward rapidly with her husband and daughters, looked back, lingered, moved slowly, and was overwhelmed; becoming, as the Bible says, "a pillar of salt."

These are the principal facts in the case. We have given them, as far as possible, an interpretation according to nature. The rule of interpretation, in this as in all cases, is, not to suppose a miracle when the facts can be satisfactorily explained by natural causes; — not to introduce a *god*, when the work to be done is not above the power of a *man*. The common view makes this whole transaction miraculous, — not extraordinary, but miraculous, — a special judgment of Heaven. It takes for granted that not only were the messengers who notified Abraham, and forewarned the family of Lot of what was coming, *supernatural* beings, but that the torrent of brimstone and fire was a flood of divine vengeance *miraculously* poured down from the sky. “On this occasion,” a very popular commentator learnedly observes, “the Lord raised hell up into heaven, and poured it down upon the cities of the plain”!

Now, that the communication made to Abraham and Lot was one of that class of occurrences properly called providential, none can deny. But the destruction itself — there are good reasons, it seems to us, for believing — was the effect of natural causes; of natural causes, perhaps we should add, set in swift action at that particular time, in order to mark the Creator’s abhorrence of the abounding iniquity of the country.

The destruction of these cities, as far as the fact of a sudden and complete obliteration goes, does not stand alone by any means. On the contrary, history records many such destructions. All are familiar with the fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii, sunk by an earthquake, and buried beneath showers of ashes, sulphur, and melted rocks, from the crater of the volcanic mountain near by. A city in Sicily has been several times destroyed by eruptions from *Ætna*. In Calabria, at one time, several towns were burnt, and one city was totally sunk, so that in a few minutes nothing remained where it stood but “a dismal, putrid lake.”

Compare now the destruction of “the cities of the plain” with that of those above mentioned. It is well known *where* “the plain” now is, and *what* it is. It lies from ten to twenty miles south-east from Jerusalem. It is covered with water, forming a lake or sea, commonly called the “Dead Sea,” because no living creature is found in it; sometimes, however, called the “Asphaltites,” because so strongly impregnated with bitumen; known also by the Arabs of the present day by the name of the

"Sea of Lot." Now, on the whole margin of this sea are unequivocal marks of extinct volcanoes. The most recent explorer, an American, a gentleman of science, acting under the authority of our government in his investigations, speaks of "the fretted mountains around it, sharp and incinerated, salt and ashes mingled with the sands of the shore, and foetid sulphureous springs trickling down the ravines." He mentions branches and trunks of trees scattered in every direction, some charred and blackened as by fire, others *white with an incrustation of salt*. He states that there is a stream of clear water near the base of the mountain, having "a strong smell of sulphur," and speaks of "fragments of rock blackened by sulphureous deposit." He reports "a volcanic formation on the east shore, and collects specimens of lava." He describes himself and his attendants as having their clothes "stiffened with incrustations" from the waters of the lake. Specimens of *sulphur* were brought to him that had been picked up on the banks of the Jordan, near the sea, probably washed down from the mountains by the river-torrents. He adds: "The inference from the Bible that this entire chasm was a plain sunk and overwhelmed, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings. The bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains, — an elevated and a depressed one; the former averaging thirteen, the latter about thirteen hundred feet below the surface. . . . There can scarce be a doubt that the whole has sunk from some extraordinary convulsion, preceded most probably by an eruption of fire, and a general conflagration of the bitumen which abounded in the plain. . . . All our observations have impressed me forcibly with the conviction that the mountains are older than the sea. . . . We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was sceptical; and another, I think, a professed unbeliever in the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we were unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain. . . . Every thing said in the Bible about the sea and the Jordan, we believe to be fully verified by our observations." *

From all these facts we think it may be inferred, that the "cities of the plain" were overwhelmed and burnt by the eruption of a volcano; and that, in consequence of an earthquake, or a

* See Lynch's "Expedition to the River Jordan," &c.

succession of them, what was at first a small lake in the vicinity was enlarged, till it covered the whole valley, and formed what is known as the Dead Sea.

But what of Lot's wife? It is generally believed, we suppose, that, in consequence of her want of faith and as a punishment of it, she was miraculously changed into "a pillar of salt." The simple truth of the matter probably is, that, by reason of her dilatoriness, she failed to reach in season a place of safety, and was buried in the common ruin. Perhaps the waters which burst forth when the convulsion took place, flowed over her, and being excessively salt, and charged with bitumen and sulphur, formed a solid incrustation around her body. Josephus speaks of this "pillar of salt" as standing in his day. His words are: "But Lot's wife, continually turning back to view the city as she went from it, and being too nicely inquisitive what would become of it, was changed into a PILLAR OF SALT; for *I have seen it*, and it remains at this day"! In the "Wisdom of Solomon," it is also mentioned: "When the ungodly perished, Wisdom delivered the righteous man who fled from the fire which fell down upon the five cities, of whose wickedness, *even to this day*, the waste land that *smoketh* is a testimony, and plants bearing fruit that never come to ripeness; and a standing PILLAR OF SALT is a monument of an unbelieving soul." Now that there is a pillar of salt on the margin of that sea is well enough ascertained; but whether the body of Lot's wife were encased in it is a question not to be too rigorously pressed. The shaft is described by Lieut. Lynch as "a lofty round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass of the mountain, at the head of a deep, narrow, abrupt chasm. It is of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallization." This, we presume, is the pillar which Josephus had seen.

The fate of these cities is used in the Scriptures of both the Old and New Testament as a warning to other cities, not to provoke destruction by their wickedness. It is used to impress the lesson that God does not suffer a guilty community, as he permits not a guilty individual, to go unpunished. And that, while in

the case of an individual, retribution is often postponed to another life, in the case of communities, of necessity, it takes place in this. For here, and here alone, a community lives. It has no immortality save that which it has in this world. Its reward is all here, its punishment all here. Towards a wicked community God is very patient, as he is towards a wicked person; but there is a point beyond which it cannot go, when its measure of iniquity is full, when the Holy and Just One can no longer tolerate it, without doing violence to his own justice and holiness; and then the day of judgment comes! Then fly the thunder-bolts! Then melt the rocks! Then upheaves the sea! The elements of discord can no longer be held in check; they become impetuous and raging. And soon the smiling plain, with its beautiful cities, is a desolation and a "dead sea."

The fate of Lot's wife is also used in the Scriptures to impress the *danger of delay* in religious duty. There is always, for all of us, some immediate duty, some duty for which now, and only *now*, is the accepted time; and that duty, if not done *now*, will in most cases never be done, or, if done at all, done only by crowding other duties out of their proper place. The duty of to-day cannot be so well done to-morrow; how can it? Neglected to-day, how, indeed, can it ever be properly done? There are duties peculiar to each period of one's life, and to every condition. There are duties of prosperity and adversity, of health and sickness, of society and solitude. In respect to each and all of these, the admonition, "Remember Lot's wife," is pertinent and forcible. Remember the risks of procrastination. Remember the danger of failing and changing resolutions. Remember the liabilities to disease, to loss of reason, to the successful assaults of temptation, to sudden death. Oh the folly, the madness, of pushing forward the burthen of one day or one season of life upon another, till life itself sinks beneath the load! "Delay not" is the good angel's cry to every soul; "haste thee; escape for thy life; and look not behind thee, lest thou be consumed!"

J. W. T.

THE FIRST SPRING FLOWER.

A NEAT little modest crocus peeped out from its snowy bed one frosty spring morning, and lifted its tiny head just under my window-pane. I wondered how it came to be so venturesome, and predicted such a specimen of folly ill befitted so modest a flower. There came a storm; a violent wind accompanied it; I felt anxious for the spring lady, but still she maintained her position, with now and then a violent jerk, which canted her head on one side. Though always of a timid look, yet it manifested a noble hardihood; its smile was unchanged through storm and sunshine; so I loved the spring visitor for its early appearance, and on this account it received the greater attention. By and by, the snows and frosts were succeeded by southerly breezes and calm sunshine, and a vernal air, that awakened myriads of living things; but these were all passed by, as nature's unvarying products; and now the sweet little crocus had disappeared; its flower had fallen from its stem, its seed had dropped in the earth, and its root lay blended with common herbage.

And what was the *mission* of this first spring flower? Nothing is made in vain, and even the humblest of nature's family never fails to teach a useful lesson to her reverent worshippers. That little seed dropped in the earth, and apparent decay rested upon it; the root, too, *seemed* dried up, and its pristine beauty was forgotten. But another spring succeeded, and yet other little crocuses lifted their tiny heads, and a clump of beauties again rose from their snowy beds; so the *first* crocus was not a perished thing, beside the suggestion it conveyed to others of its innate purity.

Do we not sometimes see lonely flowers, whose purity is unsoiled, lifting their heads amidst the dangerous storms of temptation, unshrinking amidst terrific blasts, unflinching amidst sad desolation? Oh! I have seen such an one, and the winds would sway its tender stalk, and fear would come over you lest it would be hurled amidst the wreck of the surrounding storm; and the hoarse wind would leave it still standing erect, unsoiled and unspotted by the world. The casement which enclosed such virtue would die, pass away, and be forgotten; but the *seed* it deposited

would surely rise, and be propagated by thousands; for the immortal life takes hold on eternity, and there is no decay. So I looked upon nature as a friendly aid to conduct me to admiration of her Author, and I read in her first openings that purity is the essence of immortal vigor.

H. S. E.

TO THE LIGHT-HOUSE OF MINOT'S LEDGE.

THE lamps of life and light together fled;
The storm's dread ruin tore thee from thy bed;
"Founded on rock," Omnipotence has hurled
His dashing waves, which o'er thy deck have curled.

Silence and ruin! and the storm swept by;
But thy strong form stands not athwart the sky;
And the lone watchers on thy lonely deck, —
Of them and thee the storm hath made a wreck.

The lamps of light are darkened, and for aye;
The lamps of life shine clearer than the day,
If, while on earth, the soul's bright flames were trimmed,
Like those that lit the shaded seas, undimmed.

Lift high the light-house on its rocky bed!
The beacon's shattered, and the lamps are fled.
That iron frame-work we shall view no more:
The lamps are lighted where the storms are o'er.

ARRITA —

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE publishers or authors have favored us with copies of the following books and pamphlets, all published recently. To several of them we should be glad to give longer notices than our full intelligence department will allow.

From Crosby and Nichols, *Thoughts on Self-Culture; addressed to Women*. By MARIA G. GREY, and her sister, EMILY SHIBREFF, authors of "Passion and Principle," and "Letters from Spain and Barbary." — These accomplished ladies address the younger portion of their sex sensibly, in a pure and dignified style, and in an earnest and thoughtful spirit. Their work is impressed with marks of a character superior to that of most treatises addressed to females. Some of the principal topics on which woman is here instructed are, Influence, Habit, Method, Conscience, Love and Pursuit of Truth, Moral Discipline, Benevolence, Mental Training, Reading and Subjects for Study, Imagination and Enthusiasm, and Religion.

Rev. Charles A. Farley's Sermon at San Francisco, on the Moral Aspect of California. — Full of sound advice for the new country.

Seventeenth Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the benevolent Fraternity of Churches. — Mostly occupied with instructive and engaging details of the useful and faithful labors of Rev. Messrs. Bigelow, Cruft, and Winkley, during another year.

Sixth Semi-annual Report of the Ministry at Large in Charleston, with the Report of the Edgeworth Chapel Sunday School. By Rev. O. C. EVERETT. — One of the best documents of the kind we have read, and deserving to be circulated beyond the locality from which its records are gathered, and where its first presentation gave so much satisfaction.

Catalogue of Garden, Flower, Field, and Grass Seeds, Horticultural Tools, &c. &c. David Prouty and Co. — Just what it professes to be, the various implements being exhibited in picture.

The Grand Issue; an Ethico-political Tract. By SAMUEL VILLARD. J. P. Jewett & Co. — The calm remonstrance of a mature mind, of clear insight, and free from all party bias or pas-

sion, against the moral character and workings of the Law for the Rendition of Fugitives from Slavery; with an able examination of it in the light of the general spirit and tenor of the Constitution.

The Divine Right of Government; a Discourse. By Rev. W. P. LUNT, D.D. of Quincy.

The Cure; a Sermon. By Rev. C. A. BARTOL, of Boston.

The Gospel applied to the Fugitive Slave Law; a Sermon. By Rev. OLIVER STEARNS, of Hingham.

These three discourses differ from one another more decidedly in their general tone and scope than in specific statements. The author of each might probably assent to much that is advanced in the other two. There is no reason, that we can discover, for regarding either of these preachers as less sincere, independent, or conscientious in his office than the others. And all the three have expressed their convictions with ability. Mr. Lunt shows us more of the statesman; Mr. Bartol, more of the spiritually-minded disciple; Mr. Stearns, more of the rigid moralist and dialectician. We agree with the former in his view of the importance of obedient deference to the laws; but he exaggerates the magnitude of the statute-book, and the obligation of legal restraints as compared with the behests of that moral nature of the individual, inspired by God, without which human law has no longer any basis, sanction, or authority. With the two latter discourses, we agree altogether; and we believe their teachings to be those most urgently needed now, for the moral soundness of the community. Every such production is colored, perhaps more than it ought to be, by passing events. In view of this circumstance, it would compare better with our own idea of ministerial duty to have proclaimed at this time, the doctrines of either of the two latter discourses than of the former one.

INTELLIGENCE.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK

Began this year with smiling skies and summer-like weather which continue whilst we write, though there are slight signs in the heavens that a change may come, and the usual droppings of the clouds be experienced. As the press waits for us, our summary of the proceedings must be hurried and brief, and some matters postponed until next month. Whether owing to the

other excitements which have agitated, and perhaps exhausted, the public mind during the winter, or to the natural diminution of a strictly denominational interest, growing out of the increase of our body and the cessation of controversy, or, what is more probable, the travelling facilities by which many come and go, from day to day, without abiding in the city, the visitors received are not as numerous as on former occasions. The enlargement of Boston, and the change in the character of its population, has also, without doubt, deprived these annual religious gatherings of the prominence and distinction they once enjoyed. Still there have been indications of warm spiritual life, — proofs that the worship of Mammon has not yet taken the place of the worship of God, and that devotion to earthly aggrandizement has not put out the remembrance of the claims of the soul.

The series of meetings commenced on Monday afternoon, in the Winter-street Church, with the ANNIVERSARY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BIBLE SOCIETY. Prayer was offered by Dr. Hopkins, of Williams College. Hon. Simon Greenleaf, LL.D. presided. Rev. Dr. Parkman, of Boston, the Corresponding Secretary, read the Report, — an encouraging paper, prepared with great clearness of statement, neatness and grace of diction. The acceptance, &c. of this document was moved by Dr. Stow (Baptist), of Boston, who dwelt emphatically, and in a most Catholic spirit, upon the fact that the Bible-cause was common ground, and, being a Christian cause, was high ground. He spoke of the warrant and obligation to diffuse the sacred volume, because it was God's communication to man, and also because of its peculiar revelations. He also described the benign influence exerted by the Bible upon society, upon all we hold important and dear in this life, as well as its inestimable value as teaching the way of salvation. He was followed by Rev. Dr. Johns (Episcopalian), of Christ's Church, Baltimore, who took the place of Dr. Dean, of New York. Dr. Johns's topics were the boldness, the beauty, the philosophical benevolence, of the institutions for the circulation of the Bible. This enterprise, by its largeness and fearlessness, commended itself to the American mind; it promised also to make our country as remarkable for the profusion in which the bread of life shall be enjoyed, as it was now for the abundance of the bread which feeds the body; and to the love the gospel inculcates we were to look for the removal of social and national evils, whilst that also redeems the individual soul. Rev. Samuel Osgood, New York, introduced a resolution asserting the worth of the Bible as a manual of social economy, and the necessity for its circulation as ~~improving~~ the

exclusive devotion to material interests, becoming so characteristic of the age. He dwelt upon the Bible-doctrine of man as the subject of two kingdoms, — the earthly and the heavenly; and his obligation to live in the former with reference to his relations to the latter. He spoke of the Bible as the mediator between the eastern and western mind, between the tendency to mysticism and the tendency to materialism, — thus producing a true Christian civilization. In our country, immigration and other causes are making spiritual despotism and materialism active and conflicting elements, which must be reconciled, subdued, and directed by the influence of the Scriptures. Mr. Osgood's topics were ably illustrated; and his statements, from personal examination, of the infidel and disorganizing tone of a large portion of the German mass of New York, attracted great attention. Rev. Leon Pilatte, delegate from France, closed the meeting with a beautiful speech, couched in singularly correct English, eulogizing this country, and describing the condition, morally, of his native land. The occasion, on the whole, was one of much interest.

THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY held its public meeting, Monday evening, in the Park-street Church; Samuel Greele, Esq. in the chair. The Report of the Secretary gave a good account of the state and progress of the cause. Rev. Rufus W. Clark, of Portsmouth, N.H. gave a strong, sensible, and candid address, exhibiting the barbarism of war, its opposition to the civilization and evangelization of the world. He fortified his position with incontrovertible facts.

The Business Meeting of the UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION took place Tuesday, A.M. at Chapel of the Church of the Saviour. The Secretary's Report was read, and the following officers elected: President, Rev. S. K. Lothrop; Vice-President, Hon. Stephen Fairbanks; Executive Committee, Rev. Henry A. Miles, D.D. Isaiah Bangs, Esq., Hon. Albert Fearing, Rev. Charles Brooks, Rev. G. W. Briggs; Treasurer, H. P. Fairbanks, Esq.; General Secretary, Rev. Calvin Lincoln. — A preamble and resolutions in regard to the course taken by prominent Unitarian laymen and clergymen on the Fugitive Slave Bill, was introduced by Rev. S. J. May, Syracuse, N.Y.; and the Association voted not to receive them.

SOCIAL FESTIVAL. — Assembly Hall was simply but beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers, mostly gifts from the country, under the directing taste of Rev. Mr. Barnard; and the ampl

tables were loaded with a neatly arranged and quite luxurious repast for the annual SOCIAL FESTIVAL, Tuesday afternoon, 27th inst. The company began to gather and exchange congratulations at ten o'clock, in the reception-room, entering the hall about two. M. S. Clarke, Esq., chairman of the committee of arrangements, greeted the guests, and introduced Hon. Benjamin Seaver as President. Dr. Barrett, of Boston, asked the blessing; and Rev. Mr. Elliot, of St. Louis, returned thanks. The President, in a brief address, in which he paid a deserved tribute to Dr. Gannett, as the originator of this festival, welcomed the clergy and their wives in behalf of the Unitarian laymen of Boston. By apt sentiments and felicitous allusions, various gentlemen were "called out," and duly responded to the call. The speakers were Rev. Chandler Robbins, Boston; Hon. J. P. Hale, U.S. Senator; Rev. Mr. Bond, Dover, N.H.; Rev. Mr. Elliot; Rev. Mr. Muzzey, Cambridge; His Excellency Governor Boutwell; Hon. Horace Mann; Samuel Greele, Esq.; Rev. Charles Farley, representing California; Mr. Holt, of Liverpool; Rev. Mr. Sanger, Dover, Mass.; Dr. Farley, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Rev. Samuel Osgood, N.Y.; Rev. John Pierpont; Judge White, of Salem. The speaking was generally in a playful and graceful strain, suited to the social hour; though sober words of graver import were not wanting. A band of music was in attendance, and three original hymns were sung by the whole company. The numbers were not quite so great as in former years; but the scene was brilliant, lively, and every way well-ordered; and the occasion served to give new proof of unity of spirit and kindly sympathy in the denomination. Among the pleasant facts of the occasion, was the harmonious occupation of common ground as liberal Christians, and the manifestation of fraternal interest by those, on subjects widely apart in opinion, and in some places antagonistic in action. Great praise is due to the committee of arrangements; and they certainly earned the unanimous and hearty vote of thanks, the only return their guests could make for their labors of love.

The Public Meeting of the AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION was held Tuesday evening, 27th inst. in the Federal-street Church; Rev. S. K. Lothrop, President, in the chair. Prayer by Rev. Dr. Barrett. The General Secretary read extracts from his valuable Report, presented and accepted in the morning. The following were the resolutions, spoken to in order:—

1st, — *Resolved*, That the history of the Christian church, and the signs of the times, not less than wide-spread and undeniable wants, teach us, that, avoiding sectarian aggressions, we should

ness, we should be faithful in the exposition and dissemination of the gospel of Divine grace, as we have drawn it from the oracles of our faith.

2d, — *Resolved*, That the history of Christian beneficence, and the examples of efficient labor in other directions, show, that while the strength of every enterprise lies in purity of personal conviction and action, success in the diffusion of truth depends very much on union of individual resources.

3d, — *Resolved*, That personal holiness, originating in an act of faith, and expressed in the practical life, is at once the proof and the method of a true reconciliation of the soul to God.

4th, — *Resolved*, That the past contributions of our scholars to the means of biblical study, and the interest taken at present in the formation of Bible-classes, concur with the intrinsic claims of Scripture to impose on us the duty of an earnest and constant perusal of the sacred volume.

5th, — *Resolved*, That the logical and spiritual tendencies of Unitarian thought lead, not to skepticism or disorder, but to calm and clear faith.

The President called out two gentlemen to each resolve, as follows: Dr. Hall, Providence, and Judge Rogers, Boston; Rev. I. Frost, Concord, Mass. and Hon. Henry Chapin, Worcester; Rev. Mr. Sears, Wayland, and Rev. Mr. Willson, Grafton; Dr. Parnaman, Boston, and Francis B. Hayes, Esq. Boston; Rev. Mr. Ellis, St. Louis, and Rev. Wm. Mountford, Gloucester. The addresses were all good and appropriate: some were cut short; too much provision having been made for the time allowed. The remarks of Messrs. Sears and Willson, on the third resolve, were especially fervent, practical, and impressive. The meeting, only except in its being carried to so late an hour, and placing a few speakers in a position where they must either do themselves injustice or weary the audience, was of the highest order, — liberal, Christian, earnest, and spiritual, free from every tone of controversy, and loyal to the simple gospel of Christ.

THE MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE held its sessions, A.M. and P. on Wednesday, in the Chapel of the Church of the Saviour. In the morning, the Theological Address was given by Rev. F. Hedge, Providence: in the afternoon, the Address on "Reformation" came from Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Medford; both discourses being followed by discussions. The officers of the Conference chosen for the ensuing year are, — Rev. F. A. Farley, D.D. President; Rev. F. D. Huntington, Secretary; and Revs. G. E. Ellis, J. V. Thompson, D.D., E. B. Hall, D.D., Executive Committee.

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METHODS OF SELF-DISCIPLINE.

MR. EDITOR, — I promised an excellent friend and zealous Sunday-school teacher a written opinion on a point of considerable interest, touching the cultivation of the Christian character, which, with your permission, I will now deliver to her, and to such others as may feel an interest in the subject, through the pages of your magazine.

The question relates to the merits of a certain method, often recommended, if not adopted, in pursuing the great work of self-discipline, — that, namely, of taking it up in parts, and devoting a certain portion of time specially to each; setting apart, for instance, to-day or this week for particular attention to *patience* or *temperance*, to-morrow or next week for practising upon some other grace or virtue, and so on through the year, and through the analytical table of a complete Christian character.

Now, I confess, my prepossessions (for I had not hitherto been led to think very seriously of the matter) are strongly *against* the process. At first sight, it certainly strikes me as not desirable, even if practicable. At least, its desirableness and practicability should seem to depend on two things: first, on the character of the individual by whom or to whom it is to be applied; and, secondly, upon the question whether it is to be only used negatively, that is, in the correction of faults, or positively, in the education of virtues. For a nature of any

lity and refinement of feeling and perception, I do not think such a plan would be at all suitable; and I have strong doubts whether it would be possible. The truth is, in my opinion, that it proceeds upon a theory of the divisibility of human nature, which though it may furnish a convenient nomenclature in comparing men and describing their characters, becomes inapplicable in practice, to the extent which the method we are considering would require. Character is not so much a *structure* as it is *growth*. It is not a thing of *composition*, but a thing of *organization*. We speak, indeed, of *building up* a character; and this is the English of the scriptural word *edification* (though the figure is applied by the apostles, not to the rearing of an individual character, but to the building *together* of the believers into church). Our Master also speaks of a wise man's house being *built* upon a rock: this metaphor, however, must not mislead us into a too stiff and mechanical mode of proceeding, in seeking to train ourselves up, or those committed to us, to the stature of Christ-like perfection. If it were safe to follow through any one of the images familiarly employed to emblemize the gradual formation of character, that other scriptural one would be the least likely to mislead a literal reader of parables, which makes the inner life of man a putting-forth of the *seed* of the word, the *root* of faith. Now, when we regard the Christian character in this light, as a tree of life, rising out of the soil of a good heart to meet the air and sunlight of divine influence, we must see, I think, the inadequacy and inappropriateness of so formal a method as the one on which we are commenting, to the task of training such a character up. So far as the mere correction of faults goes (which, it must be admitted, has become, in the degeneracy of man from his original make, a very considerable part of spiritual discipline), the system of management under consideration may be of service as an auxiliary to deeper and more vital methods; it may, especially with impulsive and wandering spirits, be of advantage to determine, "To-day I will watch, and see that I do not speak a word in bad temper," or "This week I will devote to the special task of denying my appetite;" though I must say, again, that I can conceive of many cases where even this application of the method would be far from desirable. But when it comes to what *education* positively means, the unfolding and drawing-out into action of the faculties and feelings which belong

to human nature, it seems to me a pretty clear case that an attempt to put in practice such a patchwork system would produce this alternative: either it would, if strictly followed, fail, in its stiffness and superficiality, to create or convert character; or else, with a mind sufficiently sensible, and a heart sufficiently sensitive, to see and feel the inadequacy of a literal adherence to it, it would soon pass over into that more life-like and generous treatment of a spiritual nature which I have intimated that it demands. To return to our comparison of the growth of character to the growth of a tree, — in the pruning away of excrescences, dead twigs, and the like, it may be as natural a course as any other to begin with one branch, and go on with another and another in succession, till you have trimmed the whole tree. But if your object were to quicken the growth of the tree, you would not water to-day this branch, and to-morrow the next, and so on; but you would go to the bottom, and see to the preparation of the soil, the supplying of the root with proper moisture, and generally to such arrangements as would affect the organic being to the quick, and send an influence at once through all the channels of its life. Now, let this be applied to the cultivation of character. Because an apostle says, “Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge,” &c. &c., we are not to imagine that a character is to be *put together* piece by piece, like a wax plant or a dissected map, or like one of those toy-trees in which the leaves are *sewed on*. Not so must that tree of Christian life and grace be reared and nurtured which shall stand the shock of the elements and the wear of time. The method which we pursue in its training must relate to such a distribution of action, *not of ideal*, as shall be most likely to dispose and enable the whole man to “do all to the glory of God.” If this distribution of the qualities of Christian character, the graces of the Christian spirit, is to be any thing more than a nominal thing, how is it a possible thing? They all meet in one root, — call it faith, love, or what you will. It is very proper and important to methodize time with reference to the most effectual study and practice of the great example, the life, spirit, and character of Christ, — to say, for instance, “This hour shall be devoted to reading, meditation, or prayer, and this hour to action in society,” giving the whole soul to the object, whatever for the time it may be (though, even then, method must be our servant, not we its slaves); but to take

the unity of goodness apart, as it were, and say, "Now I will cultivate self-respect and now self-denial, now moderation and now decision," and to think of establishing a real and adequate religious character by such a course, would be, I fear, to plan and expect very unreasonably.

But there is evidently much to be said on both sides of the whole question.

C. T. B.

LISTENING FOR GOD'S VOICE.

"O MARY! you look so quiet here, so happy and cheerful; this little still, shady room is such a contrast to the bustle out of doors; I am so tired with the rush in the streets, the noise and crowd of the stores, and all the confusion I have been in for the last two hours, — I am so weary, Mary; you will not believe it, but you really seem to me an object of envy, confined to that comfortable bed."

"Yes, Annie dear, we invalids do have our privileges, though lying in bed does not always seem one."

"Oh, no! dear Mary, I did not really mean that, I know. I would not have you think that I do not appreciate the patience and cheerfulness with which you bear this terrible dispensation. But here, in this room of yours, you do not know how foolishly I feel as if I had spent the last few hours. Turning over piece after piece of mousseline and calico and silk, that I might be sure that my poor foolish taste was in every way suited. And, then, to see others, by the dozens, engaged in the same elevating occupation! How can we, city-people, think of high and holy things? Do we not need the quiet of the country, or the stillness of a room like this, to learn religion in? How can we feel God's presence while we are so absorbed in this world's occupations and follies?"

"Perhaps we could not, if our whole life were made up of such things; but it is not. Only to a small degree is it so with you, Annie dear; for you have higher tastes than mere love of dress and pleasure to be satisfied. And so there are many quiet hours at home, to think of God in; and night comes, with its solemn

pause and stillness, to lift us above the world by its calm, quiet hours for meditation."

"If I could only feel as you feel, Mary; if I could only draw near to God, and feel that he is near to me; if I could only hear his voice speaking to me, — I might hope to grow holier. But it is so hard to be conscious of God's presence, to really feel that he is ever with me. I think I have never got over the feeling of childhood, that God is away up in the heavens; and that, if only the clouds would pass away, we might see him on his throne. Just as I used to watch for those openings in the sky, hoping that I might see him there, do I now watch for some real belief that he is speaking to me and hearing my prayers."

"Have you listened for his voice in your own heart, Annie? Have you looked for the manifestations of his spirit in your own soul? I feel so sure, that, if we only watch closely the events of our lives, and notice carefully their effects upon our character, we may have the fullest faith in God's interest in our own souls, may feel convinced that God leaves none of his children alone. Each one may see it for himself, if he but seek for it. While those about us, watching our lives, may observe in a passing event only a matter of course, only something befalling us in common with the rest of the world, we may see that God is thus teaching us directly some lesson of faith which we needed; giving us some trial of patience, because in us patience needs to be strengthened, or showing us, by some circumstance in our lives, that we have been deceived in ourselves, deceived into a false rest; and that, while we thought we were strong in fortitude or disinterestedness, we are very weak, and ready to fall when temptation besets us. Did you never have some text of Scripture, which you had read until it was familiar as your own name to your ear, and yet, without being much impressed by it, come to you with new light and power, when repeated at some one time, perhaps from the pulpit, or at some unexpected moment? I can remember one instance in which I was so instructed. It was when I was first laid on this bed, and when I had been tried by severe pain, and so weakened that I could hardly raise my head. I was depressed and saddened, too, by the prospect that seemed opening before me. A friend who came in to see me happened to mention this verse, as the motto which had been chosen for the entrance to a new cemetery, "*Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of*

death, I will fear no evil." I had often read the words before the beautiful psalm in which they occur had been familiar to me from my earliest recollection; but now they came to my ears with new power, with power to uphold my faith, and show me that even through greater trials I might still be sustained, if I would "fear no evil." And often, when my spirit has drooped and faith seemed failing me, have those words sounded in my ear, as spoken by some angel-voice, and brought me strength and hope by the deep trust that is contained in them. Now, do you think I am wrong in thinking that God thus spoke to me, — that strengthened my faith in him?"

"No, dear Mary, I cannot think you wrong in this. When you have said reminds me of a similar experience of my own. It was at that terrible time when Richard died. Mother, you remember, was lying sick; and our dear little Jemmie's life seemed to hang on a thread. Those beautiful lines of Norton's beginning —

"My God! I thank thee: may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe!"

suddenly occurred to me, and sounded in my ears day after day, and words cannot tell the deep meaning they seemed to have for me. The strangest thing about it, too, was that they had been familiar to my ear before. I suppose I had heard them read very often from the pulpit; yet they had never impressed me particularly, and I did not really know that there was such a hymn in the hymn-book."

"Precisely the same thing, dear Annie. Now, I think that God thus sent you strength and comfort. Perhaps I may be thought by some to be imaginative, and to make too much of a little thing; but we are too apt to let these little things pass as if there were no meaning in them. Just so, I have often noticed how perfectly adapted to my wants were the little trials and changes and incidents of my life, — showing me so plainly that One was watching over me who knew me altogether, knew me better, so much better, than I know myself.

"Alice B—— has been here to-day. She is in deep grief from the loss of her two only children. You know how delicate and frail and dependent she is. You and I would have said that such a dreadful trial would have utterly crushed her; for she was perfectly devoted to her children. But He who sent the trial had

given her strength to bear it. She says that no mortal power could have supported her; that only by his arm could she have been upheld. She speaks of her children calmly, cheerfully; with bursts of grief, indeed; but not for one moment does she repine, or question God's goodness. Do we not see him plainly in a case like this?"

"Yes indeed, Mary, we cannot stop and think about it without feeling sure that God is around us and within us. I will not forget what you have told me. I will try to see him and hear him in my own soul. I can at least seek for faith in his presence. But the world goes on so from day to day, and men and women live in it apparently so unconscious of God's power or his influence! Is it not strange?"

"But I must bid you good-bye. These quiet hours in your room do me good. They call me out of this busy, working world, and show me that there is something to live for beside the outward and perishable."

"Not more good than your bright, happy face does me, Annie. I am cut off from this busy life, and have nothing to do but wait and hope and meditate. You must work while it is day."

"Then you do not think I wasted the two hours I spent in shopping this morning?"

"No, indeed, Annie. I remember the trials of shopping well enough to know that it needs a great deal of time, when we have to take into consideration the durability of an article and its price, and seek for something in accordance with good taste too. I know you did not spend your time so from mere caprice."

"Thank you. I am wonderfully rested; and I believe your words have given me a new impression of this life."

"I am glad if I can do any good by my words, for they are all I have left to do good with. It is not given unto me to prove my love by actions. Come and see me again soon: your cheerful face makes me feel sure that this world is not all made up of sick rooms and invalids, which I am sometimes inclined to doubt, when I am shut up here alone."

H. D. H.



IDEAL IMAGERY.

FAR from the dull, red walls that hem me round,
 And the paved streets which languidly I pace,
 My eye sweeps o'er the distant range of hills,
 Through the soft haze delightedly to trace
 A fairy realm, by Fancy's pencil drawn
 Upon the mystic curtain of the morn.

Long colonnades in dim perspective lost,
 Majestic temples, silver-pointed spires,
 Fountains where nymphs might lave their blushing cheeks,
 And groves where dryads, lulled by Orphean lyres,
 Might press the velvet carpet, rich inlaid
 With the mosaic of the light and shade ;

Lakes, shrined in the deep bosom of the vale,
 Crimson with blushes, 'neath the ardent gaze
 Of the enamored sun, who, issuing forth
 From his pavilion, crowned with golden rays,
 Sheds his warm glances with impassioned glow
 O'er the deep tide, that sleeps in smiles below.

Ah ! this is not reality's domain,
 So plastic 'neath the Fancy's magic skill,
 Where human thought can see its own bright forms,
 And shift the gorgeous pageantry at will.
 This solid earth, though fair, is not a part
 Of the diviner outbirth of the heart.

Mark, now, how, just dissolving into air,
 The fairy fabric fades and melts away,
 Leaving the sunny hills and mountains bare,
 But decked with smiles to greet the cloudless day ;
 And rural homes enrich the woodland shade,
 In place of gorgeous dome and colonnade.

And shall we say, the *real* round us spread,
 This landscape painted by a master-hand
 With such infinitude of form and hue,
 And vast expanse, by mortal never spanned,
 Hath not enough of beauty to supply
 Our being's want, — the soul's capacity ?

Yet why the void that aches even in our joy ;
 The fevered yearning, never satisfied ;
 The vision still receding from our chase ;
 And sad unrest, the which we seek to hide
 Behind the mask of custom, — though in vain
 Its iron clasp to bind the teeming brain ?

The soul must *make* the heaven for which it pines,
 And its own life infuse in every part,
 And from the fountain of all being draw
 The inspiration of sublimest art, —
 That beauty, born of love, shall round it lie,
 Exhaustless as its immortality.

S. W. J.

THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH.

A SERMON, BY REV. SAMUEL GILMAN, D.D.

¹ PET. ii. 11. — “Dearly beloved, I beseech you, as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.

A LIFE of sensuality is the most fearful of all hindrances to personal religion, to improvement, to individual happiness, and to the well-being of society. The senses were given us to be our servants, not our tyrants. They are the medium of communication between our spirits and the external world ; but if our spirits get entangled in their meshes, and corrupted by their allurements, all the benefits and advantages which the external world, that theatre of God's works, is waiting to confer upon us, are irretrievably lost. We are to live *by* our senses, but not *for* them. They are at once our friends and our enemies, but just such as we choose to make them. We cannot live without them ; we are chained to them by irresistible necessity ; but, blessed be God, we can put still stronger chains upon *them*. In the warfare between flesh and spirit, flesh is no match for spirit, if spirit will at put forth its power, and exercise its divine prerogatives. To do it in these perilous contests, the gospel of Jesus Christ was given to the world. With a voice of heavenly authority, with motives of eternal obligation, it everywhere commands and *beseeches us to abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.*

How much is conveyed by the single word *beseech*, which occupies the van of our text! It seems as if the heavenly messenger yearned with more than usual affection for his fellow-beings, when contemplating the peculiar dangers which he had at the moment in view. He saw, with his single inspired glance, the insidious power of the senses,—the strength of that chain of habit which they bind round their victim,—the exceeding difficulty of being rescued from their more than iron grasp,—the degradation, the ruin, in which they involve the undying soul: and, moved with horror at the spectacle, he forgets for a moment his apostolic authority; he forgets that he may rightfully use the language of command; and *beseech, beseech*, is the word with which he alarms, persuades, moves, summons, and reclaims mankind. How natural, how appropriate, is the phrase in this connection! When a father sees his beloved son plunging into the vortex of dissipation, or a mother apprehends degradation for a cherished daughter, *they* are not satisfied with a simple, cold parental command. No. Their very heartstrings burst, as in an agony of affectionate terror; they *beseech* their offspring to avoid the gulf which yearns before them. Just so revelation represents our heavenly Father as yearning over his more offspring, as trembling for the precious souls which he has created and, laying aside for the moment that august majesty and authority with which he fills the heavens and the earth, as condescending to *beseech* them to rush from impending misery, and to accept of and secure their proffered happiness.

The effect of sensual indulgences is most happily depicted in that phrase of Scripture where they are said to *war against the soul*. Profound, important, and expressive truth! If the word *soul* be here employed collectively to represent our intellectual moral, and spiritual natures combined, this phrase, *war against the soul*, has an application as extensive and fearful as it is expressive and true. It might easily be shown, as the voice of universal experience, that an exclusive or even a preponderant devotion to the allurements of sense inevitably weakens the powers of the intellect, impairs the memory, deadens the imagination beclouds the reason, distracts the attention, corrupts the conscience and moral sense, extinguishes an interest in the higher concerns of life, paralyzes the promptings of benevolence, creates an indifference for prayer, bedims the lustre of religious faith and

excludes the thought of a present or even of an existing governing God, and places the sense of heaven and heavenly at an infinite and impracticable distance. Is not this against the soul to the utmost content of the enemy of God?

It comes not, indeed, within the precincts of the pulpit to be specific rules for the government of men's sensual passions. That task belongs properly to the physician, the philosopher, the moral economist, and to the feeling of personal responsibility which each man owes to himself. But what *does* belong to the pulpit is the inculcation of a high and strict standard in every department of human life, to show its intimate connection with religion, to *awaken* men to a sense of their duty, to point out inevitable tendencies, to warn against certain fatal consequences, and thus to bring as much as possible of the attention and efforts of men from the side of perishing gratifications, to the side of self-denial, self-restraint, temperance, purity, and industry. I am aware also of the delicacy and difficulty of touching certain topics involved in the text. An allusion to some sins connected with it, is supposed to be beneath the dignity of speaking; while, on others, the usages of modern society impose a mysterious silence. Nevertheless, I will aim and I hope to treat the general subject in a manner that shall correspond to its true importance in the Christian and social scheme.

The subject we are discussing has a prominent bearing on the education of the young. I believe that the ruin of thousands may every day be traced to the weakness and the error of parents who pamper their children with sensual indulgences, ignore of the dangers which they incur, and the manifold evils to which such indulgences tend. It is a grand and serious mistake to persuade children to their duty by promising them the gratification of their appetites and administering delicacies to their palates. By this method, you not only train them into habits of sensual indulgence, but you fill their minds with false ideas of the relative importance of things, and you instil errors as to the true nature of virtue and moral obedience. The child is thus easily led to suppose that sensual good is the measure of all blessings, since you have made it the measure and reward of rectitude with him. Besides, I am confident that children who make slow progress in their education, are heavy

over their books, and so cause deep and lasting mortification to their parents, in consequence of the pernicious sort of training to which I allude. It is impossible for any teacher, had he the talents and sagacity of an angel, to develop strength in the youthful mind, where the brain is thus overloaded and stimulated by extraordinary quantities of luxurious food. This is one of those cases where the poor have a real advantage over the rich. The self-denial and temperance to which poverty necessarily leads is often a fair counterbalance for its pinching privations, since the elastic habits and mental brightness they produce are infinitely to be preferred to the withering luxuries and blunting self-indulgences of wealth. I would advise every rich man to bring up his child with the simplicity and abstemiousness which some of his poorer neighbors are compelled to adopt, and to appropriate much of that money, which he lavishes on pampering it with luxuries, to the relief of the necessitous and unfortunate. There would be a wiser and more Christian equalization of the advantages of wealth than any of the impracticable schemes of the visionary socialists of our day. An eminent statesman and soldier in the times of the American Revolution, who was also a confidential friend of our great and good Washington, was once taken prisoner and detained several weeks by a detachment of Indians. During this time he was put on very scanty allowance; and, in the course of his subsequent life, he frequently remarked, that his intellect had never been so bright, nor his spirits so elastic, when he had thus been compelled to adopt an abstemious diet. One of the most eloquent and remarkable of our living writers ascribes the development of his mind in early life to the fact, that his mother was left a widow with six children, in deep poverty; and that frequently, for several days together, he had no other food than just a sufficient quantity of bread to preserve him from absolute starvation. Thus it is that Providence kindly equalizes our various lots. He who has at his feet the means of gratifying all his senses is not therefore the most enviable man. I have not unfrequently heard persons even lament that they were born in affluence, and reared in the midst of abundance and indulgence. They ascribed it to that circumstance, that they were doomed through life to obscurity, that they had no impulse to develop and exert their powers; while others, whom they knew in early years to be deprived of every external advantage, had distant

them in the race of usefulness, and had displayed the full and perfect capabilities of men. Here are new and striking corroborations of the necessity to abstain from fleshly lusts that war against the soul.

It may be said, Shall we sullenly and ungratefully refuse the various enjoyments which Providence itself administers to the senses? Shall we live lives of monkish asceticism, and refrain from every sort of external indulgence? Shall we go back to the simple practices of the savage or the brute, and aim only at the bare preservation of life? Shall we forego the arts and advantages of civilization and refinement, and banish every thing like pleasure from the intercourse of society or the resorts of solitude? By no means. For all that would be a foolish, ungracious, and criminal extreme. But I would ask every conscientious and experienced heart one question: On which side of the true line lies the greatest amount of danger? Are mankind in general as much inclined to injure themselves, by refraining from sensual excess, as they are by indulging in it? Or are not the perils a thousand-fold the other way? Surround a hundred men with every species of sensual temptation, and how many will you insure escape, unless you can infuse into their souls the bracing principles of the religion of Christ? Here, then, is the glaring, the incontrovertible, the terrible fact, staring every candid and unprejudiced man in the eye. If we are permitted the enjoyment of these various outward indulgences, in *what spirit are they to be met?* There is the question which involves the heart of this whole matter. Are we to plunge into these enjoyments with a headlong, brutish recklessness and self-abandonment? Are we to constitute them, as too many do, the entire study of our lives; thinking only, from morning to night, how we may gratify this, that, and the other sense? Are we to make a business of that which God intended should only be an accidental and subsidiary purpose of existence? Or are we not perpetually to remember, that a sword of Damocles is hung by nature and Providence themselves over the great sensuous feast of life? Can moralists inculcate, can friendship recommend, can man devise for himself, a better rule than to maintain, at all times and in all places, a high, strict, uncompromising standard as to this most vital and important subject? Can carelessness and indifference about it be

in any degree excusable? Can the loose jest, the accommodating maxim, the unprincipled practice in reference to these things, find place in any society or in any household where there is the least reverence for the will of God, or the least desire to accomplish the happiest ends of their being?

The command to abstain from fleshly lusts has this striking recommendation in its favor, that it really does not abridge, but, on the contrary, increases man's true enjoyments, even in so low as an epicurean point of view. Take a whole life which has been devoted to sensual pleasures, and place it side by side with another life which has been passed in the strictest observance of every species of temperance; calculate the different amounts of their respective enjoyments; strike the balance between them by as nice or as liberal an arithmetic as you choose; and it will be found that he who has denied himself has been, on the whole, by far the largest gainer. His days have glided away in a serener peace; his health has been more constantly uninterrupted; his disappointments have been fewer, because his happiness has not been, like the others, at the mercy of a thousand outward accidents; all the powers of his body and his mind have moved like a happy clock-work, not rushing along at one moment in the delirium of a fever, nor stagnating at another from the obstruction of excess.

How many victims to sensual pleasures, to "fleshly lusts," have I known and witnessed through life! Would that I could hold up their collective image as a warning to all those who have only commenced, but not too late, the same degrading and ruinous career! Behold that generous and beautiful youth, — with a warm and affectionate heart, with brilliant and promising talents, with every opportunity of usefulness and happiness before him! Why did he not succeed? Why did he disappoint the expectations of his dear parents, his friends, and society? Why did he voluntarily hide himself in obscurity? Why did you mark on his countenance the bloated symptoms of animal passion and of mastering disease? Why do you see him sink from one stage of baseness and degradation to another, till even his old friends no longer recognize him, and, in order to drown the embittering consciousness of his desperate condition, he plunges anew into deeper excesses, until a premature death hurries him into a dishonored grave? I will tell you, in one word, the secret of his sad.

horrible story. It was that he tasted eagerly, madly, absorb-ly, the intoxicating pleasures of the senses; permitting his intellectual, moral, and spiritual powers, the glory of his nature the deep foundation of his being, to be overwhelmed, crushed, and undone by the transient enjoyments of a moment. God! why cannot the experiences of the past be melted into the crucible, and poured into many a youthful heart, so as to prevent them from dashing against the very rocks where millions of wrecks have been strewn before?

By yielding yourselves to the perilous and degrading agencies denounced in the text, you destroy that salutary influence which God even intends that every human being shall exercise over others. Can he who controls not himself control the interests or happiness of his fellow-men? The sensual man thinks only of what he can make others the instruments of his own miserable pleasures. Unknown to him are those elevated sympathies which elevate the purer emotions of the heart, and spread the glorious union of thought between man and man. He seeks only to be kept up and to be corrupted. No one has been inspired by him with a wish to be better. When he reviews his life, he finds it an unseemly blank; for it is in the very nature of the pleasures which he pursues to perish in the using.

The effect on communities and nations of the tendencies denounced by the apostle is disastrous to the last degree. Let a little of low, sensual morality anywhere predominate, and there will be no consequences too melancholy to be predicted. History easily traces the downfall of many nations to this very specific cause. Who can be surprised at the outrageous, brutal, and derisive excesses which almost periodically break forth in the metropolis of the most polished country in Europe, when he remembers the vast amount of authorized licentiousness that must necessarily prevail, where nearly one-third of the children are born out of wedlock, and must therefore be deprived of those animating and controlling influences which spring from the sacred family relation, and which can alone prepare individuals to become useful and orderly members of the community? As a Christian minister, a man, and a citizen, I fear not to proclaim, from the spot where I stand, that there is more danger to our institutions from unhallowed and licentious intercourse, than from all the machinations of foreign or domestic foes. No true

and enlightened friend of his country will shut his eyes to this source of peril, or endeavor to wink it out of sight.

Has not enough been now advanced to demonstrate the necessity of a high and strict moral standard, both to individuals and communities? Let the prevailing habit of your lives lean *against* self-indulgence, instead of leaning *towards* it. Improving civilization presents its numerous snares, which we must be careful to elude and resist. We must learn to enjoy the advantages everywhere multiplying around us, without yielding to the deteriorating influences, too apt to be connected with them. In studying comfort, we must shun effeminacy. We must not even make the oppressiveness of climate or season an excuse for those slothful and ignominious indulgences, which impair our usefulness, disincline us for duty, and wrap closer about us the soft, silken, encumbering garments of self.

How can those persons who are perpetually studying the arts of sensual enjoyment, even of what are considered the most innocent kinds, make any perceptible progress in the true religious character? How meagre and hollow must be their preparation for heaven! How small their approximations to the lofty and self-denying spirit of the Saviour! God of heaven! reveal to them a better idea of the relative value of things. Heal them of their madness. Convince them of their large mistake. Cast out the foul demon that has taken possession of their spirit. Teach them that to conquer themselves will be to conquer heaven, and that the bondage to their baser desires is but the smooth pavement on which they may be sliding to eternal death!

I have already pointed out some significant and affecting expressions in the text. I cannot better conclude than by calling your attention to still another, which throws a more forcible light on the subject than any I have been able to advance. The apostle beseeches us, as *strangers and pilgrims*, to abstain from fleshly lusts. *As strangers and pilgrims!* Yes, there is indeed a penetrating and comprehensive truth. We are not *at home* in this world. Why, then, should we linger and dwell among its transitory delights? Why seize them with an avidity, as if we were to be here for ever? Why appropriate to, and make part as it were, of our very selves, that which is to be torn from us as surely as we breathe? Have you not heard of persons, who, when on the point of being shipwrecked and drowned, loaded

themselves with that very gold and those very treasures, which, in a moment after, helped only the more surely to sink them? Such is the vain, mad policy of all the votaries of sensual joys. They clutch their treasures,—they fold them to their hearts,—they dream of security and perennial bliss,—they smile in fancied safety,—and, as they smile, they drown!

MY FIRST VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE.

SWIMMING boats in puddles was the delight of my urchinhood. The same diversion practised on the still surface of the deep, in the water-butt, or in the horse-trough, was a far inferior joy. In the former case, there were shoals to make the navigation more difficult and exciting; the wind had a fairer sweep at my tiny sails; the irregular shores formed, by the aid of art and a lively imagination, havens or harbors at as great a distance apart as Liverpool and Boston — on the map. When my ocean lay in a hollow in the road, a passing wheel would leave a print or rut in the muddy margin, which would fill with water, to my huge delight. I had small craft to tow therein by a thread, and made believe I had dug a canal.

One spring, our meadow, never before flooded in my recollection, — that is, not for the two or three years that I had been acquainted with the geography of the farm, — was all under water. Such an extensive puddle was to me a most exhilarating sight. Indeed, when I stood on the borders of the sheet of many acres in width, rippled by the passing breezes, and saw the leafless trees and bushes, and now and then a hillock or a gray rock rising above the blue level in lonely grandeur, I experienced a sensation like that which I imagined a sight of the Atlantic might create. It seemed to me, any ship in the navy or merchant-service might be proud to sail on the bosom of our meadow. Some boys had collected some fence-posts and planks, and tied them together into a raft. I hailed them, and suggested the idea of a merchant-voyage, as good sport, in which I would play the part of consignor or consignee. I fired their boyish imaginations. They gathered heaps of sand for brown sugar, and made immense sums

of money; but still my part as a landsman was unsatisfactory and tame. The love of adventure stirred in my youthful bosom. I embarked, notwithstanding some dim presentiments of disaster, and anticipation of maternal chiding. The raft struck against a rock; and the shock pitched me heels over head into the water. I shrieked in mortal terror. I thought of the ocean-depths, and all the horrors of drowning rushed through my brain in that brief moment. But the water proved just deep enough to give me a thorough ducking. I ran home, dripping, and presented myself sheepishly before my mother.

"Ah! a pretty pickle you are in," she cried. "I think I shall give you *away*, very soon. I should not wonder if you turned into a duck one of these days. Run upon the hearth, and stand. Why did not the boys *wring* you? Where's your cap? Is that bunch a cap? Well, *you* can't go to the beach with your uncle to-morrow. Perhaps you've got your death a-cold. Strip! you shall go to bed, and stay there. No, you've spoiled your cap and all your clothes; and Uncle Jack must take some *other* little boy to see the ocean, and the tall ships, and the crabs and the shells, and the —"

Here my loud crying broke off the enumeration of the wonders of the sea-shore, which my sailor-uncle had so often told me about that my imagination was full of strange shapes and sights day and night, and my choice of a seafaring life already made beyond recall.

I went to bed — the sun yet high in the sky. I was rubbed with hot, rough flannels from head to heel. Blankets were piled on me without mercy, the curtains let down, the door shut. I lay thinking, thinking, — pretty soon (in consequence of some fiery fluid or other my mother returned to pour down my throat, and which, I remember, *choked* me) dreaming, dreaming, — of ships as large as a most gigantic load of hay. Piles of yellow oranges and lemons lay on the decks, among which little boys were selecting the finest for their caps and pockets.

"Hallo! tumble up, my hearty," cried my uncle's voice, at daybreak next morning. I jumped upon the floor, without stopping to wake up. There were my clothes, all dry and smooth, my shoes all black and shining, and my cap — yes, my own cap — hanging on the bedpost in wearable trim. I began to believe my sousing but a prejudice, an illusion of the night. I rubbed my

yes; but the pleasant vision did not vanish. I knew that it was determined I should go with Uncle Jack to Hampton Beach; else why had my mother blacked my shoes over night, and placed them ready by my bedside? Yes! the happy day *was* come; my rash voyage *had* been forgiven; I was put into the stage, on the top of which rode my uncle, with his legs hanging down over the side, so that I could see his blue socks and leather brogans, and feel that I was not all alone. We rode a long, long time. The company were all strangers to me; and I was afraid of at least three of them, they looked so hard at me. I had read of pirates; and I knew I was approaching the sea, their home. But they could not dare kidnap Uncle Jack; and he was within my call.

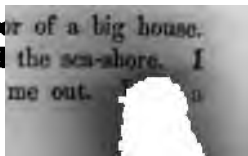
I heard a strange, roaring sound, and asked a woman what it was. "The rote of the sea," she said. I had heard of studying lessons by rote. Rote? — what *did* rote mean? I had enough to think of for a mile, and finally concluded that a thousand boys might, by studying aloud, imitate the rote of the sea, and that had been the origin of the expression *studying by rote*.

"What's that strange smell?" I next inquired. "The smell of the sea." It was a strangely disagreeable, saltish perfume. "If it smells so before I can *see* it," I thought, "I shall not be able to *endure* it near at hand. I am glad I was not soused in the sea yesterday: what *would* mother have said *then*? A pretty pickle, indeed!"

"A cart went by with a load of strange-looking, olive-colored stuff. 'What's that?'" I exclaimed. My kind neighbor made answer, "Seaweed." I stared, and wanted to ask further light on the subject; but the sound of my voice had made everybody look at me. So I held my tongue, and imagined thickets and groves of olive-colored luxuriance rising above the briny flood, like the trees and bushes in our flooded pasture. "Had they flowers? If so, what manner of flowers?" And there came to my mind, long since laid up there from hearing it often repeated, but now first shining out with fulness of meaning, —

"Full many a flower" — "of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

And now the stage whirled up to the door of a big house. I was sitting with my back to the horses and the sea-shore. I thought my uncle would never come to take me out.



strange dread come over me, as I listened to the dash of the waves which I could not as yet see. A solemn, booming sound, as the ground under our feet were hollow, and quaking with the terrific roar of the mighty main, made me feel that I was in no safe place. The land *might* sink in. Glad was I to get hold of the hard hand of my uncle, who had helped my friend, the woman had received so much information from, to transport her bundle and baby into the grand mansion. I heard her say, "What vessel is that gone ashore?" "The Peggy Ann." "Any live lost?" My heart quaked: perhaps a vessel might come ashore even now, and run over the stage ere it could disgorge *me*. It would run right into the house, out of harm's way. Only, there being no high wind, I did not comprehend how the vessel was to proceed on dry ground. So that panic subsided; and I stood quietly on the step.

Presently, the stage, which had obstructed my view, drove off and the grand ocean burst upon my astonished sight. There had been an easterly storm of several days; and the waves ran high and chased and tumbled over each other in such a hurry to swallow up the land that I screamed with affright. I thought of the deluge and Noah; and, no ark of refuge being at hand, I exerted all my strength to drag my sturdy uncle from the spot; for I thought there was nothing for us but flight or immediate submersion. "It will soon be here: don't you see how fast it comes?" I cried; but he was strangely cool, and laughed like the wicked people before the flood. At last, seeing that I was turning very white, he ceased to laugh; and, taking me in his arms, "Johnny," he said, looking at me seriously, "do not tremble so: do you not know who has said to the deep, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther'? This house was built here many years ago, and the waves have never been permitted to come up to its door-step. See those people walking on the beach. Why are they not afraid? They know that they may securely trust in Him, that the deep shall keep its bounds. Now, you are not going to lose all your pleasure to-day, I hope, because you are afraid the ocean will swallow the land?" I was convinced, but not persuaded. I burst into tears, and wished myself at home. I was sure I did not like the sea-shore at all; no, and never should. It was an awful place. I would go into the house, and stay till night. I did not wish to go down on the beach.

"How'rye, Marston?" said my uncle to a gentleman passing with fishing-lines and a basket.

"How are you, Jack Davis?" said the lawyer, stopping short. "Just the man we want. Go out with us?"

"What do ye say, Johnny, my man? Will you go out in a boat, and catch fish?"

Not on any account whatever. I could not think of such a thing. And my uncle must not leave me. No, indeed! So the basket and fishing tackle, which attracted my attention greatly, moved on, down towards the beach. I, by this time, was beginning to feel composed, and believed that the waves would not do any thing more dreadful than to wash the sandy level. So, as the basket went out of sight, I began to repent my hasty negative. To get into a real boat had always been my great desire, my airy castle. Others had gone, and come home alive; others *were* going: why not I? If I *only* had the courage! Uncle Jack saw how it was working, and asked if I would not now venture to go down to the shore. I could then see them get into the boat, and go off.

"N — n — yes!" I plucked up a spirit, gave a great sigh, and set forward, holding the forefinger of my uncle's hand with a grasp which was painful to my own softer fibre. We passed a little creek which ran under the road. Uncle Jack stopped to talk; and I heard that Mr. Marston had narrowly escaped being eaten alive; for the storm had driven a shark in-shore; and he had come up into the creek, directly after Mr. Marston had done swimming at the entrance. Sharks! — A new horror seized me. We went to see the shark's body; and the rows of teeth were perfectly dreadful. The small size of the head, however, enabled me to get over the shock. At any rate, he could not have taken me in at one bite, as the whale did Jonah. Finally, on hearing about his capture, I entertained a great contempt for him, and threw the fear of sharks behind me, as I had done the fear of the waves; I let go my uncle's finger, and walked on in an independent manner, at first close to my uncle's side, but soon at some distance before or behind, as things attracted my attention. I observed that he kept an eye upon me; and I presumed upon that, and took grand airs of unconcern and self-reliance. After one of my excursions, I came and pulled him by the skirts of his coat, — oh, no! he wore a round jacket, or a monkey pea-jacket,

I suppose. "Uncle, uncle!" I cried, "come and see these ~~great~~ black spiders in a basket. One has bitten the other one's leg right off." "They are lobsters, you lubber," cried my uncle. "*Lobsters!*" repeated I contemptuously. "Just as if I don't know lobsters! Don't mother always give me the lady in the lobster-shell? And the red beads and the pockets — aren't the red as scaling-wax? These are as black, oh! as black as —" "Oh, yes! I know," said my uncle, laughing provokingly. "Come along! I'm not going back to see your spiders; but I shall carry one home, and eat him, I rather think, if we come back before they are all gone." Then they really were lobsters, I thought. "The red kind," said I, "are *fresh-water* lobsters, I suppose." "*Hot-water* lobsters," said he, laughing. "*Boiling* turns 'em red, you little goose." "Would it turn black *spiders* red?" I inquired. "I am very willing you should try the experiment with the first one you find," said he; "only you must wring his neck first." This I promised to do.

On the beach, I found so many marine curiosities to put in my pockets, that it was very hard getting me along. I got a fine sunfish, but found him a perplexing subject of investigation and preservation, and was obliged to relinquish the specimen. I went out in the boat. At first I was very timid, and clenched the edge of the seat with both hands. I was afraid almost to incline my head on either side, lest I should tip over the whole concern. At last I grew so foolhardy, I had to be tied to keep me quiet while the fishing went on. I envied the porpoises, that turned head over heels for fun, and did not fear drowning in ever so deep water. We returned to the hotel; and such a fine dinner as we had of cod and haddock *we* had caught! After dinner we took a ride on the beach; and the waves played sometimes under the feet of the horses, without my screaming once. Then my uncle went in swimming with me; and I did not mind ducking under at all. At last we went home: and uncle Jack told my mother I was now made a sailor: and a sailor I am.

C. W. L.

T R U S T .

"God giveth his beloved sleep."

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

God giveth his beloved sleep ;
To all that trust his word
He giveth rest, if that we need,
Or grief, — It is the Lord.

Whate'er he sends we'll take ;
The Spirit says, "For thee ;"
Pain wrings the heart for mercy's sake,
And darkness makes us free.

Our Father, Friend, and God !
Hear thou our spirit's prayer !
We see, we feel, we bless the rod ;
Oh ! give us strength to bear !

"Oh ! bless the Lord, my soul !"
My voice his praise would sing ;
"All things together work for good
To them who love his name."

Hear we the voice of God ?
The outward sense is still ;
The low, still-breathing sense within
Divines and knows his will.

E.

LET science perfect yet more her telescopes, and make taller her observatories, and deeper her mines, and more searching her crucibles, — all will not undermine Jehovah's throne, or sweep out of the moral heavens the great star-like truths of revelation, and least of all the Sun of Righteousness. The last and greatest of the world's scholars will, we doubt not, be among the lowliest worshippers and the loudest heralds of the crucified Nazarene. —
W. R. Williams.

“DRIVEN TO AND FRO.”

YEARS passed away, and Mrs. Raymond was a widow, with an only son; the same beside whose crib she had talked with Mrs. Allyne in his lovely boyhood. Beautiful he still was, just entering on his nineteenth summer. A wilful, wayward spirit looked out from his brilliant eyes; but his mother saw only the fine features and clear complexion, and, in his sprightly sallies and occasional gleams of filial affection, beheld all that was bright and good.

During these sixteen years, she had been often “driven to and fro” in feelings and conduct. At times, her own better nature and the influence of wise and good friends had nearly drawn her into a sympathy with their high views of life and its uses; and then, the worldly-minded, the selfish and frivolous, had assailed her in some vulnerable point, and she had sunk again into the routine of a commonplace, idle, and useless existence, of which the warmest praise could only be that it was perhaps harmless.

Her husband had been dead some years; but Mrs. Allyne had preceded him on that mysterious journey, for which both had prepared in such different ways. He had left a fortune to his wife and child: she had left many souls the better for her having dwelt on earth. He thought on his death-bed that he had done his duty by his family: she asked humbly of her Master, “Shall I be forgiven and received?” Worldly-mindedness and heavenly-mindedness, if chosen companions through life, seldom forsake us at the death-bed.

In the management of her son, as in all things else, Mrs. Raymond had been variable as to purposes and plans; for no lofty, distinct aim had ever been before her with sufficient power to make her course steady. Arthur had been sometimes with a country clergyman; sometimes in a city day-school; sometimes he had had a tutor at home; sometimes he had been at a famous boarding-school for boys. He, too, had had many a fickle fancy. Now he would fit for college, because such a boy was going; then he would study engineering, because another crony had decided on that profession; and now he was determined to be a merchant like his father, and had been in a counting-room for six

months. His mother had been made very happy by his decision; for his situation was considered a very eligible one; and his guardians were pleased, that, although he inherited property, they had persuaded him to "do something;" and now he was to live at home with his mother. A city-life, she was sure, would suit him best; and it was really a greater joy than she had expected, to have him settle down with her so quietly. Now he would live with her till he was married, and then she would be very willing to give him up.

So began October. The season went on; a gay city-winter. Arthur made many acquaintances. His mother, a widow, wholly absorbed in him, did not go into society; and they lived much apart, though dwelling under the same roof.

When April came, Mrs. Raymond was not as happy as she had expected to be. She could not define what it was that troubled her; for her mind had no habits of introversion, and she had never analyzed a motive or feeling in her life, but had usually made it a point to escape from that which she could not explain, or live along, murmuring under the griefs which she could not elude. So had she shunned duties which required circumspection and resolution; so had she endured bereavement.

But this vague disappointment and uneasiness about her son! She knew not what it was; but a change in him was perceptible to the quick nerve of maternal fondness. He had always shown the caprice and wilfulness of an indulged child; but he had always been loving and open, claiming her sympathy with all his pains and pleasures, often to an unreasonable degree, though she never felt it so. Now, an invisible mist seemed to have crept between them, dimming the transparency of his young spirit. He kept late hours; but at that she was not surprised, for he was a fashionable young man, and among her large acquaintance he was constantly at balls and parties. But he had less and less of the gossip of the evening to repeat to her at the breakfast-table; and, when she complained of it, he said there "was nothing to tell; the parties were stupid things, all the same over and over." And her former experience quite confirmed the assertion. Still, a reserve made itself felt; and so did the extreme variableness of his spirits, now depressed to moroseness, now extravagant to folly.

One night she lay till two o'clock, listening for his return from a supper-party, feeling quite sure that at the house of her aristo-

cratic, old-fashioned friend, Mrs. L——, no such late hours would be kept. Suddenly, the long-forgotten words of Mrs. Allyne came into her mind, the warning of such hours as these. Gradually, the scene, the sleeping boy in his crib, the mild, grave countenance of that revered matron, the whole conversation returned to her, and with them a passionate longing to call back from the silent dead that counsellor. Scarcely ever, in the first days of widowhood, had she felt such a yearning for the society of her husband, as she now felt for the sympathy and aid of the wise, true, Christian woman. Having no settled, earnest, religious principles of action in herself, she helplessly stretched forth her hands in vacancy, and would fain have grasped and held by one fellow-creature, whose judicious piety might have sustained her.

As she pondered on the life of her departed friend, she felt some curiosity about the objects which had so occupied her, and particularly about the Refuge for Penitent Females, to which she herself had always given a trifling subscription. She knew it was established, and going quietly on, for the collectors came to her annually; but that was all she knew about it. Why, of all the benevolent plans in which Mrs. Allyne had been engaged, this should now present itself most clearly, she could not tell; but she thought it was from an indistinct connection between those conversations and her present vague anxieties.

Arthur did not return that night. Pale and flurried, he dashed in, as she sat down mechanically to a late solitary breakfast, and, when she sprang towards him with tears of relieved anxiety, told her that Charles H—— had persuaded him to drive out to his father's country-seat after the party, promising to drive him in again by seven o'clock. And then he hurried up stairs to change his dress, and went off to his business without breakfast. His mother tried to feel satisfied that all was right. What a dim misery, — *trying* to feel satisfied that we are not deceived in one we love!

To dissipate unpleasant thoughts, Mrs. Raymond called in her carriage for a friend who was one of the managers of the Refuge, and drove thither. The remembrances of the night had awakened a painful consciousness that she had never taken the slightest interest in the moral condition of the community in which she lived; that, with ample leisure, and enjoying an influential position, she had literally done nothing but take from her purse

few dollars occasionally, listlessly, to avoid importunity, or at her conscience, when solicitation came to her very fireside. As consciousness became keener, as she heard the details given by her benevolent and animated companion, and saw how much redemption from the worst of sin and worst of woe had been accomplished in those years since Mrs. Allyne first spoke to her of the subject. It was not pleasant to feel that she could not remember the part her husband had taken, nor that he had gone to account for every deed and word, for sins of commission and of omission.

And do you think," said she to Mrs. Clark, "that what you have done bears any proportion to the amount of iniquity in this city?"

That is not the way to look at it. What proportion does it bear to *nothing*? Of the forty girls whom we know to have been reclaimed by our institution, probably every one would have lived on in sin, tempting and ruining many others, and most of them would have died a horrid death before this time. None

have ever witnessed such death-beds can think of them without a shudder, the mental and physical agony combined being beyond all description. Dear Mrs. Raymond, we do not pause to consider the size of this mountain of evil; we do not hope to dig it down, it is not expected of us. But so long as it is evil, it stands before us, we feel bound to remove what we can. We have no responsibility about that which is beyond our strength, if we use faithfully all the strength given."

Two hours were passed by Mrs. Raymond under the roof of the new Refuge; for interest enough had been excited by the society to procure a convenient edifice, built purposely for their use. The front rooms, which looked into the street, were occupied by the parlor, the matron's and assistant's chambers, the store-room, and the sleeping rooms of the most trustworthy inmates; while all the apartments in the rear commanded a view of the water, a pleasant garden intervening, which was cultivated by the girls. As these rear-windows were not overlooked, and afforded no sight of street-passengers, there was no appearance of gloom or other gloomy appurtenance.

And the girls themselves, twenty-two in number, were all quiet and busy. Some were knitting, some sewing. It was the school-room; and in a corner of the spacious, cheerful work-room, beside

a stand of flowering plants, two of the girls were taking a lesson in arithmetic from one of the managers, who came three times a week for the purpose. Mrs. Raymond saw also the neat copy-books, indicating rapid improvement, which could not have taken place without interest and pains on the part of the pupil; and she heard several read with great propriety, who, six months before, could scarcely puzzle out a child's story-book. She saw, too, the neat bedrooms, with every convenience for washing and order, all nicely kept by the girls; and she examined the specimens of the ironing and the clear-starching done by one girl, and the excellent bread made by another. She saw that some of these poor creatures had probably fallen into their exceeding degradation, through ignorance of any way by which to support themselves. Such, she was assured, was the fact; and that source of temptation was now to be removed from them, and they were to be qualified to gain an honest living.

Then she heard the history of some of the girls who had interested her most, and of the circumstances in which they were found. Various as were these histories, all left the same impression, that the work was not a hopeless one, that the duty of attempting it was imperative on every community where such tremendous evil was to be found. From her conversation with the matron and her assistant, she ascertained that those girls who had received early religious impressions had been found most susceptible of reformation; but that even the poor wretches, who had been literally brought up to sin, had welcomed religious instruction in many cases, with a tenderness of heart which could not have been deemed possible by those who had only seen them in their hardened condition, among their wicked companions.

With the tones of one of their plaintive hymns yet sounding sweetly in her ears, and a heart swelling with unwonted emotions, Mrs. Raymond went home.

During the next week, Mrs. Raymond could not refrain from speaking to her friends of that which had taken such hold of her feelings. Some heard with indifference or mere surprise. Some ridiculed, and some argued.

"I suppose," said one matron, "they took care not to tell you how many of their damsels jump out of a window and climb the wall, when the penitent fit is over."

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Raymond, "they used no concealment

with me, I am sure. They showed me their list of every girl who has entered the building; they have had many 'fugitives into slavery,' as the matron expressed it; and they have had girls whom they considered incorrigible, and dismissed as such; and they have had sad cases of relapse among those whom they considered reclaimed. But, after all, I am satisfied that the good accomplished is worth all that is expended upon it; and I believe that, as my dear Mrs. Allyn used to say, with experience great improvements will be made in the systems of dealing with sinners of all sorts."

The lady answered with a remark which was cleverly courteous to Mrs. Raymond, and contemptuous as to the subject. The time had been when even one such speech would have had its effect. But Charlotte Raymond had been disciplined by her Father above. Some of those whom she had best loved had been taken into a world whither her wandering thoughts must need follow them. And he whom she now loved best on earth, — to her alarmed eyes he stood between a radiant angel and a fearful demon, each stretching forth a beckoning hand. Virtue and vice were no longer mere words. They had a plain, awful reality. She had now seen with her own eyes, and heard with her own ears, things that could never be forgotten, quickened as her perceptions and interest had been by a mother's intense love. She could no longer be "driven to and fro."

One thing she felt to be an immediate duty. Something had withdrawn from her the confidence of her son so gradually that she had not been able to fix upon any date as that when she should have made an effort to retain it. But now her anxieties had insensibly assumed a shape so definite and terrible that she could no longer remain silent. The fear that it was *sin* which was stealing the affections of her child had become intolerable.

But how strange was her position! She knew not how to approach him. The language of serious, tender remonstrance, the kind but searching inquiry, the gentle mingling of maternal authority with maternal sympathy, would all be new from her, and to him would be very strange. She had thought herself a good mother. But now she found there had been a sad deficiency somewhere; and she was utterly unprepared for this emergency. Her own instincts taught her that he would consider her inquiries impertinent, and all attempt at solemn expostulation as an

unaccountable, absurd novelty. She hesitated; she sought opportunities; she waited for them; and, as symptoms of dissipated habits in the beloved one became more obvious to her awakened perceptions, she became desperate, and spoke.

Astonishment, then shame, appeared on the flushed brow of the youth. Grief, rather than displeasure, was in his mother's manner; and it touched his heart, not yet hardened by bad example and evil doings. He confessed his folly, his sin, and made promises of instant amendment. Oh! it was so much better than she had expected. Relieved, and almost happy, the mother went from the long-dreaded interview with tears of joy streaming down her cheeks.

Very faint had been her allusions to any considerations of a religious nature. It was only lately that a real sense of *need*, as to faith and piety, had made itself felt in her heart; and she was far from ready to begin now to do that work with her son which should have been commenced in his early childhood. She had just found out the meaning of one all-important text, "The kingdom of God is within you;" and in this new knowledge her intellect, conscience, and moral power, were all growing stronger daily. She had learned to pray constantly, fervently, hopefully. But she was not ready to speak of these things to her gay son.

And soon the sky darkened around her once more. A transient awakening of his childish love for his mother, appealed to in such an unexpected manner, had alone brought out some of Arthur's better feelings. But what stability is there in mere feeling, though it be the best? There was no foundation of principle beneath it. He said that he *despised* flight from temptation, but was insincere in saying so. He had not the resolution, not even the inclination, to shun that which attracted him. His tastes had already become so affected by the life he had been leading, that innocent pleasures had become intolerably insipid, and virtuous companions worse than uninteresting. In three months after his mother's first conversation with him, her doubts had become wretched certainties. He no longer listened with shame and remorse to her expostulations. He disputed her right of remonstrance; he resented her interference; he laughed at her rigid notions; he shunned the sight of her tears. The ridicule of his worthless companions, the love of excitement, the power of youthful passion, had carried him beyond the reach of her agonized affection. Then

she lay awake, night after night, remembering again the words of Mrs. Allyne, and bitterly weeping that he had not been laid, in his infancy, under the marble slab where slept her innocent babe.


L. J. H.

(To be continued.)

A LEAF FROM THE PARSONAGE.

THE parsonage is a privileged place. To its inmates are unfolded the elevated hope of the Christian, the struggles of the young convert, and the despair of the unbeliever. The sacred events which hallow every home — the marriage, the baptism, the death-bed — must be blessed by the presence of the pastor; and thus is opened to him and his, scenes which it is a joy to have been permitted to witness, scenes which uplift the soul from this world. Such an one it was my happiness to have been present at, not long since; and, as it was calculated to make a lasting impression on my mind, I will transcribe it, that others may see its beauty, though none can feel its full influence but those who like myself participated in it.

It was a morning in January, mild and hazy as the Indian summer, when I was permitted to accompany the pastor in a visit to the dying bed of one who had interested us deeply. She had expressed a wish to partake of the memorials of her Saviour's love, before she was called to meet him in the spirit's home, and this morning had been named as the best time for the touching service. At our low knock the door was opened by a sister of the sick one, who kindly welcomed us; and, though the traces of deep suffering were on her face, she was calm and unrepining. To our inquiry as to how the invalid was, she replied, "Very feeble; she evidently failing rapidly; I do not think she can live more than a day: but her earnest desire is that she may survive to speak a few words of comfort, counsel, and forgiveness to her husband. He telegraphed him yesterday, and he will be here to-night; and I am sure this her last prayer will be granted. She will have strength to live for this last duty; and then, her mission done, she will go."



We then inquired as to the state of her mind, which, from debility, had a day or two before been wandering. She answered, "She is perfectly conscious now, and is looking forward with pleasure to partaking of the sacrament."

I was hardly prepared for the great change in the invalid which met me when I first entered the room; it had been only a fortnight since I had seen her, and then she was herself greatly encouraged, and I also felt there was a strong hope of her recovery. Though pale and emaciated, she did not look very ill; the deceitful hectic flush was on her cheek, the expression of her face was bright and hopeful, and her voice quite strong and clear. Now she was stretched upon the bed, cheeks sunken and pale, breathing labored, and her hands listlessly lying by her side. She looked upon us, as we went in, with a tranquil smile, and returned our unspoken greeting.

Soon the friend who had charge of the consecrated vessels came in. They were silently placed upon a small table near the bed, and filled with the holy bread and wine. To these was added a bowl of pure water; for the sister, with her daughter and niece, wished the privilege of partaking with her this last communion upon earth, and were first to be consecrated in baptism. They had long loved their Saviour, and striven to bring their life into accordance with his will; but they had not before confessed him in the manner he himself prescribed. Now the presence of the angel of death seemed to strengthen them, and they felt as if they should derive comfort from the rite.

When all was arranged, the pastor, uttering a few words of fervent prayer, poured the water of baptism upon the brow of the sister and her children. That holy rite never seemed half so impressive to me before. I have seen it performed in the noble church, when the organ sent forth its peeling notes, which were echoed and deepened by the lofty arches. I have witnessed it in the simple chapel, by the river-side, and in the home-circle, where loved ones were gathered to join in the consecration of the young immortal, and admiring friends were offering their tribute of gifts and love; but never has it seemed so solemn as in that humble room, in the presence of the dying. It was a service of the heart, a true dedication; and the eye of the sick one beamed with satisfaction, as the name and benediction were uttered.

This service being over, again rose the voice of prayer, the

treary that the Father would sustain the struggling spirit in the trial it must soon pass through. The bread of life was broken, and the feeble hands had just power to take a small portion, and give it to the lips. Then, when the wine was poured out, the pastor placed the chalice to her mouth, and she swallowed a few drops. All present partook with her; there was no thought of distinction of creed, as all received the emblems of their Saviour's sacrifice.

It was a scene for angels to rejoice at, and would have been a beautiful and touching subject for the painter who wished to depict the beauty and power of faith. That plain apartment, with no ornament but that of simple neatness; the pale, attenuated form, etched upon the lowly bed; her serene countenance expressing the utmost trust and resignation; near her her only child, a boy of thirteen, whose sad, thoughtful, yet questioning eye spoke a consciousness of the loss he was soon to suffer, — these formed the group that bore their unaffected witness to the religion of the cross.

"After Jesus had given the bread and wine, the disciples sang a hymn: let us do likewise," said the pastor; and the disciples gathered there raised a simple and reverent song of homage.

The benediction was uttered, and the *amen* of the preacher was echoed in a distinct voice by the sufferer.

This closed the solemn service, and we left the bedside. The dying woman prayed to live till the arrival of her husband, and her prayer was granted. That evening he was expected; but he did not come. The long hours of the next day passed slowly; but he came in time to hear the few words of counsel and affection, and then she was ready to go. "Is your faith strong, sister? have you no fears?" asked one of the watchers. Her tongue ceased its office; but she placed her hand upon her heart, and closed her eyes to heaven, and a smile of deep trust passed over her face. A Christian's death — the fit close of a Christian

T. D. F. B.

THE SUNSET CLOUD.

It was not bathed in gold and crimson light,
 Like the rich mists that often fill the sky,
 When glorious day clasps hands with darkening night,
 Beneath her own right royal canopy.
 The gorgeousness had faded from the west,
 And day to night had rendered up her crown ;
 And softly, like sweet messengers of rest,
 The early stars — those eyes of love — looked down.
 Then was it that a cloud of solemn gray
 Took shape as though it were an outstretched hand ;
 Across the heavens, its mighty fingers lay ;
 Broadly its shadow fell along the land.

A child stood by a casement. Earnestly,
 And with the awe that cometh on at night,
 With quiet breath, and large, uplifted eye,
 She watched the fading of the western light.
 Her quick, young glance, that wondrous seeming caught
 Her gentle breathing deepened to a sigh ;
 "Mother !" she cried, all glowing with the thought,
 "I see God's hand above me in the sky."

At that same hour, a man of holy life
 Sat, with his Bible, at a window-side,
 Pausing amid earth's labors and its strife,
 To gather strength from Christ, the Crucified.
 His voice went up in earnest, fervent prayer ;
 For God's dear blessing warmly did he plead ;
 When, lo ! his lifted eye beheld it there, —
 The Father's hand upheld above his head.

A lonely watcher in the room of death
 Bent, with the burden of a widowed heart,
 O'er the still couch, as if to feel a breath
 From the pale lips that never more might part.

And then the sense of utter agony
Came freshly o'er her, and she turned away,
And wandered to the casement wearily,
Where the calm breeze upon her brow might play.
She raised her tear-bedimmed, despairing eyes,
Filled with mute prayers, that never may be spoken,
Upward; and from that cloud across the skies
Came there a sign to soothe the spirit-broken.

Call it not chance-directed. God doth speak
Through outward forms to many an asking soul.
The air breathes love that fans the fevered cheek;
The clouds give mighty answers as they roll;
Each stirring leaf a whispered message brings;
Each motion tells a spirit is abroad;
And all earth's beautiful and wondrous things
Bear to the heart some word of truth from God.

A. D. F. W.

THE EXTINCT RACES OF ANIMALS.

DR. BUCKLAND, Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford, published some time since a *Bridgewater Treatise*, which has not only simplified and arranged in beautiful order the astonishing discoveries of Cuvier in that science, but has, as far as possible, reconciled these discoveries with the Mosaic account of the creation. He commences with the assertion, that this world, which we consider about six thousand years old, existed thousands and perhaps millions of years before the creation of man; that it has undergone several entire revolutions, which have destroyed whole races of animals whose bones are still preserved in different strata of the earth, and which were entirely distinct from any now living.

"In the beginning, God made the heavens and the earth," may refer to an epoch antecedent "to the first day" subsequently spoken of in the fifth verse; and during this interval, comprising perhaps millions of years, all the physical operations disclosed by geology were going on.

This period is presumed to be antecedent to the creation of man, as, among all the fossil remains that have been discovered, there are none whatever that can be attributed to the human race.

The grand object of Divine Benevolence seems to be to produce the greatest aggregate amount of enjoyments throughout the universe. To prove this, the geologist exhibits the admirable arrangement by which this earth has been rendered, throughout innumerable ages, capable of supporting countless myriads of organic beings.

He then discusses, at some length, the causes and agents which have produced such revelations on our globe, and which he attributes chiefly to heat operating upon gasses and liquids, which explode at different periods, and bring all things to the surface, at the same time that they convey the masses at the surface to the interior of the earth.

In enlarging on this subject, Dr. Buckland's design appears to be to prove that the wisdom and goodness of the Creator are as fully displayed in the fossil remains of the antediluvian world, as in the present race of beings.

In support of this, he explains the beautiful adaptation of the most gigantic animals to the purposes of enjoyment. He begins with the "fish lizard," — a marine creature, thirty feet in length, with the snout of a porpoise, the teeth of a crocodile, the head of a lizard, the vertebre of a fish; add to this, four broad fin feet, or paddles, and a large eye, and you will have some idea of an ichthyosaurus.

Next comes the plesiosauroi, marine also, and of enormous size, with a long and flexible neck that enabled it to reach its prey on either side. Another species are the flying reptiles which have been so beautifully explained by Cuvier, and which were so incomprehensible to all preceding naturalists. The form resembles "the vampire" or bat, a nose elongated like the crocodile, and armed with conical teeth. Their eyes, of enormous size, enabled them to fly by night; from their wings projected fingers, terminated by long hooks, like the curved claw on the thumb of a bat. These must have formed a powerful paw, by which the animal was enabled to creep or climb, or suspend itself from trees.

The huge megalosaurus and still more gigantic iguanodon are shown, by the character of their feet, to have been fitted to move

on land, as the larger bones of their legs were diminished in weight by being internally hollow, while their cylindrical form tended also to combine lightness with strength. The megatherium and dinotherium, the former with its columnar hind legs and colossal tail, clad in armor, its body twelve feet long and eight feet wide, its feet a yard in length and terminated by gigantic claws, — what need of speed for flight for a creature like this, whose giant carcase was encased in an impenetrable cuirass, and who by a single pat of his paw, or lash of his tail, could in an instant have demolished the cougar or the crocodile?

Paley has beautifully described the unity and universality of providential care as extending from the construction of a ring of two hundred thousand miles in diameter to surround the body of Saturn, to be suspended like a magnificent arch over the heads of its inhabitants, to the concerting and providing an appropriate mechanism for the clasping and reclasping of the filament in the feather of the humming-bird. This treatise of Dr. Buckland's is equally well adapted to increase our wonder and admiration at the goodness of Divine Providence, who, amid the creation of so many stupendous works, has taken as much care of the least as of the greatest of them; and while man, proud man, drest in a little brief authority, thinks himself lord over creation, he in fact shares in common with the smallest being a portion only of Divine Benevolence. The fact that this world was created and filled with happy beings before man existed, teaches us a lesson of humility, and proves we are no more the object of the Creator's love and bounty than those countless races of animals that have existed before us.

We will close with one remark, describing the remains of the vegetable world as found in the mines of Bohemia: —

“The most elaborate imitations of living foliage on the painted ceilings of Italian palaces bear no comparison with the beauteous profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these instructive coal-mines are overhung.

“The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage flung in wild luxuriance over every portion of its surface. The effect is heightened by the contrast of the coal-black color of these vegetables with the light color of the groundwork to which they are attached. The spectator feels transported as if by enchantment into the

forests of another world ; he beholds trees of forms unknown to the surface of the earth, almost in the beauty and vigor of their primeval life ; their scaly stems and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread before him little impaired by the lapse of countless ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the infallible historians."

L.

ROMANISM — HOW TO BE MET.

THE controversies among Protestants are not those in which church-history has the most solid and needed lessons to convey. There is the still more important and urgent controversy between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic communions. While the political power of Rome is dying out at the heart, its spiritual claims are exalted at the extremities. And, from the very nature of the Romish polity, this spiritual includes a political claim, wherever it can be enforced. Its dignitaries may praise republicanism, and toleration, and rights of conscience, and the social compact, in republican cathedrals and in the halls of Congress ; but, behind the rights of man are the rights of the church, the toleration they invoke is for them and not for mankind, the inviolable conscience is the Roman Catholic conscience ; and, above all social compacts, is a sovereign and infallible church. They catch the popular ear by words, which, when interpreted in the light of their full system, are abhorrent to the popular ear. It may be that they will yet be plagued by their own inventions, and that what is policy in the leaders may become conviction in the followers.

And this church invites us to a conflict, which cannot long be put off. It throws down the gauntlet, and boasts of our decline, perverting the facts of modern history, as it forged donations and decretals of old. And there is need among our ministry of a more thorough study of its real character ; for the flowing lines by which we now vaguely define its differences from us are not the real lines on which the battle is to be fought. Rivers are said to be good for the boundaries of peaceful States, but bad for the

defence of armies. If we would learn the real power and strategy of Rome, we must away from the rivers, to its hills and encampments.

The strength of Rome is in its completeness and consistency as an organic system. The Roman Catholic system is the most comprehensive, subtle, self-consistent, flexible, and inflexible polity, which the mind of man ever wrought out for purposes of spiritual and temporal authority. Its parts are knit together. Doctrines, polity, and rites — they are all members of one body, an organized, aggressive, and zealous spiritual hierarchy, whose claims run through all the relations of life, trespass upon the sanctity of the family, unbind the oaths of political allegiance, and know no human or civil rights, which are not subordinate. From the cradle to the grave, it accompanies each of its members with its mystical sacraments. It changes its astute policy at each emergency; as has been said, "It neutralized Aristotelianism by scholasticism, printing by art, the Albigenses by the Franciscan order, and a Luther by a Loyola." It is wise even to wiliness; and, when it seems to succumb, it is just preparing to strike. It has something of that insatiable variety which Cicero attributes to nature, and also of that complex order which modern science finds everywhere in nature. It can afford to be inconsistent for a moment, that it may be consistent in the end; it can outbid any other system with both the populace and the politician. It is by turns servile and despotic. And its systematic power is rivalled only by its zeal, and its zeal is not greater than its adaptedness to almost all moods and classes of mind. It awes by its power those whom it cannot enchant by its flatteries; it is harmless to the submissive, meek to the inquiring, and intolerant to every adversary. It appeals to all the senses in its varied rites; it charms the understanding by the consistency of its system, and it subdues reason itself by its claims to infallibility. It is seductive to the barbarian, and alluring to the imaginative; its later converts have been among cultivated minds, who have lost sympathy with human rights, and despaired of reason, and were glad to submit to a venerable authority, which was strong through its traditions, and unfaltering in its aspirations. And all its policy and efforts look forward to one great end, that of a spiritual domination, embracing all the great temporal interests; the supremacy of a single see, having its seat in that ancient, venerable

Rome, which, having conquered the whole of the old world, and been supreme in mediæval times, would also give the law to the whole modern world, and make of Rome the centre of the earth.

While the strength of the Roman Catholic system is thus to be found in its consistency, and completeness and pliancy as an organized whole, the arguments in its favor, and its means of defence against assault, are chiefly on historical grounds. From the nature of the case, its claims to unity, infallibility, and supremacy stand or fall with its tradition. This open foe of all our Protestantism, and this covert foe of all our civil rights, can be thoroughly undermined only on the historic field. The wisdom of the Reformers was seen as conspicuously in the production of the *Magdeburg Centuries*, as in any other of their works; and the *Annales* of Baronius, with all its continuations, have not filled up the breaches which were then made in the Roman bulwarks. A superficial study of history may be favorable to the Papacy; but a thorough exploration reveals the gaps in its assumed successions, destroys the figments of its traditions, shows the arts by which it came to power, and the gradual rise of its corruptions until Christ was hidden, and Christianity externalized and materialized, and the whole ecclesiastical system wrought out under Pelagian views of human nature and carnal views of Christ's spiritual kingdom. And the modern portion of that history exhibits the judgment that has been passed upon this usurping hierarchy. Even if, on historical grounds, Rome might prove itself fit for the middle ages, on the same grounds it can be proved unfit for the modern world. What might have been Catholic in mediæval times, is sectarian in modern times. Its history since the Reformation contains an argument against it as strong as is that derived from the record of the growth of its previous corruptions. Under the ardor of the attack, it did indeed at first exhibit the revival of missionary zeal; but its Eastern missions have died away, and its churches in South America are among the most corrupt forms of Christianity. In Europe, its intolerance has provoked all the great religious wars; it has armed the Inquisition with new powers; it has published the decrees of Trent; and it has produced, denounced, and welcomed back the Society of the Jesuits. The decrees of Trent and the Jesuits are the great products of Rome since the Reformation; and in these decrees it has petrified itself in its

doctrinal corruptions, and in the Society of Jesus we have a body, all whose spirit does violence to the sacred name it bears. In our own country we might have more hope of its reform, were it not that its leading advocates are so thoroughly hostile to our general spirit as a people, and so ultramontane in all their tendencies.

And it is also worthy of remark, that, in all the great contests of Christianity with its modern foes, Rome has kept in the background. Once it led. But, from the very nature of its system, it is not able to meet manfully the questions between science and revelation, between philosophy and faith, between the past and the present. The honor of these conflicts has been given to Protestantism; all the controversies between materialism and pantheism on the one side, and Christianity on the other, have been conducted under Protestant auspices. Rome does not know how to reconcile Christianity with popular rights, nor reason with revelation. It cannot do this on the basis of its system. It has said something about these things, but it has not discussed them. It can enforce duties, but it cannot recognize rights. It does not know man as man. Nor does it know, nor is it able to satisfy, the highest spiritual wants of man. It is not fitted to grapple with the great social problems of modern life. And while the whole of modern society is stirred to its depths by these great questions, which must be met and answered, this venerable hierarchy, in its great councils, is busying itself most intensely with that most important theological inquiry, upon which so much can be said and so little known, — the immaculate conception of the virgin.

A review of the whole history of the Roman Catholic Church is thus one of the best means for refuting its claims, showing us that what it attempts in theory never has been realized in fact; that, if in its grandeur it be like the venerable cathedrals in which its service is chanted, it is also like the greatest of these cathedrals in another respect, and that is, it has never been completed, — as also in another point, that, however grand they are, they are not large enough to hold, or strong enough to bind, that spiritual Christianity, which rests in Christ and not in the church, in justification and not in works, and which is ever favorable to human reason and to human rights. — *Prof. Henry B. Smith, in his Inaugural Address at the Union Theological Seminary, N. Y.*

MARY OF BETHANY.

" Oh ! not alone on the mount of prayer
 Must the Christian serve his God ;
 But the burden of daily life must bear,
 And tread where his Saviour trod."

BULFINCH.

CHRISTIANS often look at Jesus through the medium of a popular theology, whose haze gives so much of the idea of distance to our conceptions, that our warm, human sympathies are chilled into a stoical admiration. We stand, as it were, " afar off," and are not brought into that atmosphere of earnest, living, all-embracing love which surrounded him, and which alone can revivify our dormant spiritual affections. Especially is this true of many, whose earlier associations are mingled with confused remembrance of the technicalities of a creed, triune Godhead, unity of essence, eternal procession, substitution; and in whose memories are strangely commingled the Athanasian creed, Milton's imagery, and the " Westminster Confession of Faith," and in a Saviour vicariously bearing the sins of a world; it is difficult for them (even now while rejoicing in a more rational faith) to see Jesus, a Saviour, endowed indeed with all divine fulness, but yet with a human heart full of warm, gentle affections. Possibly these early impressions, strengthened as they undoubtedly were by systematic doctrinal teaching, must always, in some degree, modify their emotional conceptions of the Christ, unless they have since vibrated to the extreme left of rationalism. We desire to be brought to Christ more nearly. We would that our hearts should burn within us, as did the hearts of the disciples, as they talked with him by the way; and is the day gone by for the heart-warmth of religious fervor, as we think of our risen Saviour? Cannot we be brought " nearer, still nearer " to Jesus, as we reflect on his daily life of benevolence and self-sacrifice? Must not every incident of that life, which reveals to us the recesses of his pure and holy spirit, speak with power to our hearts, which often have a " name to live while they are dead " ?

We are told that Jesus was tempted in all points as we are; and, if with human liability to temptation, surely also endowed with human affections; and, though " despised and rejected of

men," we rejoice to feel that human love, unappreciating indeed, but yet true, sometimes cheered his weary wanderings. In reading the New Testament narratives, how do our hearts linger over the simple and yet life-like sketches of the family at Bethany, where Jesus was a loved and honored guest !

"Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." *Jesus loved them !* How do our hearts dwell upon the words ! Who were those so honored, so beloved, by Jesus. What sincerity and humility, what faith and love, must he have inspired in that humble trio of human hearts who there welcomed him ? and what a blessed privilege was theirs to minister to the earthly wants of the holy Jesus, to have listened to his gracious words, and felt the benign influence of his superhuman goodness !

Of Martha not much is recorded ; but to our weak and imperfect obedience, how encouraging to remember that Jesus loved Martha ! — although we feel that her piety is more bustling and her faith more questioning than Mary's, and her activity alloyed by enough of over-careful earthliness to call forth the gentle rebuke, "Martha ! Martha !" There is less of elevated spirituality of feeling than we recognize in Mary ; and, as we read the simple story, we feel instinctively that Mary, like the beloved disciple John, was of a temper more akin to Jesus in its meek and trustful reliance.

It is to Mary the sabbath of the soul. The circle of her spiritual vision is widening around her. New truths are perceived, new hopes inspired, spiritual realities are unveiled to her. "Heaven lies about" her, and it is now no time for shades of earth's "prison-house" to "close around" her, to vex and disturb the harmony of soul with which she listens and receives. Jesus is there ! He reads her upward aspirations ; her earnest longings for renewed purity, truth, and holiness ; and as Mary's bitter tears have spoken of penitance for past sin, even so do Mary's trusting reliance and earnest love speak assurance for the future. "Mary hath chosen that good part, that *one* thing needful."

Again we picture the deep and quiet grief with which Mary mourns the death of her brother. How full was her heart as she went quickly forth to meet that beloved friend ! how sure was she of his sympathy ! how perfect her reliance as she cast herself at his feet ! and how cordially do we sympathize in the unutterable joy with which the happy family are reunited ! — but

how must that joy have been tempered and sanctified by the awe and faith which must have filled their wondering hearts! In imagination, we see the pure, holy, and peaceful glance of Jesus, resting upon the reunion in blessing. "Father, I thank thee."

Once again Jesus visited Bethany before his death. How many affecting thoughts are suggested by reading the account of that supper at Bethany, made doubtless in honor of Jesus, where Martha with affectionate hospitality served, while Lazarus also sat at the table with that beloved Lord who had given him back to life, and Mary, with true womanly impulse and enthusiastic reverence, anointed Jesus' feet with costly ointment, and wiped them with her hair! With what quiet dignity and prophetic thought does Jesus reply to Judas' hypocritical rebuke! Mary, in her affectionate devotion, had unconsciously anointed him for his burial. Mary, again, was one of the women who stood "afar off" at the crucifixion; and fitting indeed it was that woman's devotion should follow Jesus to his latest hour, and our woman's soul thrills with lofty resolve and holy fervor as we remember that it was to the two Marys Jesus first appeared after his resurrection. Woman! Jesus first blessed *thee* with the *tangible proof* of immortality! His first salutation after bursting the bonds of the grave was to thee! and as we reflect upon all that Christianity has done for woman since that hour when she first recognized her risen Lord at the sepulchre, the question knocks solemnly at our hearts, Woman! what art *thou* doing for Christ? what for the advancement of the pure and holy principles of his religion? It is true we may not now follow our Lord to the cross, or receive audibly his all-hail! but we may daily take up the cross of self-denial in earnest effort for the good of others. Like Mary, we may not sit at Jesus' feet; but we may, like her, reverently listen to his word, and live in a spirit of earnest piety and hopeful trust. We may not, like Mary, anoint his feet with costly ointment; but we may bring to him the fragrant offering of blossoming Christian virtues.

The Christian graces should not be separated, but harmoniously mingled and combined; each receiving added beauty and grace from its intimate union with others. Sisters! let us harmonize qualities too often considered as at variance, and feel that our Christian characters are but partial and fragmentary, unless are united in us energy to act, firmness to endure, love to adore, and

meekness to trust. They are all requisite to that harmonious wholeness, that "full stature in Christ Jesus," for which we should strive. It is not in solitary, nun-like devotion, in ideal reverie, that Christ's work is to be done; for there are the young to be led, the poor and suffering to be aided, the sinful to be reclaimed, the sorrowing to be comforted, and the aged to be cherished and cheered; and she has but half learned the lesson of Christian duty who feels that she can indulge in slothfulness of action, or negligence in devotion. Both are needed, "*prayer and effort.*" Martha's unfailing energy must be combined with Mary's loving, filial trust; and while we are careful that the spirit be not over-cumbered with merely earthly cares, yet

"Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us, in life's earnest labor,
Still be sure to do *our* part;"

remembering that, if we do not act as ministering spirits to all whom we can aid in their heavenward course, we are untrue to our high vocation as Christian disciples, and dishonoring that Lord and Master whom we should delight to serve with the single-hearted purpose, the earnest love, of Mary of Bethany.

M. S. W.

PUBLICATIONS.

First Impressions of England and its People. By HUGH MILLER, Author of "The Old Red Sandstone."

First impressions of England, by a Scotchman! And very singular it is, how oddly some things at one end of the island look to a native of the other; though, as Mr. Miller says, the country, measured by days' journeys, has grown nine-tenths smaller than it was in the times of Fielding and Smollett.

On crossing the border, Mr. Miller could hardly realize, that, in a little gray church which he saw, the prayer-book was read every Sunday. But the very next time the coach stopped and started again, he learned that he was out of his old, Presbyterian, and in a new, Episcopalian country. "Is all right?" asked the coachman of a tall, lanky Northumbrian, who had busied himself in changing the horses. "Yez, all roit," was the reply, "roit as the Church of England."

He finds the English people much less given to theological discussion than the Scotch. One evening at a hotel, a commercial gentleman said to him, "You Scotch are a strange people. When I was in Scotland, two years ago, I could hear of scarce any thing among you but your church-question. What good does all your theology do you?" To which the Scotchman answered very truly, "Independently altogether of religious considerations, it has done for our people what all your Societies for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge and all your Penny and Saturday Magazines will never do for yours. It has awakened their intellects, and taught them how to think. The development of the popular mind in Scotland is a result of its theology." And this is most true. Scotland the English could overrun, but they could never conquer. They could never Episcopalianize Scotland, try as they would. It was enough for the English that they conquered Ireland; for, had they also conquered Scotland, it would have been their utter ruin. Because now it is become so evident that, in the course of time, there is no loss proves so great as the *taking* of a nation, and the gain of uncongenial territory.

Mr. Miller's Puritan taste was much offended in the Old Church of Manchester, where he heard the Episcopalian service for the first time. The church is of the fourteenth century, and full of Gothic ornaments; strange enough in themselves, but stranger still as never having been removed yet. All over the walls and ceiling, are these strange carvings, — grotesque heads, laughing and crying, and grinning and winking; a sour-looking fox, teaching two young cubs to read; a pig on his hind legs, playing a bagpipe, with four young pigs dancing behind their trough; a hare rejoicing over a dog that is boiling in a pot; and a monkey, dressed like a priest, and attending a dying man, while some other monkeys are stealing his food and clothes.

In Worcestershire, Mr. Miller remarks the smallness of the coal-field, to which central England owes its flourishing trade, — being not equal in extent to one of the larger Scottish lakes. And yet it has made of Birmingham a great city, and crowded the adjacent region with towns and villages, and it has overspread the country with railways; and every day it propels hundreds of railway trains, and drives thousands of mills for working wood, iron, woollen, cotton, and flax, for cutting and rolling and spinning and weaving. And if one small field has done so much, what may there not be expected from those vast basins — those three huge coal-fields of the States, those thousands of square miles — that are as yet only known of, and not touched?

Our geologist rises into enthusiasm with the prospect, and is reminded of Bishop Berkeley, and joins him in his expectations:—

“Westward the course of empire takes its way.
The four first acts already past;
A fifth shall close the drama with the day.
Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

W. M.

London Labor and the London Poor. By HENRY MAYHEW.

Almost as interesting as a novel, and quite as strange to read as a work on the Fejee Islanders. The London poor are almost as foreign as the Esquimaux, the Aztecs, or the servants of Juggernaut. Their ways of life are as startling as if Abyssinia were the scene, or the regions beyond the Mountains of the Moon.

London!—There is Westminster Abbey there, and St. Paul's, and the Tower, and the Museum, and the Monument, and palaces innumerable, and the congregation of the great, and the assembly of the arts,—and the poor—London poor! It is painful, it is almost terrible, to think of London as the origin of so many of our own refinements and pleasures. That we should be deriving happiness from a place of such misery, such heathenism and sin! Oh the vileness and the woe that are round about Westminster Abbey, within easy hearing of its great organ, and lodged in houses that are, indeed, cathedral property! Well might they be supposed to cry day and night,—some that are buried under the cathedral-floor, saints that once were men of genius and holiness,—“How long, O Lord, holy and true! dost thou not judge?”

Such works as the present are of great use. They are a help to a remedy. They are glimpses of the work to be done. In the present number of the work before us, there is an account of the street Irish, and how they superseded the Jews in the streets; an account of the sellers of game, poultry, rabbits, butter, and eggs; and an account of the sellers of trees, flowers, roots, and seeds.

W. M.

The Guiding Star; or the Bible God's Message. Designed to illustrate the Second and Third Questions of the Westminster Catechism. By LOUISA PAYSON HOPKINS. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—An attempt is here made so to simplify what are called the evidences of revealed religion as to render them intelligible and interesting to the minds of children, and with a good degree of success. The conversations are not always precisely such as we should choose, to give a child right ideas of religious subjects. There is a preface by President Hopkins.

History of the Cross of Christ. By Rev. W. R. ALGER. Mu-
roe & Co. — Mr. Alger has brought together, with good taste a
right feeling, the learning, the doctrine, and the sentiment of
subject, adjusting them in a compact and graceful form. The
conception of the work is a happy one; and nothing is left to
desired in the execution.

The Island of Life. — An allegory exhibiting, under a tra-
parent veil, the stern features and solemn expressions of our human
life; making the great themes of mortality, responsibility, discipli-
and immortality, more familiar to young minds; offering cheer-
interpretations of the appointment of death; and inculcating app-
ropriate religious lessons. The book bears a resemblance to the
last noticed. Is it from the same author?

The Glory of the Latter House; a Dedication Sermon.
Rev. ALONZO HILL, of Worcester. — This elaborate and able dis-
course sets forth what has been done, and what is to be done,
the New England churches, — their glory and their duties. On
fitting and inspiring a topic, the preacher addresses his people
a strain of fervent, manly eloquence, uttering none but liberal
thoughts and affectionate sentiments.

*Proceedings of the Fourteenth Annual Meeting at the Warren-
street Chapel.* — Every new record of Mr. Barnard's hallowed
enterprises is a gift of moral light to our citizens. The present
Report chronicles the doings of his ever-active and ingenious minister
for the benefit of the laboring poor, for the instruction of the children,
and for the science of charitable relief. Following the Report
are the three addresses made at the meeting, by Hon. James
Savage, Rev. T. S. King, and Hon. R. C. Winthrop, the chairman.
Each of these is admirable in its own way; the two latter being
given in full, and abounding in most appropriate and vital matter.

Christian Register and Almanac for 1852. — One of those mix-
tures of chronological, astronomical, meteorological, and denominational
information, which it seems to be the fashion for different
households of faith to put forth, — a kind of bulletins of the state
of their health, as that might be supposed to be affected by lunar,
solar, and planetary influences, and intended to do for the Christians
what the "Annual Register" does for the Unitarians, more or less.

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THE SUMMER AT MEADVILLE.

For some reason, I can hardly tell what, no previous summer has ever moved my heart like this. It is not more beautiful than other summers have been; but its scenes have a strange voice, a new language. I hear, as I never did before, day unto day uttering speech, and night unto night showing knowledge. I hear the heavens declaring the glory of God; and in the firmament I behold his handywork; and the earth is full of his riches. For some reason, I stand amidst God's works this summer with a deeper sympathy with the all-sustaining Spirit than I have ever felt before. It may be owing to the progress of years. When the impatience and little ambitions of youth have passed away, there is a calm thoughtfulness that usually succeeds, which very naturally leads to a higher appreciation of the moral influences of nature. Youth, in its eagerness, hurries from object to object; it cannot stay to become quiet, and be impressed by nature's influences; but I am inclined to attribute my unwonted impressions to my residence for two or three weeks here in the country, in the midst of nature. At the risk of egotism, let me describe the scenes around me, and some of the thoughts and emotions which they have suggested. Imagine a village lying amidst high hills; the hills shaped in beauty, and covered with forests, cultivated fields, and pastures. Two streams find their ways among the hills, and, uniting their waters at the north-western edge of the landscape,

flow gently through the village. Everywhere is verdure : the town lies amidst the rich foliage. On the east and west are hills that might be called mountains ; their summits perhaps three hundred feet high, and a mile and a half asunder. You see this landscape, the deep valley, the winding stream, the wooded hill-tops, the sloping fields and pastures, with grain and flocks and herds. It is not strange that the presence of God should be felt in such a scene. It is in nowise superior to a thousand others in our country ; but it is very lovely ; the Maker's smile seems to rest upon it ; and in the air, fragrant with flowers and vocal with the songs of birds, his benediction is whispered to the ears of his children. And now, laying all the rest of the world out of mind, what a home is this, which the Father has made for his children who dwell in this beautiful vale ! We fill our rooms with pictures ; but behold what pictures the Almighty has placed all around this landscape ! What blending of sweet beauty and noble grandeur ! And then consider that each day brings variety ; vegetation advances ; sunlight and shade, sky and cloud, hot noon and cool evening, are sent to perform their ministries. Seed-time and harvest keep their appointment. The pastures are covered with flocks, the valleys are filled with corn, they shout for joy, they also sing.

One evening, as the sun was sinking low, I climbed up to the summit of the western mountain : the village lay at my feet ; a deep shade was upon all the slope I had ascended, and where I stood ; but upon the village, and on the opposite mountain, the evening sun was still pouring his rays. As I gazed upon the scene, the shadow slowly extended from the foot of the mountain on which I stood, and crept over stream and grove and village and verdant slope, and then up the mountain-side ; it did not seem to move, and yet it did ; and, as the sun sank lower and lower, tree after tree was sunk in the ascending shadow, until the light of the last ray faded from the mountain's top. It was a scene to touch the heart, to make one weep. Tranquillity seemed to be coming down out of heaven from God to his children, and all so gently, so gradually. The mother watching around her sick child, as evening approaches, steps softly about its couch, and draws the curtains, and hushes every noise, and tries to court sleep to come and give rest to the little fevered sufferer. And here, with an infinite tenderness, the Father appeared all so gently and gradually

withdrawing the light of day and throwing the shade of night over these homes of his children. They were troubled and weary; and he soothed them to rest: indeed, it seemed as if he was near, saying to his children, to the world everywhere, "Good night! peace be with you!" Oh! there is a meaning in the close of day which thousands never appreciate. It reveals the tender, loving care of the Father. And, then, it brings to us solemn warnings: as the shade of evening creeps over the world, so will the shade of death one day fall upon our sight, and put a period to all our plans and labors.

Hardly less impressive is the morning scene of nature. How gently the Father wakes his sleeping children! The hushed repose of night is not rudely broken; gradually the breaking light gathers upon the edge of the horizon; it rises into the eastern sky; and he who gazes upon that coming glory may feel the significance of a poet's speech who compares the bright beams shooting above the eastern hills, heralding the sun, to the advancing spears of an approaching army, an army of light coming to conquer and disperse the powers of darkness. But I love best to recognize the Father's smile in that breaking morning light. It talks not to me of spears and armies, but of heavenly benignity coming with benedictions to rouse the sleeping children of earth from their slumbers, and give to them a new day. Oh! think of it when the light comes so gently to your window; and with devout gratitude rise, and accept the gift the Father brings to you.

Another scene has moved me deeply, as I have dwelt among these hills. It was the sabbath-day. A long succession of fair weather had parched the surface of the earth, and dried up the little streams. Man and beast and plant longed for moisture. In the afternoon, when the heat was becoming most oppressive, the clouds gathered over us, and a gentle, copious shower came down to bless the earth and its inhabitants. A sweet sense of God's presence took full possession of my heart. It was an hour to be remembered. It seemed as if Heaven were pouring down mercies upon the earth. I could sympathize with the devout Psalmist. While I meditated upon his words, Jehovah seemed to be riding on a chariot of clouds, and watering the hills from his chambers, and filling the brooks in every valley; and all things seemed instinct with joy and gratitude: the little vine lifted up its

head; the tall forest-tree gathered itself up in its full height and glory. The valleys shouted for joy, they also sang; and the hills rejoiced on every side. I had witnessed many a summer shower as beautiful and as timely as this; but never before, under similar influences, had I been so pervaded and subdued by a sense of God's goodness and love. All must *admire* the *wisdom* and *power* displayed in watering the earth. And is it not strange that we are so seldom subdued by the goodness and love?

The shower passed away; a brilliant rainbow surmounted the eastern hills; the sun sank in the west; and amidst the freshness of nature, in the calm evening twilight, we gathered in the village church for divine worship. Was it strange that I felt the meaning of the words, "Lo! God is here"? It was a holy hour: the heart was in that service. And when our prayers and praise had been offered for the evening sacrifice, and we came forth into the presence of the clear, still night-heavens, the moon in full orb pouring her silvery light upon stream and field and forest-hills, it seemed as though heaven and earth could hardly keep silent; the beautiful glory proclaimed plainer than words could utter it "Behold the riches of the Father's goodness." What long suffering mercy! How love strives to win unworthy children to obedience!

I have spoken of one little spot of earth; and poorly enough I have described how God visits it and dwells in it, in his unbounded glorious goodness and love. But that spot, though in some respects a favored one, only shares with all the earth the Father's loving presence. What a world the Creator has given us to dwell in! What wonders of magnificence and convenience come to us in the circuit of every day! We slumber upon the constancy of our blessings. Could we be waked out of nothingness, with faculties complete, and the scenes of a day, morning, noon, evening, and midnight, pass before us, how should we admire the gift, and praise the Giver!

G. W. H.

HUMAN PERFECTION.

As God is the great Source of all existence, and as he unites in himself, to an infinite degree, every perfection, it is evident he is the highest standard of attainment any spiritual being can set before himself, — the ultimate aim of all spiritual exertion. But, inasmuch as he is infinite and all other beings are finite, he can be a standard, not in degree, but only in kind. That is to say, man can never expect to rival the perfections of God, and become perfect *as* he is; for this would make him a God. But he has it in his power to become perfect as God is perfect in accordance with his nature and the capacities with which he is endowed; to become, that is, a perfect *created* being. That which is infinite can never be attained unto by that which is finite. The finite may be continually approximating, so to speak, to the infinite; but it can never reach it. So man may grow continually in perfection; day by day may he approximate unto infinite perfection; and yet he will never reach it. Age after age may see him advancing, in a greater or less degree, towards the perfection of his nature. And when ages shall have passed away, and be forgotten, still age upon age will lie before him, in which he is to become more perfect.

Such is the object for which we are created. Such is the manner in which this object is to be attained. Likeness to God is the goal of our highest endeavor. But though we may press onward to an infinity of attainment, and thus, entering upon the celestial regions, be brought nearer to our mark, still will an infinity lie before us.

I use now the popular language. Strictly speaking, the finite can never *approximate* to the infinite. If, for example, any one being or thing is continually approaching nearer and nearer to any other being or thing, it is manifest that finally it will attain unto it, touch it, or become like to it. But with the finite and the infinite such is not the case. That which is infinite is so by the necessity of its being; and thus alone can it be infinite. A finite being, therefore, can never become an infinite being. The finite can never become infinite. The relation between the two may be

fairly exhibited by a circle.* Thus, the circle is the infinite, without beginning, middle, or end. It is all-comprehensive. It is complete. Within this circle, and following its direction, moves the finite, a defined object or body. It constantly repeats the circle; but, being limited, being imperfect, being, if the expression is allowable, a moving entity, not an all-embracing totality, it is restricted by necessity to these narrow confines. And though for all eternity it should continue this unvaried uniformity of motion, yet never could it comprehend the circle; never could it become like it, a circle, without beginning, middle, or end. It may move in the direction of the circle. It can never become a circle. So, within the great circle of God's infinity of perfections, moves finite man.

But I would not have it appear that I am using the language of discouragement. Let it not be thought that a perfect union between God and his creation, man, is therefore an impossibility. On the contrary, it is within the power of all men. It consists, not in an equality with God, but only in a likeness to him. It is not only possible, but we will never have reached our highest destiny until we have gained this perfect union.

I purpose to present some thoughts upon this subject of human perfection, that we may be able, if possible, to understand more clearly its true meaning, and learn whether man is capable of its attainment in this life. The subject is so extensive that I can do no more than give it a general consideration. And I think that if we can obtain some definite idea of the word perfection, as applied to human nature, and thus affix a meaning to what is but a vague term in the general mind, it will be more beneficial to us than to discuss in detail the methods and degrees of perfection with reference to any special part or phasis of our common nature.

By perfection, in the abstract, is meant thoroughness, completeness; the terms being synonymous. The thorough performance of some definite work, the complete attainment of some particular end, is that of which perfection is predicated. To say that a

* This illustration may not be clear to all. A diagram, not here representable, in which a dotted circle, the finite, is circumscribed by an unbroken one, the infinite, will perhaps solve the difficulty. Better still, an illustration may be found in the Hippodrome, with a chariot and horses in full race. No illustration, however, of the relation of finitude and infinitude can claim more than a comparative clearness and force.

thing is perfect is to say that in its kind and degree it cannot be surpassed or rendered more complete; that it has reached the fullness of an entire development; that to add any thing to it, or to take any thing from it, is to mar it. In another point of view, and briefly, a thing is perfect when it is true to its nature, and has accomplished its design.

In estimating the character, condition, quality, of an object, we judge by a fixed standard. This standard, being the most perfect idea the mind entertains of the object, is considered the criterion of judgment. In some cases it is a real standard, visible, tangible. In other cases it is an ideal one, invisible, intangible. In the former case, as it is fixed and definite, a judgment is easily and correctly formed. In the latter case, as the ideal differs in different minds, it is difficult of attainment, and there is a likelihood of an erroneous judgment. But in every case there exists a perfect standard, from the measure of which our judgments are formed. This standard, whether real or ideal, we invest with the attribute of perfection. And carrying it in our minds we can estimate the character, condition, quality, of things of the same class. Thus, for example, a perfect tree is one which, exposed to its proper conditions, drawing all necessary sustenance from the soil and the atmosphere, and finding only genial influences in surrounding nature, has grown up from the seed; developing to their fullest extent, and in their natural mode and relations, all its parts; putting forth and ripening its branches and leaves and fruit, in accordance with the laws to which it is subject, till it stands clothed with perfection, an object symmetrical and beautiful. It has attained the ideal of a tree, the object had in the mind of God in its creation. No power it possesses lies undeveloped, or has developed itself unnaturally. It has been obedient in all points to its nature and object. Nothing is left to be done, or done differently. It is a perfect tree.

Or look at an object of human creation, a piece of mechanism. When the weights and levers, the wheels and springs, are arranged in their appropriate positions, and are completely adapted to each other; when all work in a quiet and beautiful harmony, and, with no indication of disorder or obstruction, and with no manifest improvement presenting itself, accomplish fully and unerringly the purpose in view in the mind of the artisan, — we pronounce the machine perfect; for it is a perfect expression of the idea of its maker.

Or take a piece of sculpture, man's ideal of the human form. When do we call it perfect? When the master-mind, gathering together with the energy of genius the perfections of beauty expressed in the varied physical life of man around him, — the most perfect features, forms, and proportions of the human body, — unites them in a material shape, and then, investing the whole with that unity of beauty which the perfect arrangement of such physical perfections affords him, or, more correctly, combining these perfections with such obedience to the laws of proportion and harmony as to evolve that beauty which depends alone upon such a combination, expresses his ideal in visible form, — *creates*, I may say, a perfect image of ideal beauty. He has here exhausted his ideal.* He has expressed perfectly his whole thought and sentiment, so far as they relate to his ideal. His work is complete. He has reached perfection.

These examples will point out to us a distinction that is to be noticed in the consideration of this subject, and one which will be of importance when we come to consider human perfection. Perfection may be predicated either of a creation absolutely, by virtue of its independent being, or of a creation when considered as fitted to gain an object for the attainment of which it was created. In some cases, the object of the creation is simply the creation itself, as its own end. In other cases, it is the attainment of a certain end, by means of the object created, — being merely a cause to produce a particular effect. Thus, the object for which a work of art is created consists in the work itself. A painting, a piece of sculpture, a piece of architecture, is created for its own sake. It is its own object. No other is had in view besides it. But the object for which a piece of mechanism is created resides in the end to be produced by the machine; and the machine, instead of being an end, like the work of art, is merely the means to an end. To attribute perfection, therefore, to a work of art, is one thing; to a piece of mechanism, another. In the former case we mean, that the creation has fulfilled the idea meant to be expressed, or the object had in view, which idea or object is contained in itself; by the latter, that the creation is perfectly capable of producing a particular end, out of itself and not yet existing.

* I need hardly say, that, when I speak of *attaining* or *exhausting* the ideal, I do not speak absolutely. The ideal must be a low one, or the artist's genius transcendent, where this can be done.

What, now, we are prepared to ask, do we mean when we speak human perfection, — when we affirm perfection of man?

The common idea is, that to attain perfection is to reach some finite point or place which is the goal of man's existence, and yond which there can be, from the nature of the case, no advance. This view robs man of the chief glory of his nature, which is, that, in harmony with the Divine will, he is to advance to new and still new degrees of excellence for ever, — absolutely for ever. The finite treasures of the Infinite Mind are freely offered to us; but we never can exhaust them. We are at present mere children in attainment, in comparison with what a million centuries faithfully spent will make us. And at the close of that seemingly endless period we shall still be children, as compared with what we shall be if we choose, after a like progress during a like series of ages. What a solemn, what an almost overwhelming thought it is, that our aspirations after mental and spiritual attainment are never to be out, are never to be fully satisfied; but that every fresh acquisition is but to sharpen our intellectual and spiritual appetite! Let us see if we cannot, assisted by the light of the foregoing remarks, obtain some more legitimate notion of the perfection to which man is to attain, than that which confines it to a point or place.

It is evident at once, that man is not like the statue that the sculptor hews from the block of marble, and clothes with his ideal. *For the one is created a perfect form; the other is simply a germ*, the law of whose being is development, but which is at its birth but a seed, which must be subjected to particular fostering influences, in order to develop its as yet hidden faculties. *The one is created perfect; the other is created for perfection.*

To attribute the perfection of the machine to man will come nearer to the truth. The machine is called perfect, when, by the proper exercise of all its parts, it gains the end proposed in its creation. So it is with man. He is perfect, when, by a faithful use of the means put in his power, moral, intellectual, external, he is gaining with the utmost rapidity the end designed for him by God in his creation.

A clear understanding of this point will thoroughly unfold the subject, — a subject most simple when carefully studied. Let us look at it a little more closely.

When I say that man possesses the perfection of the machine,

I use a simile which, though very well adapted for illustration, is by no means strictly correct. A machine is a combination of parts formed for the purpose of attaining a particular end. Man also is a combination of parts formed for the purpose of attaining a particular end. Considered in this light, perfection may be attributed to each; for each is perfectly fitted for the work it has to do. But, in the case of the man, there exist two important elements which put a stop to the resemblance beyond this.

First, man possesses a will. The machine is formed to produce an effect; and, being set in motion, it *must* produce that effect. It is wholly subservient to the mind which adapted its parts to each other, and all to the common end. It *must* obey the mechanical laws to which it is subject. Considered as an instrument fitted to produce a definite end, it is perfect; and considered as producing that end, it is also perfect. But its perfection is of necessity. Man, considered as a creation fitted to produce a definite end, is also perfect. God's part in man's creation is perfect, as are all his works. Every man is perfectly able to gain the destiny for which he was created. Nothing is wanting to him. But whether he will gain it is another thing, — not depending upon his Creator not upon his ability, but upon his own free-will. There is no necessity with him.

The second element may be seen in the following consideration. The end for which the machine is made is fixed and limited. Having gained it, it can advance no farther, but can only repeat itself. The object for which man is created, though definite, is unlimited. His goal is clearly discernible, and its position can be clearly defined. But such is its nature, that, when he has reached the position it occupies before him, it has shifted its place, and, passing on, keeps still in advance of him. And thus will it be forever, — an eternal pursuit, — he constantly pressing on after it and it keeping constantly in advance of him. This is the character of his progress.

To be perfect, therefore, is simply to be thoroughly faithful to all the means of improvement God has given us. Man has an intellect, a conscience, a will, and affections. His intellect was given him that it might be enlarged and strengthened, his affections that they might be purified and elevated, and his will that it might be subjected to the control of a pure and an enlightened conscience. The one who lives in constant obedience to the will

of God, who in all things faithfully performs his duty, and ever strives to see more and more clearly what is his duty, has already attained perfection. To say that a being who is to improve for ever can become perfect in any other sense seems to me erroneous. Perfection of progress, in the sense of a cessation of progress, can never be affirmed of one, a law of whose being is eternal progress. It can only be affirmed of him as implying a perfect fitness and ability to progress.

This, then, seems plain, that human perfection is not the perfection of accomplishment. It is the perfection of fitness. It does not enable one to say, "My life's labors are closed; my destiny is accomplished. Henceforth there is nought remaining for me to do. With God I can only say, I AM." This is the language that it prompts: "Let the future make such revelations of duty to me as it may; let the constant development of this immortal soul translate me into whatever regions of God's universe will best satisfy its wants, and afford scope for its exercise; let the gradual commingling and the harmonious intercourse of godlike spirits carry me into whatever companionships my sympathy and my love will warrant, — I am ready, I am willing, I am earnestly desirous, to do all that a perfect God can require of me."

If now I have given a correct account of human perfection, it is manifest that man *can* become perfect in this life. No one can do more, or can live more truly, than his nature enables him to; and every man can do this if he will. And this is to be perfect.

But, in order to render more complete what I have already said, I must here mention one further consideration. In a perfect man, speaking of him as a spiritual being, as in any perfect thing, every part of his nature must be developed in due proportion, and with reference to every other part. A tree that had reached a great height, or had swollen to an unusual girth, at the expense of its health or strength, would be imperfect. A human body that has poured that portion of its life-energy into one of its limbs or features which is required by another is a deformity. So also a man who cultivates one part of his nature unduly, and thereby, of necessity, causes another part to suffer, is so far wanting in perfection. One who is principally intellect, or principally conscience, or principally will, or principally affections, has failed to secure a due balance or proportion among these different faculties, and will exhibit a nature of a one-sided and unnatural development. And it will be found, that, at the same time that he is wandering from perfec-

tion, the faculty thus over-developed is in a morbid state; as, to be in a healthy condition, it needs the influences resulting from the proportionate development of the other faculties. Though the subject has been treated in a most general manner, we may draw from what has been said a somewhat clearer understanding of our duty.

If to be perfect is to be faithful, constantly and in all points, to our duty, it cannot be difficult for us to feel how far short we have all come of perfection. How many days have been passed in the life of any man, in which he could solemnly say, "This day I have faithfully done my duty; I have done every thing God demanded of me; I have fallen short not a single iota. This day has been a perfect day in my life"?

It may seem a simple definition I have given of perfection, to be faithful to our duty. But it is not an easy thing for one so to live. It will require days, and nights too, of anxious watchfulness and prayer, of toil and trial, of bitter self-denial, — yes, sometimes of heart-breaking self-denial. It will require that no one of our faculties be asleep, or heavy in action, but that all be on the alert to put forth their utmost activity, whenever and wherever required. In a word, it will require a life consecrated to God, and therefore to duty, under the strict and constant guidance of a high Christian principle.

With this great prize of Christian perfection before us, we should not rest satisfied for a moment until we have attained to it. Ought we to be content to live on in the dull routine of a worldly life, asking no more than this earth can give us? Ought we not to arouse ourselves from this deadness of life in which we are lying, and strive after that higher life which our souls, when in their loftiest estate, ardently crave, in which every faculty of our nature will be called into a healthy and perfect action?

If we do this faithfully, we shall find, that, while our faculties are gaining a sounder tone, they will be passing from their present state of discord, till, each becoming adapted to the rest, and all to a common end, we shall, like instruments of music the harmony of whose tones shows that the instruments are in perfect tune, exhibit lives breathing the very essence of harmony and beauty, the natural expression of our internal unity; and, while we become objects of reverence and noble examples to our fellow-men, we shall receive the inestimable favor of our Heavenly Parent.

G. A. C.

THE VISION.

I HAD a waking vision, for indeed 'twas not in sleep;
 For, with no cloud o'er my spirit, unearthly dread did creep:
 A low-voiced tone came to me, yet no earthly step was near,
 But still these words of warning fell on my wakeful ear, —

Distinctly said: "The angels say that little Charlie's dead;"
 And from my couch I started, and I stood beside his bed:
 I listened to his breathing soft, as sweetly there he slept;
 But a more than mortal dreariness had o'er my senses crept.

A widow's lot came o'er me; but I felt the hand that gave,
 And this alone, in tenderness, my beauteous boy could save:
 But I dreaded lest the storm-cloud should once more blight my lot;
 For the memory of a heavy loss was deep and unforget.

Then I thought how many were the plans I'd cherished for my boy;
 That he'd fulfil all glorious hopes, and promises of joy;
 And I feared my bud of beauty should be wrested from my side,
 And leave me in my loneliness to wish that I had died.

For sad indeed would be my fate if that dear one should go,
 Who was to fill my lonely hours with joy instead of woe;
 But a soft tone spoke in my heart, though not upon my ear,
 And said, "Trust thou in Providence, and banish all thy fear."

I marvelled that the angels should not know that he were dead,
 If 'twere true their blessed spirits kept their watch around his bed.
 Then I deemed it superstitious to cherish such a thought;
 But I said, Perchance a lesson to my soul may yet be taught.

So I took it as a warning to guard his soul with care;
 That his mind be kept a temple, for ever pure and fair;
 And to set a bright example, that the serpent-wiles of sin
 To his heart and to his spirit may never enter in.

For we surely cannot tell, if the "little sparrow's fall"
 Is noticed and is "cared for" by the Father of us all,
 But even "trifles light as air" may have momentous weight,
 And guide us in our upward aims to reach that holy state, —

Where all mystery shall be solved, and the joyous, bright new-birth
Shall cast in shade all joyousness and happiness of earth.
Then treasure with the greatest care each little stepping-stone,
And gather from each trifling source an aid to lead thee on.

ARBITA.

THE PULPIT AND THE PEW.

As far back as my recollection serves me, the first stir in our parish was occasioned by an alteration in our pulpit. The church was an old, weather-beaten edifice, with pews whose seats were on hinges, which strangely clattered at the beginning and end of the devotional exercises; and the pulpit stood in mid-air, over which was raised a huge sounding-board. Soon after Parson Goodman was settled, the parish took the following vote, by unanimous consent, at the annual parish-meeting, viz. — "Voted that a committee, consisting of three of the society, be empowered to confer with Jonas Bright, the joiner, as to the cost of lowering the pulpit, and removing the sounding-board therefrom; and that said committee have full leave to do the said work, or cause it to be done, and charge the same to the owners of the pews in said house."

Parson Goodman then occupied the pulpit, and Deacon Wiseman the pew. In due time, the alteration was effected; and great unanimity prevailed. The milder forms of the Calvinistic creed were issued from Sunday to Sunday, and everybody acquiesced in the truth of them; children were baptized at a very early age, catechized, kept still on Sunday, sent early to bed, and obedient to all parental commands, always bowed to the minister, kept mum in his presence, sitting in the corner, and only looking askance, eager to witness his departure to be released from bondage.

In a few years, however, another change was agitated. The pulpit was still *too high*. Deacon Wiseman said he had conferred with some who were bold enough to assert it should be lowered several feet; and Solomon Guy, the tithingman, for the first time in his life, spoke in the meeting, and affirmed "he did not see why the pulpit should not be on a *level* with the pews;" but this

was held as an insane speech; although some of the young people, it was firmly believed, bribed Solomon to utter their sentiments. And from this time we may fairly date the commencement of troubles in the church at Milltown.

The first restlessness of the people became manifest about the time of the Temperance Reform. Parson Goodman was requested to preach his sentiments in full. He did so; and, although it was a perfect noncommittal performance, it was nevertheless carefully scrutinized. In one place, he spoke of Paul's direction to Timothy, "to use no longer water, but a little wine, for his stomach's sake," &c. He made reference, likewise, to the miracle of Christ at Cana; and although the inebriate could not take shelter under his cautious remarks, yet the moderate drinker did not feel himself condemned; and this would not do for the portion who requested the sermon to be preached. The parson was evidently in a bad state, especially as the reformatory spirit was making rapid strides in Milltown. There was the vexed question of slavery talked about in every family, and the doctrine of capital punishment, both of which themes had never been broached in the pulpit. The young people, particularly, were interested to know what their minister thought of these matters. So he preached upon them, taking for the slavery sermon the text where Paul directs Onesimus to be sent back to his master; quoting the old Mosaic notions of bondage; and finally concluding, that, "as sin always *did* exist, it behoved each hearer to look into his own heart, instead of looking abroad, to fret over the wickedness of other lands;" and this by no means satisfied the hearers. It did not conform to modern ideas of duty.

The fermentation was still further excited by the parson's maintaining most rigidly the law of capital punishment; and after the sermon, from the text, that "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," we may reasonably conclude that the agitation by no means subsided. Deacon Wiseman endeavored in vain to pour oil upon the troubled waters. Lyceums were held, but the lecturers were all advocates for reform; prayer-meetings were akin to caucuses upon political rights; and pretty soon Deacon Wiseman became the popular leader of the reformatory party. Soon after, he was appointed to confer with Parson Goodman to consider the expediency of withdrawal, or so far surrendering his salary as to enable

league to be settled in connection with himself. It was all over with the parson when the deacon went with the opposite party. The mere handful which kindled the fire had now raised a great conflagration; and it threatened to dissolve the parish, unless some palliating measures were immediately resorted to. A council was called, and resulted in the dismissal of the minister; the parish alleging, that, in consequence of certain obnoxious and discarded views, the services of the pastor were ineffectual in the promotion of their growth and prosperity; and the good man was accordingly dismissed. Evidently the pulpit was *too high or too low*.

And now for his successor. He must be a reformer, of course, an anti-slavery man, in favor of the abolition of capital punishment; and some now asserted that he must be of a certain political party; but no great stress was laid upon his *spiritual* character. Only one proviso was required, that he be of a liberal turn, and able to edify the congregation.

The seeds of discord were now fairly sowed. Candidate after candidate was requested to preach. But, unless some political or exciting topic was alluded to, the man was not requested to continue his ministrations. Truly they had outgrown their spiritual garments, or rather we fear they had never put them on. The heated agitations of party-spirit; the one-sided view which new converts to any doctrine are prone to take; the idea that they were just wakened from midnight darkness, — took violent hold upon them. Some contended we had no need of a sabbath, that all days were alike; others vehemently denounced the priesthood, as "hirelings and apostates;" but all these heated partisans cared little for church or state: it seemed to be their only aim to subvert all the old foundations, and yet provide no new basis upon which to rest.

Deacon Wiseman began to feel that he had not weighed the end from the beginning. He saw that he had not conducted his reformatory spirit in a *religious* spirit; and therefore, he saw, it must be greatly retarded, as many rushed in who were opposed to all law, both human and divine. He retraced his steps, and, at a public gathering of his party, made a confession of this sort: — "Gentlemen, in reviewing my past course I find much to condemn. Not that I do not cheerfully wish a God-speed to all reformatory measures, but that I have not carried out such measures in a

godly spirit. Our parish is broken up by divisions; and I see no improvement that can result from our present unsettled course. We must begin anew. We are not too wise for a preacher to benefit us; for we have not yet outgrown the gospel. I make a motion, that the Rev. Peter Takewell be invited to take our parish under his special charge for the space of one year, waiving all form of ordination. He is a man alive to the wants and defects of the age, of plain speech, but no disorganizer; ready to utter his protest against every iniquity, and to give the hand of fellowship to every reformatory measure that is founded on a *Christian basis.*"

"I second that motion," said Squire Twist; and a general feeling of approval was manifest, save among a few disaffected outlaws, whose life was fed on fanaticism and discord. These were still left to trouble the church; but Mr. Takewell proved so judicious a man that he succeeded in curbing much of their fiery impetuosity.

"It was a blessed time, deacon," said old Ma'am Broaders, "when we opened our church after you made that confession. We all felt you was a real Christian then. Do what we will, deacon, we can't live without the gospel."

And think you that church has surrendered any vital principle? We need the gospel to curb our fanaticism. It is a most mistaken notion that we can substitute something better. Have we not seen it tried again and again, and witnessed the attendant defeat? And then we talk about the *conservatism* of Christianity. Does not the New Testament uproot all errors, and slay all vices, and lay the axe at the foundation of all civil discord? True, we may have a wrong administration of these precepts; but that is attributable to a fallible teacher, and not to the truth he ought to explain.

Clearly, then, *we must have a pulpit and a pew.* It regulates the tone of our moral and religious nature. We have seen them both deserted; and sad consequences have resulted. Again, we have seen the pulpit graduated to a *proper height*, and the occupant of the pew combined with the incumbent of the pulpit in disseminating all reformatory measures that were sound and humane; and the best of citizens were there; nay, more, there was seen manifested the whole heaven of Christianity.

H. S. E.

PAUL AND HIS FRIENDS.

SCENE — *House in Tarsus. EUNICE, Paul's sister, alone.*

Eunice. Where is my brother? These many months has he been absent. No tidings from him have come, nor word of his well-being have I heard, since from the holy city he went forth, armed with power from the venerable Sanhedrim to seize and bring to judgment the vile apostates who have forsaken Moses and joined the miserable band that, with fanatic zeal, call Jesus, the impostor, Christ.

Oh, mad, deluded men! that will uphold a crucified one, a malefactor stretched upon the cross, to be the true Messiah! My pious brother ill could bear such insane revolt from all that our nation treasures up as holy. Therefore went he forth to bring to justice these rebels against our country and our law. But why no tidings? Wherefore came he not up to the feasts? Surely evil must have befallen him, taught from his childhood to be so observant of our sacred seasons. A band of robbers may have overpowered, or a wild beast in its relentless ravings torn my dear Saul's limbs. I cannot bear this long suspense. They at Jerusalem, the revered Gamaliel, must have heard ere now.

(*Enter ESILI, the betrothed of Eunice.*)

Esli. Why this sadness? why these marks of sorrow on thy cheeks? Not thus art thou wont to greet me, sweet Eunice; not thus receive my welcome, when I come. Pray, what has gone amiss? Hast, in thy walks by the Cydnus, seen any deed, any picture, of sorrow? Or, in thy musings here by the casement, have melancholy forebodings of future ill filled thy mind? Speak, dearest, that I may relieve thy troubled mind, and comfort.

Eunice. My brother! Esli, I am fearfully anxious for my brother. They who have returned from the Passover bring no news of him. I know not what to fear: this long suspense fills me with terror. Oh! he is not dead! He cannot have been thus early snatched from all life's hopes. No! the beloved, the studious, the pious one, the hope of all our tribe, ~~has not been~~ prematurely called away.

Eslî. Nay, Eunice, do not thus overcharge your mind with idle fears. Surely, had your brother died, some messenger had brought the tidings. Be calm, I pray; and believe that he lives to bear your name through ages, down to coming generations of our line.

Eunice. But why no tidings? Assuredly, there has been time for Saul to perform his mission. Why has he not returned? Why kept he not the solemn feast at Jerusalem? I cannot, but fear that something strange has befallen. The council must have heard. They must seek to know how their work is done. Why hear we not of the prisoners and of their trial?

Eslî. I cannot answer give to these questionings. But believe Saul safe; for I know some message from our tribe had come, if aught of ill had happened. To ease your troubled mind, and quiet your wild fears, learn what is my intent, which I have come hither to tell. I go up to the holy city, and shall remain there until the feast of tabernacles is ended. If I can gather aught of Saul, you shall learn it speedily.

Eunice. Go, then, and bring me word; for I forebode some ill, and shall forebode until you come. The God of Jacob speed you! May Jehovah save, I pray, from fatal ill, my dearest brother and thee!

Exit Eslî.

(*Enter TIRZAH, aunt to Eunice.*)

Tirzah. Peace be with thee, niece! Is not thy heart at rest? or art thou still anxious for Saul? Fear not for him: the God of Israel is his guide, and he will bear him up. Fear not; he may come home even better than he went away, — better in all that gives the mind its health.

Eunice. What mean you? what know you, aunt, of dear Saul?

Tirzah. Nothing know I more than is known to you. But I have hoped, dear Eunice, that his mind, so pure though so impetuous, may receive the truth, that he may see that they whom he deems mad are followers of the true Messiah.

Eunice. Aunt! never, never can it be that he who so devoutly revered the law can turn to be a wild, fanatic follower of a Galilean crucified.

Tirzah. Speak not ill, I pray, of what you little know. The crucified may be the expected one. A hasty trial, a pre-

judging court, may have condemned a benefactor, yea, a Christ. Saul, running as a horse by frenzy driven, "by violent swiftness may outrun that which he runs at." Pure-minded as he is, and ardent in the cause, let but the truth flash out upon his soul, and that same zeal and love for God which make him mighty for the Mosaic law will arm him with resistless energy in a far holier cause.

Eunice. I know full well how much you favor the despised malefactor. But think not, aunt, by such presentations to allure, or to raise imagination upon reason's throne. My brother never will renounce his trust in Moses, — never yield his manly head to a peasant's guidance, and become hated of our tribe. He who drew sacred doctrine from Rabbins' lips, he who rolled himself in the dust at Gamaliel's feet, will not madly throw all hope and heart away in a freak of blind enthusiasm.

Tirzah. Once more I ask you, Eunice, to weigh and examine before you condemn. There is more than the law in this new faith. Moses is revered, while a greater has arisen in Jesus of Nazareth. I have heard his words of wisdom, and of his life; and, what is more, I have seen those who saw him, after death, walk, converse, and eat with them. They could not be deceived, as, for the space of forty days, he communed with them; and then, before their face, he mounted up to heaven. They who saw believed; and now from place to place they go, in spite of danger, obloquy, and death, to publish this great truth. Think that they know not whereof they affirm? Think that delusion would so inflame, that they would make themselves the despised and the offscouring of all their kind, did they not know that he who hung upon the cross rose victor o'er the grave?

Eunice. Why have not the rulers then believed? Why have not the Sanhedrim hailed him king who can thus triumph over death?

Tirzah. Some of the rulers do believe. The truth was so transparent that it shone through and overpowered their prejudices. One laid the crucified in his new sepulchre; and he avers that the dead came forth, that he saw him, and more than once met him after death.

Eunice. This is strange indeed; for well we know that they are excommunicate who declare this Jesus the Messiah. So, if a few are found so recreant, the great majority even of our masters have no faith in this poor, crucified, abandoned one.

How is it, Tirzah, that you can so readily give in to this new scheme, so strange, so hated, so abhorred? Oh! I pray Saul may not yield to it! In truth, it cannot be that he who has studied and pondered o'er our sacred books can be allured from Moses and the prophets. "Sorrows and labors, opposition, hate, attend him, scorns, reproaches, injuries," if he attempt to thwart the Sanhedrim, or teach adverse to what the doctors teach.

Tirzah. Ah! little know you, Eunice, of this great mystery, hidden as yet from your eyes. But when you shall have heard the heavenly truths communicated by him styled the Crucified, you may rejoice that even violence and stripes, and, lastly, cruel death, wait upon beloved Saul.

Eunice. Aunt, forgive! but surely thou art beside thyself; or never wouldst thou wander thus in murky darkness. Better my brother had perished by the way, or by Samaritan, or by ravening beast, than prove an apostate, alien from his brethren and the law. Little of comfort is there in thy suggestion, less of hope, even should your forebodings, direful as they are, prove true; which our holy God, great Jacob's trust, avert!

SCENE — *Jerusalem. Esli alone, at a gate of the Temple.*

Esli. Here, in the holy city, will I seek for Saul. Here he may come with vow and prayer. There stalks a Roman soldier, insolent even here; there a priest intent on sacrifice; there stand the bleating sheep, even within the outer courts: hateful sight! thus is the holy place profaned. But who comes here? A rabbi; I'll accost him, and learn what he may know of Saul.

Master, canst thou tell me aught of Saul, sent by the council to Damascus, two years and more ago?

Rabbi. What wouldst thou of him? He is an apostate, and has abjured the law.

Esli. Oh! say not so. The wise Gamaliel taught him. He of the tribe of Benjamin will still remain son of the right, a child of Abraham.

Rabbi. Thou little knowest what has happened. Art one of the cursed Nazarenes, whom we are seeking to exterminate?

Esli. Master, I am of Tarsus. Passing by sea to the crescent city, Cesarea, hence came I thither in search of Saul.

Rabbi. Know, my son, he is not worth your search. The



fell delusion he went forth to dissipate has overpowered his soul; and he is, even now, fled from Damascus, to wander from his country and his God.

Esli. Oh, evil day! Oh, afflicted Eunice! Is this the end of my quest? this the reward? Where shall I turn? whither go? I cannot bear such tidings home; I cannot with this news wound the ears of my beloved. But ha! whom see I? One from Cyprus, who has been at Tarsus; he is known to Saul.

Peace be with thee! Methinks thou knowest Saul of Tarsus.

Barnabas. Yes, I know him. He is in the city.

Esli. Oh! bring me to him; for I have heard strange things concerning him.

SCENE — *An upper room. Present JAMES and SAUL; BARNABAS and ESLI soon enter.*

James. Brother Saul! every good gift and every perfect gift is from above: the Father of lights has brought you out of darkness; to him be the praise. We commend you to his care. Preach religion, pure and undefiled, as from heaven it came to you, and we are brothers in Christ.

Saul. I came to declare to you and to Peter how I had seen the Lord, and to acquaint you of my purpose to live to preach Jesus and the resurrection. Well do I foresee the trials which will befall me by the lying in wait of the Jews. Unsafe in Damascus, I cannot be safe here; but godliness with contentment is great gain. I must war a good warfare, holding faith and a good conscience.

Esli. O Saul! hither from Tarsus have I sought for thee; and glad am I to hear thee speak of godliness and a good conscience.

Saul. And of faith in Jesus Christ; for, if I keep the faith henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.

Esli. O Saul! I know not what to say.

Saul. Go to my kinsfolk, and rehearse to them what the Lord hath done for me.

SCENE — *Tarsus. EUNICE, TIRZAH, ESLI.*

Eunice. Saul has returned, but oh, how changed! yet still the same kind, loving brother, — even more affectionate than ever. But how can I bear to think of the change!

Tirzah. Be patient, Eunice, and hear what your brother has to make known. God's truth comes like the rain upon the well-tilled field, to fertilize and make it yield the more. He who maketh the winds his messengers, and flames of fire his servants, hath taken Saul, a chosen vessel, to bear his name before the world. Suffering in body, but pure in spirit, he will go forth, God's own, his beautiful, his incorrupt, and ever be his child.

Esti. Yes, from what I have seen and heard, I do believe it. This Jesus was most wise.

Tirzah. Hear more of him; and you will add even higher names. Let Saul discourse, and you will learn that all his life was love, and all his doctrines heavenly.

Esti. I will learn from Saul; and you too, dearest Eunice, must give ear; for well I know no common argument could so have changed the current of Saul's thoughts.

Eunice. But Saul does not confine himself to our tribe and people. Late, by the Cydnus, walked he forth with Greek philosophers, in earnest talk. At our synagogue, on the last sabbath, methought that more proselytes listened to Saul than of those who are born Jews.

Tirzah. Saul teaches that there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all and in all.

Eunice. This is most strange. My aunt, are you a daughter of Abraham, and prepared to accept such dogmas? I must cherish all my love for Saul, and listen with a predisposed spirit, or I can never admit the defiled Gentile as one with the children of Jacob. But patience, for love of Saul, patience to hear what you, my aunt, did know, even before Saul's great change.

Tirzah. Yes, in my visit to Jerusalem, I heard Peter and believed; and thus was I in Christ before our kinsman. And now I pray that we may all be united to Jesus, as the branches to the vine.

W. A. W.

MEMBERS ONE OF ANOTHER.

A SERMON, BY REV. WM. MOUNTFORD.

ROM. xii. 5. — "We, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

WHEN a man traces his descent, he finds himself, with every generation backwards, more and more widely related. Through the patriarch Noah, he is kindred to those of whom the whole earth was overspread; and, with Adam and Eve for his ancestors, there is not a king anywhere, nor a slave, but he is kin to.

And the wiser a man grows, the more widely he is related in mind; he is akin to Socrates and his great disciples, to the mathematical dwellers on the Nile, to the Chaldean shepherds, who first watched the stars, and to Abraham the father of the faithful.

And the better a man becomes, the more nearly akin does he feel himself to every man everywhere. St. Paul could ask in his earnest way, "Who is weak, and I am not weak? who is offended, and I burn not?"

Membership one in another is our nature, and one way of our spiritual growth.

The baby, in its mother's arms, is flesh of her flesh; and, with its first smile of recognition, it begins to be soul of her soul. And when it begins to learn, it is a member, first of one teacher and then of another. And when the child calls his parent "father," he speaks a word which Wicliff used, and which Hengist and Thorsa brought here out of the forests of Germany.

When we speak, it is with the tongue of our forefathers; when we look at the stars, it is with the eyes of Galileo; when we travel far, it is with the skill of Stevenson and Fulton; when we read books, it is through the art of John Faust, of Mayence; and when we think of the past, it is with other men's memories — millions of them — made into history; and when we worship, it is in the spirit of Jesus Christ.

But for other persons, I should have been not much better than an idiot, and more dumb than the brutes even. There may be some persons, and many perhaps, the better for me; yet but for others, my life would have been quite worthless. If I

am a living soul, it is because of the persons I have talked with, and the books I have read, and the atmosphere of thought I have breathed, and which has been growing and purifying for me ever since Adam first began to think.

When I sin, it is with David's remorse that I begin repenting. When my soul in me is troubled, it is with another man's trust that I encourage myself; and I say, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in the Lord." When I am devout, it is with the devoutness of Abraham in his tent, and of Isaac in the fields, and of Simeon in the temple. When I am afraid of something dreadful that may happen to me, and endeavor to be resigned, it is with the resignation of Jesus that I say, "O my Father! if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done."

I am the more easily virtuous for the righteous men that have been before me. If I am heroical at all, it is with something of the heroism of Plutarch's heroes. If I can be misunderstood, and be cheerful; and if, day after day, I can go on acting silent appeals from the men about me to God above me; I do so the more easily for having early known of the manly words which St. Paul wrote to some strange disciples of his at Corinth, 'With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment. Yea, I judge not mine own self. But he that judgeth me is the Lord.' Have I any willingness to self-sacrifice? It is the readier and the sublimer with me for the martyrs I have read of, and by whose words I have been ablated. And a good deal it is with their old fortitude, that I am courageous.

There is not a feeling which I have but is what it is from what other men have felt before me. My feelings are my own, hope; they are not affected, but real. True: yet I should not feel the way I do, only that I have been aided to do so. I have learned to think the thoughts of many great thinkers, and to feel the feelings of each of many poets. And through my breathing the air they talked in, there is in my soul a spiritual something of thousands and millions of men, whom I have never known of.

I welcome the spring with feelings older than myself. I rejoice in the summer with a joy that is of farmers and children, many, many generations back. I see the sun rise; and, at a holy beauty of the sight, there is something of Coleridge in

me, while I wonder and worship. And in my heart, at an evening, sometimes, there is devotion surviving on from the Catholic vesper-service of centuries ago.

Ah yes, in my mind, a very great deal, I am what I am from other men. For I have been sharpened with other men's acuteness, and been made wiser with other men's experience. Not a little I am what I am from what Greece was, and from what the twelfth century was, and from what Francis Bacon thought.

My soul is religious with the early prayer of my mother's teaching, and with thoughts of Augustine's meditating, with the way the Jewish prophets felt, and with the hopes and fears with which men have worshipped, north and south, in the east and in the west, through ages.

My heart is tender with the tenderness with which friends loved one another in the long, long past. It is hopeful with the hopefulness with which good men were brave in hard times and wicked times. And it is earnest with Anglo-Saxon earnestness.

Soul! a living soul am I? Then I am so from the world I live in — through the people about me, and the men that have lived before me.

"But I do not feel that way at all," says some objector. "Who is there to whom I am indebted at all? what is the world to me? what has it yielded me ever? A living out of it I have had, but I have labored it out. Your great names are great deceits; for what is Plato to me? and what is Julius Cæsar? Kindness from anybody I have never had, except what has been owing to me. All the men living, or that have ever lived, — what are they to me?" They are the grace of God to you. They are the ways thought has grown in you: they have been the occasions of feeling in you. They are a company — almost any of them — out of which you may get to be wise and good and devout and holy.

My friends, you could be the better for almost every person you know of.

Nazareth was such a town as that it was asked about it, "Can any good come out of it?" It was thought, in its time, such a poor place, such a very pitiful place; and yet it yielded what humanly was the growth of Jesus, from infancy in a carpenter's house to the time when he was known to be the Son of God. And every soul that is Christian may have heavenly growth out of the

most worldly circumstances, like Christ out of Nazareth. More or less, one way or another, your soul may be the better for every one you know of, — for little children to laugh with, and for old men to be serious with, for friends that love you and enemies that hate you, for good men that inspirit you, and bad men that appal you. We men are more to one another than we think: we are of diviner use to one another than perhaps we know of. There is no common acquaintance of ours but is more to us than he looks. My neighbor is affected by my actions oftener than is quite plain; and, when I do not think so, I am touched by what are his movements really. Never have I an earnest thought, the most secret, but my friends feel it somehow, — if not directly, then indirectly. And no accident ever happens to another, that I hear of, but, someway or other, it happens to me too.

My God! this is my nature. It is thus mysterious. Yes, and other unknown ways it is wonderful. It is instinct with God, my nature is. And so, what mortal things I do prove immortal results. And fugitive words of my speaking, the idlest of them, turn to something everlasting in some hearer. Often, and perhaps always, it is as though God were behind us, and made us be more to one another than we at all think of. Oh! we may well thrill to the way by which God makes us members one of another, without our knowledge. We may well be awed as we feel God about us, so strangely pervading our relations to one another. Oh! but God is in the common ways of life; and he is to be felt in them; and they may become holy and venerable to the feeling; and they may be walked in, like aisles in "a dim and mighty minster of old time, a temple."

Shall I not, — I do not say reverence myself, — but shall I not revere the divine ways I live by? Shall I not feel as though the ground under me were holy; since, by being taken on it, my steps are so important? Sometimes shall I not rejoice and tremble to think what divine purposes may be growing in me? And sometimes shall I not be the more patient and the calmer, for feeling that very likely I am of diviner use in the world than I now of? Yes, all of us, we may well live under a greater awe than we do, hope more and fear more; because "we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

All the souls I sympathize with are sources of moral strength to me. In my neighborhood, or within my knowledge, there is not

a human life but might be a root for my soul to grow with. And, indeed, it is meant to be so. We are sympathetic creatures; and it is so we are created. Till we get quite perverted and hardened, we cannot help sympathizing. We see a stranger in peril; and ourselves we are frightened. We see him struggling fearfully for escape; and, with his efforts, our pulses throb, and our eyes stare, and our muscles quiver. We see a person cry with distress; and ourselves we cannot help weeping. We see a happy man, only just for a moment; and, for a minute or two at least, we are happy with his happiness, and see things about us in the pleasant way they look to him. We hear a sudden cry of delight from some one; and we clap our hands, without thinking why. We talk with a man of a finely-toned mind; and with the harmony of his faculties our own powers are attuned. This fellow-feeling with one another is our nature.

But we get wrong-hearted; and we pervert ourselves with reasons which are bad, but which we fancy are very wise. We look in the face of some dreadful sufferer; and we think we are philosophic if we can keep quite calm, and say to ourselves that "what cannot be cured must be endured." We know of a person being made happy; but, instead of sympathy, we give way to envy; and we justify ourselves with the silly reason, "It is not us the good fortune has happened to: what should we be glad for?" A misfortune happens to some one; and then it is said, "Ah, well! we cannot help it, so we will not think about it." And this is thought to be right, while it is very wrong. Some terrible thing happens; and the hearers of it say, "Oh! it is awful. But it is dreadful to think of; so let us think of something else." And then they talk of some ridiculous matter, and so forget what others are weeping at. And this avoidance of a gloomy subject they call self-control. To be cheerful under a cloud, they fancy, is being religious. And so it is sometimes, but not always; and never with them, very likely. It is a fearful event which has happened in their neighborhood; but they say, "We will think of something else. Anyway, we will keep from crying." And so they keep from weeping with them that weep: they keep from being Christian.

Every man I know may be spiritual help for me. I can feel myself in him, and so I can be the better for him. I can feel myself limited about with the restraints of other men, with their

poverty or their bodily weaknesses; and I can feel myself alone in the world, like some friendless men. And when I sympathize with these men, and shape myself into fellow-feeling with them, by helping them, then myself I am tempered with their misfortunes, perhaps only a little, but yet very genially. When a man lives bravely, and I honor him for it, then, through sympathy with his courage, myself I am the more courageous. When I see a man, old and wronged and unfortunate, and who is yet religiously cheerful, and when I feel along with him, then I see the world through his eyes. And so, my own sight grows heavenly keen from the times, when another man has had to strain his eyes to see the light of heaven, because the world about him has been so dark. A horrible event happens to an acquaintance of mine; and, if I choose, almost I can feel myself in his place; now I if I do, and if I weep with him when he weeps; then from another man's accident I can feel the awfulness of this nature, which my soul has been made subject to. A man that I know is wicked. Now, there is a way of looking at him, in which it is badness of my own I may see in him; and there is a way of sorrowing over him, through which my own soul will be purified by the remorse he ought to be repenting with. And I can feel along with him in such a manner as myself to feel the more awfully what an environment of temptation I live in. A neighbor is mortally ill. Now, there is a way of feeling with him, by which myself I may be the wiser for what the past must look to him, and be the more devout for the helpless but believing manner of his soul's passing out of the flesh to God. This is our nature. It is the manner of our souls, as any one may feel for himself. And for us to be Christian, we must feel very much that way; for "we, being many, are *one* body in *Christ*, and every one members one of another."

There is in my soul Isaiah's holy fire, if I would let it burn; and Christ's love, if only I would love, the way I can. It is my nature, which is so holy in the saint, so brave in the martyr, so wise in the philosopher, and so sweet and solemn in the poet. In any noble soul, I see myself, either as I might be or as I am to be. As I look up the heights of human perfection, I see the good and great rising one above another like principalities and powers. And they are on the steps which myself I am to ascend sometime. It is good to look up, and believe so; but at present I wish you to look down, and to think something else, which also

is good. The saint living in his house like a temple, the martyr in his robe of fire, the poet making all things beautiful, — each is an example of my nature, so he is; and, in the very same way, so is the thief, the heathen, and whoever is worst and humblest of us men. For what we are to become, we must not forget what we are. While we gaze up at the glory that is to be man's, we must remember that his growth towards it is up out of a state, ignorant, suffering, and necessarily laborious, and what so easily turns to be sinful too. Because it is out of this sorrowful element that man's greatness arises, and what is the hope of my life and yours. All arts and sciences and human glories are to be traced back to the wants felt by a savage in his hut. And it is from suffering that patience begins, and that heavenly hope, and faith, and tenderest love are ours. Not in wealth only, but in mind and heart, a man may be ever so great; and yet mainly he is what he is from the lives of other men, from the sufferings and thoughts and works of others, and from the way they have sinned and sorrowed and repented.

The more a man loves, the faster he will grow in spirit; and the wider his sympathies, the higher will be his thoughts. In every man I know, there is spiritual meaning for me. One man is a warning against drunkenness; another is a persuasion to charity. One man is an exhortation to industry; and another is an invitation to worship, his look heavenward is so natural; while another man is an encouragement to independence, because, with his eye on God, he walks the world so fearlessly. One neighbor is a caution against covetousness; while another is delightful to look at, because it is as though poverty were become golden with him, and calamity all joy, and hardship comfort itself, through being appointed him by God. Ways of feeling may begin in us, or be strengthened in us, from every person we know. And from everybody we think about, germs of thought are forming in us that will grow hereafter, perhaps, to spiritual glories. Such divine aids to one another we human creatures are, even when we do not mean so. I can have every man of my acquaintance to be my spiritual helper, if I like. Every man I care about, and pray for, sets me a step forward towards heaven. Every object of my sympathy is a root of growth for my soul. And let the world be to me what God really has made it, and my growth out of it will be fast and godly. No doubt this is a world of happi-


ness, and we will rejoice with the joyful; but also it is a world of sorrow and toil and painful progress. And sufferers, and hard workers, and moral strugglers, are objects of sympathy my soul cannot possibly prosper without.

Through sympathy it is possible for me to have the good of suffering without the pain of it, to have my spirit chastened by another man's sorrows, to have my heart purified in another man's breast. A friend of mine is ill; and it is for me he is suffering, as well as for himself; it is for my good, as well as for his own trial. For if I pray with him, it is with his fervor I pray; and if I feel with him, it is with his solemnity about life. And so, what is his dangerous illness may be my spiritual help, and indeed is meant to be so. From having been ever so happy, all at once my neighbor is a wretched man; he is suddenly poor, or widowed, or ill for life. What is this to me, then? Nothing; nothing at all, if I wish. For, if I choose, I can be a brute, and feel for nobody but myself. But then, this way, I am not a soul, not a living soul. The misfortune of my neighbor is really for me to mind, and is meant so. It is a warning for me, and more than that. It is nature showing me what a sad, painful element I live in. It is a word spoken to me, to awe me, to make me feel myself as helpless as I am, to make me want God to rest in. Let me quite sympathize with an afflicted man; and then with his stripes myself I am healed, and I am perfected with his sufferings.

I am clothed and warmed and fed and housed well; and so, famine and storms and nakedness are nothing to me. Yet they come of what is an ordinance of God, — the state of the earth we live in. It is for us all, for the good of us all, that the fields are unwilling, and that the winds blow, and that frost freezes, and that clothing has to come of hard work. Now, the hardship of our human nature is the greatness of it; and when we escape all feeling of it, it is really divine grace which we forego. Do I advise, then, that we should fast, or that we should expose ourselves to the cold? No, but only that we should remember what the world is which we are living in, and have some feeling of it, by feeling as we ought to do for our fellow-creatures. We sit by warm fires, without thinking out of what deep, dark mines the coal was got up; and we are warmed by the help of men whose weariness we have no thought of. We eat our food, and never think of the laborer in the field, and the sailor on the sea, and the

toil there is for us in many a plantation under a burning sun. And we put on our clothes as though they had been rained out of the clouds, like snow : while really we have not them to wear without the hard work of the spinner, the weaver, and many another workman, nor without slaves having toiled for us in Louisiana. The work, the hard work of other men is my life. Not a little I live on the sufferings of my fellow-creatures. This is a matter to think upon ; and there is a feeling which it ought to make in me, a solemn, tender feeling of what it is to be a man with fellow-men. Man has to get his living by work, while other creatures live by play. But at his work man gets virtue, as well as bread. — gets fortitude, patience, self-government, and some exercise in faith. A laborer toils on from day to day, and from year to year ; and, merely from his work, there grows blindly in him a feeling which, of itself, claims another world as the result, the consequence of the life he is now living. The more independent a man becomes of toil for his living, the further away does he get from what would help his soul in courage, fortitude, and faith. But, if he is independent of work, he is not independent of workmen. And if he will remember this, and if he will enter into the feelings of those who have to earn their daily bread as they eat it, then his soul will get tempered to the feeling, strenuous and yet dependent, which God means should grow in a man from his having to work in order to live.

What is my pleasure may be another man's pain. The storm which beats on my roof, and is quite comfortable to listen to, makes another man's house cold and wet, and perhaps will wreck some ship, laden with men that are to drown, and hopes that are to fail, and goods that are to perish and make an owner poor instead of rich. And this is what we ought to have some thought of. For it is the nature of the world we live in. And with thinking of it, it is what will soften and solemnize our spirits. And the ignorant about us we may be the better for. They are ignorant for us to teach, for us to be considerate with, for us to grow virtuous by. Because there is a sympathy with their ignorance, for which ourselves we can be the better. For without a person can look down with love on those beneath him, he cannot look up with a right feeling to what is above him. A man who has no sympathy with the ignorance he grew out of can have no worthy feeling of the heights beyond heights of knowledge which



ise above him, and with looking up to which he ought to feel himself lowly indeed, yet hopeful and sublimed. Also only out of sympathetic hearts can there possibly be true worship. Because a part, what is worship? It is the yearning of the soul towards goodness that is infinite, towards love that is infinite, towards wisdom that is infinite, and towards holiness in its beauty. And he that loves not these things in the persons he daily sees, how really can he love them in the infinite he has never seen?

Yes! for growth in goodness and grace, and for all that is best now and best in prophecy, "we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

THE WRONG BEGINNING.

"I HAVE attended no less than seventeen parties, eight public assemblies, nine concerts, and an uncounted number of small whist-gatherings," said a fashionable married lady to a friend. 'Were it not for the excitement which these events give to my life, I should be perfectly wretched.'

"I am sorry to hear you express yourself in this manner," replied her friend. "Only think of *me*: I have not been to a single place of public amusement, and yet I have contrived to pass off the winter evenings very delightfully at home."

"Well, then, *your* home must wear a different aspect from mine," continued our gay friend. "For my part, I have no pleasure in being cooped up in a nursery with a fretful child, and a cross woman to attend him. And then, as to sitting in the parlors all alone with one's husband, and hear him rattle over evening papers, and talk upon the "rise and fall of stocks," *that* is worse yet. Besides, there is often a trouble with the cook; he is for ever reminding me that something is wanting in the store-room; and, oh! is not housekeeping a hateful business?"

"Why, my dear Adela, you are beside yourself to talk in this way. You have begun entirely wrong, to enjoy life. You must remember, the performance of duty is all that gives the true zest to life. Now, suffer me kindly to tell you that you are sowing the seeds which will bring upon you a most bitter harvest. To be frank with me, do you really enjoy these exciting pleasures?"

Is there no self-reproach which occasionally harrows up your conscience?"

"Oh! yes, sometimes my nights are very distressing. We are generally late; yes, often the very last to leave the place of amusement, because I have dread of what follows. There is often an aching head, an inability to compose myself, and a sort of feverish habit which succeeds. I have had recourse to opiates to induce sleep; but my husband says, he fears late suppers and thin dresses will ruin my constitution."

"Why, then, does he permit you to indulge in such destructive ways?"

"My dear woman, do you suppose I would be dictated to in such matters? We are young but once, I suppose you remember; and, unless we enjoy the spring-time, the autumn will leave us quite devoid of excitement; and, for my part, I hope I shall never have it laid to my charge that I moped out my youth, and had no pleasure in any period of my life. I always pity old people, and wonder they can be half as cheerful as they are; for surely they have outlived all the sunshine of existence."

"The twilight of the natural day is to some people, Adela, more agreeable than its sunshine; and so it may be with old age, when the retrospect is pleasant."

"Well, I don't know how it is you can get along as you do, and call yourself happy. I know you *are* so by the cheerful countenance you always wear. And yet I *do* understand it in part: your children are not half as fretful as other people's, and you are never troubled with poor help; there is old Rachel, who has lived with you these fifteen years, and knows all your ways; and your nursery-woman, who has taken care of every child you have. But just look at the contrast in *my* case. I have been married but two years and six months, and have been obliged to turn out nine cooks and six girls of all-work, merely because they were so undutiful."

"Again, Adela, I tell you, you have begun wrong; and, as long as you keep on so, you will never be happy. My Rachel, when she first came to live with me, was one of the most awkward, unmanageable girls in the world; but I knew she could be taught by patient and laborious toil, and it seemed to me a duty to instruct her to make her useful to herself as well as others; for I pity the abject condition of poor females, who, for the want

a little training, are often driven to numberless places, and suit one. I therefore taught her to read and write, to sew and to cook; and although I do not feel I did more than my duty, yet reward has been great. I trust she is now a conscientious, Christian woman, and I know she is a faithful domestic. Just so I did with my nursery-woman; and were I obliged to leave my family, or should I be removed by death, I feel they are fully qualified for their station in any other family."

"My dear friend," inquired Adela, "will you give me a receipt to make valuable help? I should esteem it as the most valuable rule in the world."

"My friend, the first great task is to make *ourselves*. I had great work to do with my mind and heart, and, I fear, after all, I am still very imperfect; for it needs constant amendment. But the first lesson of forbearance, and the trying one to be patient, cost me a severe struggle; and, had I not sought aid from above, I never could have attained the low standard which I have already reached. When I entered the marriage state, I found new responsibilities demanded a new method in living; the free and careless manner of a girl would not dignify one called to preside over a household; the round of fashionable amusements would not help me to cultivate my higher nature; and so I gradually withdrew from the midnight follies of gay and volatile companions, and sat *at home* to find my pleasure; but I did not grow sullen or selfish, I trust. We always kept a coterie of intimate friends, and our evenings were often enlivened in friendly interchanges; but the giddiness of life I forsook as a matter of principle. We read and talked, attended scientific lectures, and interested ourselves in religious subjects, — made a profession of religion, and set at doing some good; and where do you think, Adela, my first attempt was made, and upon whom?"

"Your husband, of course."

"Oh! no, I *received* rather than gave *him* aid. He had a father, a wild fellow, just from the country, and actually bewitched by the glare of a city-life; nevertheless he was good-humored, cheerful and active in business, and had many sterling traits of character: but he was so fascinated, nay, absolutely carried away by his evening dissipations, that my husband began to despair of being able to keep him. I persuaded him to admit him as a boarder, upon condition that he would comply with our require-

ments. He did so, and I set about the work of making a home attractive to that young man. We stayed at home a great deal in evenings, and he read, or played a game of backgammon; for I knew we must make some effort to amuse him in the beginning, until we opened resources within himself. He began to be happy; often spoke of the pleasure which such a home yielded; by degrees he became interested in various studies; by and by he attended lectures, and finally he lost all relish for his former dissipated companions. And you know the character, Adela, of James Ellery: he was the young man I have been talking about.

Adela held up both hands in astonishment. "James Ellery is my own cousin; and time and again have I heard him describe the dangers which surrounded him, and speak of friends who rescued him; but I never dreamed it was *you*. I would give the world if I were like you, and could find pleasure in doing good; but I think it would be a pretty piece of folly for me to undertake to reform any of my husband's clerks, although he often says, if they boarded with us it would be far better."

"To reform *one's-self* is of the first importance; then to extend a helping-hand to others is clearly our duty."

Poor Adela began to seriously think; but that ball to-morrow night broke in upon her meditation. She wondered if the dress-maker would finish her pink watered silk, and whether a bandeau of ornaments or a wreath of flowers would be most becoming. Between such conflicting thoughts she passed the morning; and when she returned home, little Eddy was sick with a scarlet fever. She loved the child, and his illness caused the expected enjoyment to fade in her mind. But then the physician would tell her whether she might safely leave him. He died before the hour of the party; and Adela was a weeping mother by his lifeless body. How vainly she now tried to summon to her relief some resource upon which to lean! The world was nothing: those festive scenes seemed like a mockery of her woe. Her friend stood by her, and pointed her to that world where little children are blessed. But they were strange words to her giddy brain. She wondered how a God of love could thus bereave. She distrusted the goodness which had a right to reclaim its own. Yet necessity sometimes forces us into obedience, and such was her case; for there were some latent sparks of good which this affliction enkindled, and in unknown ways they were fanned into life;

so that from this affliction a renewed life was the result. And thus we see that Providence kindly sends us disguised blessings, which effect what no earthly counsellor can do.

A short distance from the city dwells one of the most cheerful, devoted Christians to be found. She is a great almoner to the poor; and, when the weather is the coldest, her steps may be traced up the rickety stairs of some garret, or down some alley where the light of day is almost obscured; and you may be sure she *leaves* light wherever she has trodden, and bestows all needed comforts in desolate homes. This benefactor and Christian woman is Adela! Her husband, too, is the pillar of yonder church.

This story, and the transition from a gay life to a Christian course, is all rapidly told; but, be assured, the work was not so briefly done. There were many sad hours of penitence over the retrospect of a thoughtless, frivolous life; many bitter and scalding tears of repentance over the wrong beginning, and many a sad mistake which early training would have subdued. But, when the heart becomes changed, the evil tendencies will gradually disappear; although we may well tremble at the unanswered question, whether sin does not leave an ineffaceable stain which penitence may blot out, but of which memory will still retain some dreary traces.

H. S. E.

FLAX COTTON.

Selected.

WHILE we, with human rage and heat,
Would make the world forego its ill,
Behold with what unnoticed feet
God's passionless reformers still
Come unaware and have their will!

Tough roots hath profitable wrong
That blunt too long the leveller's axe;
God touches them with nought more strong
Nor sharper than a stem of flax,—
The iron fibres melt as wax.

J. R. LOWELL.

F O R G I V E N E S S .

Oh! when some fellow-being cries "Forgive,"
 For ills where long forbearance seemed to quail,
 Craveth our absolution to receive,
 Seemeth in penitence sincere to grieve,
 Surely our Christ-taught kindness should not fail.

Though years on years with hoarded wrongs are rife,
 That long have waited an avenging day,
 Wrongs that have struck the soul, and palsied life,
 Have victors been in many a fearful strife,
 Still to such pleading we should speak not "Nay."

Though, in that hour, we may not quite control
 The bleeding memories whose wounds will ope,
 Nor turn the bitter tides that flood the soul,
 Yet, waiting calmly till they backward roll,
 We may some vestige find they left of hope.

Though we may banish never from the eye
 The latent tear, so long a dweller there,
 Nor from the heart uproot the secret sigh,
 That, in firm fibres clasped, doth throbbing lie,
 Let their subjection be our aim and prayer.

When, in some writhing heart, there still doth live,
 — Some heart that like a bruised reed doth lie, —
 Father in heaven! thy high prerogative,
 The power and will to answer, "I forgive,"
 Oh! then how great is crushed humanity!

And every wrong that thus we bid away
 Shall rise with pleading tones, great God! to thee;
 Be our strong advocate in the dread day
 When, to such suppliant souls, thy voice shall say,
 "As ye have rendered, so receive of me."

Then, thou with whom our fiercer self hath striven!
 All ye who need, yet never seek it here!
Fully and freely are ye all forgiven.
 Thus may we hear when, entering into heaven,
 Erring, repentant, we at length appear!

H. F.

"DRIVEN TO AND FRO."

(Concluded.)

her desperate solicitude, one of Mrs. Raymond's first measures to solicit the aid of a gentleman who had been Arthur's guar-
 . He was a man of fair character before the world; had
 intimate with Mr. Raymond, and had shown himself dis-
 tressedly kind to the widow and orphan in his attention to
 business-matters. His punctuality and judgment in money-
 rs had arranged their large property to the best advantage,
 his well-known integrity had inspired her confidence. To
 therefore, she first carried the anguish of her maternal

as soon as he understood the grounds of her uneasiness, he
 ed really relieved.

Oh! as to your boy's morals, my dear madam, I hope you
 not give yourself any unnecessary anxiety on that subject.
 ng men must be young men, you know; and you cannot
 ct him to be any more of a saint than the rest of the world.
 re say he may be a little gay: it would be strange if he were
 you know, with his lively disposition and handsome fortune;
 he will get over all that, one of these days, and settle down."
 I wish I could think him only a little gay, sir," replied Mrs.
 mond; "but I have reason to apprehend something worse.
 fear he is actually dissipated; I fear he has fallen into the
 t of company, and goes where no young man of correct
 ls ever goes."

A young man of correct morals, in the sense you mean, Mrs.
 nond, would be a rare sight now-a-days. I really do not
 to have you make yourself unhappy about trifles; and so I
 : tell you frankly, that, let your son go where you will,
 ight if he is a bit worse than any of the other young men you
 very day. It is a thing of course, — a necessary evil, that
 will cure; and if you undertake to curb him in, and expect
 to be as pure as a girl, you will be laying up disappointment
 gh. You women know nothing about these matters. The
 g ladies in our ball-rooms waltz every evening with partners
 e companions at other hours these very young men would

turn away from with horror. Your son is no worse than the rest, depend upon it."

Mrs. Raymond covered her face. "It is not possible!" exclaimed she; "you must exaggerate. I cannot believe there is such depravity around us."

"Depravity! that is rather a harsh word, my dear lady. But, as to the conduct of our young men, I don't exaggerate a bit, you may be sure. There is scarcely one that you ladies would call pure, if you knew all."

"Tell me no more," she said, with burning cheeks. "I do not wish to believe it; and, if it be all true, such a truth does not reconcile me to the destruction of my son."

She burst into tears. Her friend used all the arguments his philosophy could supply for her consolation; assured her that her son would do as the rest did, — grow steady one of these days, marry some fine girl, and settle down for life. And so he left her; gave the young man a little formal, heartless advice, to quiet his own conscience, which a mother's tears had somewhat disturbed; looked about in society for some unsuspecting girl who might sober the rich young profligate into matrimony; and remained satisfied with himself.

Two years afterwards, Arthur Raymond was but a wreck. His fortune had suffered somewhat; and this annoyed the good friend, whose moral sense had not been disturbed by his youthful irregularities. But advice from that quarter was received with anger. Arthur's constitution, too, had suffered; and no heartache had his mother ever known like that with which she sometimes gazed on his haggard cheeks, and listened to his hollow, reckless laugh.

At the House of Refuge, of which she was now a manager and constant visitor, the Hannah Shaw with whom we introduced our tale was an assistant. For years she had proved herself a sincere penitent, and devoted to the work of rescuing others from the depths in which she had nearly perished.

One day, Mrs. Raymond found there a new inmate. It was a young woman, of a showy style of beauty, but whose bold eye and irreverent manner betrayed at once what had been her manner of life. She had come to them voluntarily, in a fit of penitence brought on by that terrible dread of death, so common among these unhappy creatures. She had been very sick, and in her alarm had fled to the Refuge, as if she thought that there some

mysterious power would snatch her from the consequences of her sins. But it was plain that the consequences, and not the sins, filled her with terror; and of any *spiritual* consequences she seemed to have only the most vague conceptions. She dreaded death, or rather *dying*. And she had a confused impression of something fearful after death; but so accustomed had she been to the exercise of the senses alone, that she had nearly lost the capacity of imagining any thing which the senses did not convey. Remorse was not the word which described her state, even when most sick and distressed: it expressed something more dignified, intellectual, spiritual, than her weak, blind terror.

Consequently, as her health improved, the mood which brought her to the Refuge passed away. She rose up from her debility, and the nervous restlessness of her system became a torment to herself and others. Unaccustomed to steady occupation, to sit still even twenty minutes was a misery, an impossibility, for her. Quiet was a horror to her; for she had been used to flying from one excitement to another, until she could no more live without excitement than the opium-eater can endure existence without his wonted stimulus. She had no ideas in her brain, except the remembrances of her incoherent, vicious past, and consequently could talk of nothing else. Yet talk she must and would; and the difficulty of checking such a flow of profane and improper language, and of drawing her away from that which had been her *only* world, was one of the severest trials the experienced matron of the Refuge had encountered.

Mrs. Raymond had been in the country a few weeks for her health; and, when she returned, she found this Esther had been for three weeks in the institution, and was beginning to exert a very bad influence on the rest of the inmates. Thoughtful she went home: thoughtful, but not anxious; for the settled religious faith which had so strengthened her once weak character was proof against ordinary anxieties. Calmly could she meditate upon ways and means, when sure of a present, co-operating Holy Spirit; and no longer was she "driven to and fro," when the path of duty lay straight before her.

She took what her worldly friends, and perhaps some others, would have considered a strange resolution.

The next day she sought a private interview with the young woman, and told her her own story. She began with her con-

versation with Mrs. Allyn, with the character and death of that good woman, with her anxieties about an only son, her misery about his ruined character and health; and on his soul's condition and prospects did she dwell with tears and sobs of agony!

What a listener for such a commonplace history as this was,—a hardened girl of the town! one who had forgotten to blush, to cast down her eyes in the presence of virtue! It went deep. The perception of sin and misery was awakened. For the first time, a dim consciousness of her own soul, and its state, and its coming woe, was felt in the bosom of that poor wretch, who had been trained up in the haunts of vice. She, too, wept, and such tears as she had never shed before; for there was something in them of sympathy with another's true grief, and that is ever purifying.

They parted to meet again next day. The mother went away with a dawn of hope in her heart for even this *almost* lost sinner; and the other stayed; subdued physically, because she had wept away some of her nervous excitability; and spiritually, because she had known a new and good emotion. She had listened to a brief prayer, feeling that a God was somewhere, perhaps very near, listening also.

The next day and the next, Mrs. Raymond was too sick with an influenza to leave her bed; and she found it hard not to repine at being kept from so good a work. On the third day, she was able to sit up; and in her chamber she received a visit from Hannah Shaw. The first glance at the woman's face told of sad news.

A young man, under whose charge Esther had been living before she came to the Refuge, had succeeded in opening a communication with her, and in enticing her away, upon a promise of marriage. Whether he would have fulfilled his promise or not, could never be guessed; for in the carriage, as he drove up to the lodgings he had hired for Esther, he had been attacked with delirium tremens, and with great difficulty had been conveyed to a bed. There, two police-officers were holding him down, while the terrified Esther had again fled to the Refuge, and revealed his condition and his *name*. It was Arthur Raymond.

The scenes through which that tried mother passed during the next two days cannot be described. She saw faces and forms like the phantoms of a dream, in that terrible abode of sin. Hor-

ror-struck they were, though of vulgar and vicious expression, as she afterwards remembered. They came and went at the chamber-door, in spite of the precautions taken by her family physician, nurse and servant, who protected her through the fearful interval. When the maniacal strength of the young man was exhausted in struggles and yells, he was carried almost lifeless from the haunts of infamy to the pleasant home of his infancy and innocence. There he lingered but a few days. Silent had been the ravages of disease in his system; but it had left no power in his body to resist death, young as he was. And as little power had the sins, which brought disease, left in his soul for that encounter. In speechless, groaning, impotent despair, he breathed out his stained spirit.

And in strange, wretched perplexity did his mother question of his fate that long, long night; and many a time afterwards. Should she be comforted because he could sin no more? Was it indeed so? Had he gone beyond the reach of repentance and mercy? What was his state?

Oh! sad, interminable, unanswered queryings, which the dying sinner bequeathes to those who loved him on earth!

At Mrs. Raymond's request, Esther witnessed that death-bed scene. She never again sought to quit the Refuge, till, with a changed heart and pure steady purposes, she found a quiet, remote home in the country. There she proved the possibility of thorough reformation by the power of God and Christ, and the blessing of the Holy Spirit, even where sin had entered the sanctuary of a child's heart, and shut its doors apparently against the very angels of the Most High.

Very quiet was the lonely life of Mrs. Raymond. Widowed and childless, but no longer weak, unstable, and worldly, her soul lived upon prayer; and her time and property were devoted to the relief of suffering and the cause of virtue. To her came the penitent for sympathy and encouragement; and to the misguided and erring did she go, — until the hair was silver upon her brow, and her limbs tottered, — with the words of Jesus on her lips, and his spirit in her heart. Her soul was fixed, her course steady, her confidence in the power of God unchanging; and so, with a strength not her own, she led many souls from darkness to light, from sorrow to joy, from sin to holiness.

L. J. H.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

It will be easily believed, that, in spite of all the natural modesty and reserve of Miss Baillie's character, the impression made by the appearance of one so highly gifted on those who had the happiness of being admitted to her intimacy was neither slight nor evanescent. "Dear, venerable Joanna!" writes one of those, "I wish I could, for my own or others' benefit, recall, and in any way fix, the features of your countenance and mind! The ever-thoughtful brow, — the eye that in old age still dilated with expression, or was suffused with a tear. I never felt afraid of her. How could I, having experienced nothing but the most constant kindness and indulgence? I had heard of the 'awful stillness of the Hampstead drawing-room;' and, when I first saw her in her own quiet home (she must have been then bordering on seventy, and I on twenty), I remember likening myself to the devil in Milton. I felt 'how awful goodness is — and virtue in her shape, how lovely!' One could not help feeling a constant reverence for her worth, even more than an admiration of her intellectual gifts. There was something, indeed, in her appearance that quite contrasted with one's ideas of authorship, which made one forget her works in her presence, — nay, almost wonder if the neat, precise old maid before one could really be the same person who had painted the warm passion of a Basil, or soared to and sympathized with the ambition of a Mohammed or a Paleologus."

In a little tract, published about twenty years before her death, she indicates her religious creed. After studying the Scriptures carefully, — examining the Gospels and Epistles, and comparing them with one another, which she thinks is all the unlearned can do, — she faithfully sets down every passage relating to the divinity and mission of Christ; and, looking to the bearing of the whole, is able to rest her mind upon the Arian doctrine, which supposes him to be "a most highly-gifted Being, who was with God before the creation of the world, and by whose agency it probably was created, by power derived from Almighty God." That she was no bigoted sectarian in religion, whatever she may once have been in poetry, is pleasingly shown by the following sentences. They occur in a letter to her ever-esteemed and

admired friend Mrs. Siddons, to whom she had sent a copy of this tract. They do honor to both the ladies: — “ You have treated my little book very handsomely, and done all that I wish people to do in regard to it; for you have read the passages from Scripture, I am sure, with attention, and have considered them with candor. That, after doing so, your opinions, on the main point, should be different from mine, is no presumption that either of us is in the wrong, or that our humble, sincere faith, though different, will not be equally accepted by the great Father and Master of us all. Indeed, this tract was less intended for Christians, whose faith is already fixed, than for those who, supposing certain doctrines to be taught in Scripture (which do not, when taken in one general view, appear to be taught there), and which they cannot bring their minds to agree to, throw off revealed religion altogether. No part of your note, my dear madam, has pleased me more than that short parenthesis (‘ for I still hold fast my own faith without wavering ’), and long may this be the case! The fruits of that faith, in the course of your much-tried and honorable life, are too good to allow any one to find fault with it.” — *Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal*.

FREEDOM is not an end in itself, but a means only, — a means of securing justice and beneficence, in which alone is happiness; the real end and aim of nations, as of every human heart.

Casting our eyes over the history of nations, we discern with horror the succession of murderous slaughters by which their progress has been marked. Even as the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth; so we follow man, faint, weary, staggering with wounds, through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. Let it not be in the future ages as in those which we now contemplate. Let the grandeur of man be discerned, not in bloody victories or in ravenous conquests, but in the blessings which he has secured, in the good he has accomplished, in the establishment of perpetual peace. — *Charles Sumner*.

PUBLICATIONS.

Report of the Forty-second Anniversary of the Massachusetts Bible Society. — In this document, one of the multiplied proofs of Rev. Dr. Parkman's Christian fidelity and industry in discharging public trusts, occur the following passages: —

"It is, moreover, worthy of our grateful observation, that, in giving this word, its Divine Author has most graciously adapted it to the diversities of mind, and even of taste, among his children. . . .

"May we not add to this, that, as in the outward world he has of his goodness provided for all that is essential to the support of his creatures, the woods and the forests for the materials of human habitation, the cattle upon a thousand hills with the fruits of the field for nourishment, — he has given fragrant flowers for the delight of the senses; so, with the essential revelations of his truth, he has in the exuberance of his love combined the highest beauties of which language is susceptible. And still, while the Bible surpasses all other productions of Eastern antiquity in sublimity and taste, it is among its peculiar excellences that it is free from the extravagances by which Eastern productions are disfigured, presenting always the great topics of which it treats with a justness and majesty altogether corresponding with their heavenly origin.

"But incomparably beyond the beauty of the form in which it has pleased its great Author to exhibit it, are the truths and discoveries of the Sacred Word; confirming and extending all that uninspired reason could suggest; making sure what reason had left doubtful; revealing what reason, with its highest efforts, could not discover; and pointing with an unerring certainty, as with the finger of God himself, to the way of salvation by Jesus Christ.

"When, then, in reference only to the Old Testament, the apostle asks, 'What advantage hath the Jew?' and replying to his own question, says, 'Much every way: chiefly because to them are committed the oracles of God,' we may adopt the answer, with far higher reason, for ourselves, to whom have been given a better covenant, and the glorious gospel of the blessed God; and may rejoice that in the Bible, which we circulate, we have at once a rule of life, a charter of social freedom, a sure defence of law, a remedy for sin, and the most effectual security of the temporal and eternal interests of man.

"Hence we perceive, that the diffusion of the Scriptures is an object that should engage the efforts and zeal alike of the citizen, the philanthropist, and the Christian; religion in all its influences being not less conducive to the well-being of man in his social than in his personal and individual relations; the friend at once of freedom and of law, the faithful ally of civil government, the defence of justice, the protector of humanity. So that whoever would advance human society and benefit his race must seek his light and guidance in the principles of inspired truth; and we may not hesitate to pronounce, that every form and device of philanthropy in the removal of social evils, or the furtherance of human welfare, must fail when not commenced or pursued under its enlightening spirit."

"*The Good Parishioner*" — is the title of a sermon that cannot be read without making the heart better, preached by Dr. Alexander Young, after the death of Benjamin Rich, Esq. The following passages are extracts: —

"The good parishioner is not only a regular attendant in the Lord's house, but he is a sincere and devout worshipper there. He is personally interested and engaged in all parts of the service, and does not harbor the thought that he has hired his minister at so much a week, as his substitute, to perform his worship for him. He does not believe in the efficacy of this sort of vicarious devotion. He unites with the choir in singing the praises of the Most High, and with the minister in all the acts of worship. He joins, with reverent demeanor and fervent piety, in all the ascriptions of praise, in all the offerings of thanksgiving, in all the confessions of sin, and in all the petitions for spiritual guidance and help. He listens to the sermon, not to criticize it as a work of art, a mere literary composition; not to detect flaws in its logic, or blemishes in its rhetoric; not to be entertained or excited; but to be made better by it, to be seriously impressed, to be incited to duty, to be weaned from the vain pomp and glory of the world, to be fortified against its manifold temptations and sins, and to be fitted for the glories and felicities of heaven. He listens to the sermon as though it was addressed directly to himself; and yet, at the same time, he is not so foolish as to take offence at the preacher, and charge him with personality, if perchance, at times, his own failings, or even his besetting sins, are undesignedly portrayed, and set in array before him. An old writer says, 'It does not follow that the archer aimed, because the arrow hit. Rather our good parishioner reasoneth thus: If my sin be notorious, how could the minister miss it? if secret, how could he hit it without God's direction?'

"Again, the good parishioner, taking it for granted that his minister is a right-minded and conscientious man, is not disposed to trammel him in the utterance of his opinions. He supposes that these opinions will be carefully and deliberately formed, after much study and reflection; and he is modest enough to think, that, on the great questions of theology and ethics, his minister may be reasonably supposed to be better informed than himself, — these being questions which it is his office and duty to ponder and investigate. 'There is all the reason,' says John Selden, 'that you should believe your minister, unless you have studied divinity as well as he, or more than he.' The good parishioner stands up for the liberty of preaching, as the good citizen does for the liberty of speaking and of unlicensed printing; and he would feel ashamed of sitting under the ministrations of one who dared not speak his mind on all subjects which it was fitting for the pulpit to discuss.

"The good parishioner takes a deep interest both in the spiritual welfare and in the temporal prosperity of the parish to which he belongs. Being a religious man himself, he is desirous of seeing religion not only respected and honored, but exercising its proper and legitimate influence in the church and in the world. He is a religious man inwardly; he has the religious spirit, the witness within himself; and he manifests this spirit in his consistent character and in the rectitude of his daily life. He shows it in the transactions of business, in his domestic relations, in his social intercourse, in his deeds of beneficence, in his comprehensive charity, in his world-embracing philanthropy.

"He is also a religious man outwardly and visibly. He is not afraid or ashamed of being considered and called by the world a religious man. He confesses Christ openly before men, acknowledging his obligations and avowing his allegiance to him. He uses faithfully all the means of grace, and observes all the ordinances and rites of religion; bringing his children to the baptismal font, and commemorating the Saviour's death in the affecting service of the communion. He is not deterred from so doing by any vague doubts about the importance or utility of these observances. It is sufficient for him to know that they are appointed, having been instituted by Christ, or sanctioned by his use and example. He is desirous of obtaining all the holy influences they can impart to his soul; and he therefore observes them reverently and devoutly, nothing doubting.

"But our good parishioner is interested not only in the spiritual, but in the temporal, prosperity of the church to which he belongs. He knows that, in order that a religious society may prosper, its temporalities, its finances, must be attended to and cared for by some one. Accordingly, he always consents to serve in any office to which he may be called by his fellow-worshippers, and is ever ready with his hand, his tongue, and his purse, to promote the interests of the parish. He contributes largely and cheerfully to all subscriptions made in the society for religious and benevolent purposes. He never grumbles about the small tax-bill that is presented to him quarterly, nor does he pay it grudgingly; considering, as he does, that the sum which he annually contributes to the support of the institutions of religion, and for the religious instruction of his whole family in the church and in the Sunday-school, may perhaps be less than a half, or even a quarter, of what he pays for the education of a single son or daughter at school or in college. . . .

"The good parishioner likewise sympathizes with his minister in the arduous and wearing duties of his office, and is disposed to co-operate with him, and, as far as he can, lighten the heavy load of his cares. He is always ready, when called upon, to lend a helping hand to carry forward any measures which the minister deems essential to the temporal or spiritual welfare of the church. He has faith enough in his good sense and sound judgment to believe that he will devise and recommend nothing that will not prove salutary and beneficial. Accordingly, he does not hold back, nor object, nor throw obstacles in the way, when any thing of this sort is proposed. There are many things to be done in a parish, which the minister may recommend, but which he cannot execute himself. Accordingly, there is wanted in every parish some one person, at least, who will stand ready to be the executive of the minister on these occasions. He must be a man of sound judgment, of prudence, of energy, of perseverance, who will carry out whatever he undertakes, will be disheartened by no rebuffs, chilled by no coldness, and put down by no opposition. Such an individual is invaluable in a parish; and the fact of its having such a one or not may be the turning-point in its fortunes,—*'articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ.'* Now, our good parishioner is precisely that sort of man, always ready to act when called upon, and always performing what he undertakes. The minister requests him to have a certain thing done. The good parishioner replies, *'It shall be done.'* And next week it is done."

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VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

IN the sixteenth century, that of the Reformation, is remarkable for having produced so many English translations, revisions, and editions of the Bible. It is a curious and not an unprofitable employment to compare the different English versions of that book with one another; with old Wiclif's, their great forerunner; and with that of King James's Bishops, the product of all them, or "the Aaron's rod," as some one has called it, "that allowed up all the rest." By such a process, we get a vivid picture of the formation, progress, and singular transitions of our extraordinary language, and even of the gradual changes, from barbarism to civilization, in social, political, and ecclesiastical institutions; and, what is worth still more, we are in the way to catch a new sense of the reality of the subject-matter of the Scriptures, to speak of the new light which may dawn upon their meaning.

The Bible, translated, may be called a threefold revelation to the world. As the stream that flows along through field and village, town and city, shows upon its surface at once the various colors of the rainbow, the mountains that bend over it, and the depths beneath its waters, the bed over which it passes, and from which it takes a portion of its color; so the Bible, while in its original form it reveals to us at once the mind of the Holy Spirit, the heart of the human writers, and the mind and manners of their times, — as it passes down in successive translations from generation to generation,

tion to generation, and abroad from land to land, and tongue to tongue, makes an additional revelation of the minds and times of its various translators. And, as the original languages of the Scripture are dead languages, perhaps the more versions we have of it into living languages, the more favorably we are situated for coming to a sense of the lively meaning of the sacred oracles.

Beginning with Wiclif, in the last quarter of the fourteenth century, and ending with King James's Bishops, in the first quarter of the seventeenth, we have, nominally, about eight or nine different versions of the Bible, — differing from each other, sometimes more in the New Testament, sometimes in the Old; sometimes most in one particular book or part, sometimes in another, — but reducing themselves after all, in point of fact, to about two or three, or at most three or four, distinct, independent, original translations.

Wiclif's version began to be published, as we say, though printing was not yet invented, about the year 1380. Not being sufficiently acquainted with Greek and Hebrew, he made use of the Latin Vulgate. So that the first English translation of the Scriptures directly from the original was not made till a century and more after, by the fellow-laborers, Tindale and Coverdale. Tindale led the way, with his New Testament, in 1526, of which he brought out a new and considerably improved edition in 1534. In 1530, with Coverdale's help, he translated the Pentateuch, and printed it in numbers. His imprisonment and martyrdom prevented his publishing any more; and the measures of the authorities prevented any thing more of his being published; but he continued translating till the time of his death. In 1535, Coverdale (the first time it had been done in modern English or in English as an immediate translation from the original) published the whole Bible, putting the Old Testament in a somewhat new dress — a large part of it being his own, and the rest a revision of Tindale; but, in the New, making Tindale still more closely his basis. The changes he made were probably more for the sake of evading the royal law which interdicted Tindale, than for any other reason. In 1537, John Rogers, under the fictitious name of Thomas Matthew, published all that Tindale had translated, including what had never before appeared; namely, from Deuteronomy to the end of Chronicles, and the Book of Jonah; and supplying the rest from the version of Coverdale; thus producing a Bible which

became much more popular than Coverdale's, and which, in the strange vicissitude of times and feelings, became the first Bible formally licensed by the king. In 1538, Coverdale, to show his liberality, and for the sake of multiplying the means of scriptural knowledge, translated the New Testament over again from the Latin of the church. In 1539, under the auspices of Cromwell and Cranmer, came out the so-called Great Bible; which was, in the New Testament, simply a revision of Tindale, and in the Old probably prepared by Rogers; and which continued the authorized version till that of the Bishops in 1568. The same year ('39), a gentleman by the name of Richard Taverner published a Bible, which was, however, essentially the so-called *Matthew's Bible*. In 1557, and the two years following, came out the Geneva Bible, the work of several English Puritans and Calvinists, including Coverdale, John Knox, and others, assisted or advised by Calvin, Bucer, and Beza. The Gospels, in the first edition of this version, are more like Tindale's than that of Cranmer is; but the Epistles differ from both: in subsequent editions, of which there were thirty in the course of a half-century, the Geneva version removes from Tindale toward the Bishops' and our own. In 1568, the Bishops' Bible was published under the auspices of Matthew Parker, of which many of the translators, particularly of the New Testament, were somewhat heterodox, or tinctured with nonconformity; and, when they differ from Tindale, seldom do it alone, much more commonly in company with Cranmer's edition, and oftentimes of all with the Geneva version, particularly in the Epistles, though their work was assigned as the basis of our present version by that royal sophomore who called the Geneva version the poorest he had ever seen. In 1582, the Romish exiles of Queen Elizabeth's rigorous reign published their Rhemish Testament, and in 1610 the Douay Bible. King James's version, made evidently by the help of all its predecessors, was published in 1611.

With this recapitulation of the chronological facts to help our memory, we now proceed to present specimens of the English versions of Scripture, so far as their antiquity may demand, or their originality deserve it; and to compare them with each other in single and scattered passages, where such comparison may seem to present any thing interesting or instructive, in relation to texts or times. I must first, however, premise that, having had

under my eye only the *New Testament* of seven of these versions, and having seen no other English versions of the whole Bible than King James's and that of Queen Elizabeth's Bishops, when I speak of comparing different versions of Scripture, I refer particularly to the New Testament; and from that part of Scripture my quotations will be exclusively made.

First, then, old Wiclif claims a separate study; for he stands alone, — grand, solitary, and peculiar, — so far as the matter of model goes, without forerunner, without follower, and, take him for his age, certainly without equal. The first glance at Wiclif's version, at the spelling, the formation, the application of words, conjures up before you an antique time, a rude and crude state of our language and institutions. You seem to get a glimpse of the great caldron in which the divers elements of our motley tongue are melting together; and you see the ingredients of the composition in various stages of transition and fusion. Of course, it was a time when a writer could just fork out, as it were, from the kettle, such word, in such state, as best answered his purpose. It was a time when, both as regards the coining and the spelling of words, *every man could do what seemed right in his own eyes*, unrestrained by the fear of lexicographers or publishers. The fact that Wiclif had to translate from the Latin Bible undoubtedly accounts for many of the oddities that appear on his page, *e.g.* his calling pearls *margarites*; the eye, the *lantern* of the body; the Magi, *astromyens*. This last word, however, and his calling dust *powder* or *pouder*, are specimens of the French ingredient in our lingual mixture, and also of the struggle of his Saxon soul to get its words into Saxon shape and sound, of which his English for Pontius Pilate — *Pounce* Pilat — is a remarkable example. But it is the German feature of the language that strikes one most prominently, as indicated by the termination of the verbs in *en*: for instance, *they loven*, for they love; and the formation of compounds, as *again-rising*, for resurrection; *against-standing*, for resistance. — But we pass from the history of language to the traces of manners and customs. In Wiclif's primitive version, Jesus and his disciples go about from *castle to castle*, instead of from town to town; the toll-house or custom-house, where Matthew sits to take taxes at the Lake of Galilee is a *tol-booth*; the inn-keeper is an *ostler*; the physician is a *leche* ("A leche is not needful to men that faren wel, but to men that ben evil at

ness);" the judge is a *domesman*, and the judgment-day a *domes-day* ("In the tother time, a crown of rightwisnes is kept to me, which the Lord, a just domesman, shall yield to me in that day;") * the breastplate of righteousness is the *haburion of rightwisnes*; the heavenly host who celebrate the Saviour's nativity are the heavenly *knighthood*; the devils are *fends*; the ruler whose daughter Jesus heals is a *little king*; and, in one instance, the disciples address Jesus as *commander*. †

But, after all the obsoleteness, in many particulars, of Wiclif's version, I hesitate not to say, that, with a slight change in the spelling, a common English reader at this day would get more of the live meaning of Scripture out of it than from the translation made from the same Latin original, by the Rhemish Catholics, just two centuries after. *They* struggled to hide the light. Wiclif bows a strong Saxon mind struggling to make the truth shine out through all the encumbrances of his Latin original, and of his early subjection to the hampering discipline of the Latin church. In reading him, we feel the presence of a mind that, a century or two later, would have surpassed all other translators of the Bible into the English tongue.

Wiclif was sick at his parsonage of Lutterworth, and was thought to be sick unto death: indeed, his life was given up; and the monks, his old enemies, came to see whether he would not, at the last extremity, recant his heretical opinions and measures. But, while they stood over him as over a dying man, all at once he sat erect in his bed; and, with those honest eyes flashing fire upon them, he exclaimed in language which, with the change of only a single word, and the addition of two, is found in the 118th Psalm:—"I shall not die, but live, and declare the word of the Lord" "against you." And how effectually this was fulfilled, the persecutions of the following century, against the readers of his version of the Bible, are a sufficient proof. A few specimens of the intelligibleness of that version at the present

* In the phrase, "He shall rule the nations with a rod of iron," the rod of iron is an *yronne yerde*.

† I notice, too, as a striking proof of the general nature of the meaning originally attached to the word *worship*,—namely, that of honor, and not necessarily religious adoration, as *they* have imagined who draw from the word an argument for praying to Christ as God,—that Wiclif renders John i. 26, "If any man serve me, him will my Fader *worschip*."

day, when it is almost five hundred years old, will show how it must have come home to the men of his own day:—

Matt. xi. 28—30. “Alle ye that traueilen and ben chargid come to me, and I schal fulfille you; take ye my yok on you and lerne ye of me for I am mylde and meke in herte; and ye schulen finde rest to youre soulis, for my yok is softe, and my charge ligt.”

Matt. xxiii. 5—7. “Thei doen alle her werkis, that thei be seien of men, for thei drawen abroad her filateries and magnyflen hemmes, and thei louen the first sittynge placis in sopers and the first chaiers in synagogis, and salutaciouns in Chepynge [Cheapside?] and to be clepid of men maister.”

Luke, ii. 8—14. “And schepherdis weren in the same cuntre, wakyng, and kepinge the watchis of the nygt on her flock, and lo the Aungel of the Lord stood bisidis hem; and the cleernisse of God schyned aboute hem, and thei dredden with greet drede, and the Aungel seide to hem, nyle ye drede, for lo I preche to you a greet joie that schal be to alle puple, for a sauour is bornn to dai to you; that is Crist, the Lord, in the citee of Davith, and this is a token to you, ye schulen fynde a yunge child wrappid in clothis; and leide in a cracche, and sudeynli there was made with the Aungel a multitude of heauenli knyghthod herynge God and seiynge, glorie be in the highst thingis to God; and in erthe pees to men of good wille.”

2 Cor. iv. 7—9. “And we hau this tresour in britil vessels; that the worthinesse be of Goddis vertu, and not of us. in alle thingis we suffren tribulacion: but we ben not angwisch or anoied, we ben made pore: but we lacken no thing, we suffren persecution: but we ben not forsaken, we ben made lowe: but we ben not confounded, we ben cast down: but we perischen not.”

Rev. v. 11—14. “And I saie and herde the vois of many aungels al about the trone: and of the beestis and of the elder men and the noumbre of hem was thousandis of thousandis; seiynge with greet vois, the lomb that was slayn is worthi to take vertu and godheed and wisdom and strengthe and honour and glorie and blessynge; and eche creature that is in heuene, and that is on erthe, and the see; and whiche thingis ben in it, I herde al seiynge to him: that sat in the trone, and to the lomb, blessynge and onour and glorie and power in to worldis of worldis, and the soure

seestis seiden amen, and the foure and twenti elder men filden down on her facis: and worschipiden him that lyueth in to worldis of worldis."

Rev. vii. 9—12. "Aftir these thingis I saie a greet peeples: whom no man mygt noumbre, of alle folkis and lynagis and peeples and langagis stondinge bifore the trone, in the sigt of the lomb, and thei werun clothid with whigt stoolis, and palmis weren in the handis of hem, and thei creiden with a greet vois: and seiden, helthe to oure God that sittith on the trone and to the lomb, and al aungels stoden al aboute the trone and the elder men and the foure beestis, and thei filden down in the sigt of the trone on her facis; and worschipiden God and seiden Amen, blessynge and clereness and wisdom and doynge of thankyngis and honour and vertu and strengthe to our God in to worldis of worldis, Amen."

Rev. xxii. 1—5. "And he shewid to me a flood of quykwatir schynynge as cristal: cominge forth of the seete of God and of the lomb, in the myddil of the strete of it, and on eche side of the flood the tre of lif bryngenge forth twelve fruytis yilding his fruyt bi eche moneth, and the leues of the tre: ben to helthe of folkis, and eche cursid thing schal no more be, but the seetis of God and of the lomb: schulen be in it, and the seruantis of him schulen serue to him, and they schulen se his face: and his name in her brecheedis, and nygt schal no more be, and thei schuln not haue sode to the ligt of lanterne: nether to the ligt of the sunne, for the Lord God schal ligten hem: and thei schulen regne in to worldis of worldis."

It was one hundred and fifty years from the time when Wiclif turned the Bible from Latin into English, that Tindale went back to the original fountains of the Greek and the Hebrew, and gave the Testament to the people in a version which had all the nerve and fire of Wiclif's, unembarrassed by the old Romish associations; in which we have the language almost as clear of extreme Germanism as it now is; and which, after all, the six or eight versions or revisions that succeeded it, including King James's, have, in the best features, scarcely done more than reproduce. By Tindale's time, language, usages, faith, had made considerable progress. The spelling of Tindale was rendered more irregular than it would otherwise have been, unsettled as spelling then was, by the fact that he had to write in such haste and by snatches, at different times and places, according to the emergencies of his eventful

life. Tindale's version smacks of an olden time.* The passage of Paul which Wiclif renders, "But in the church I wole speke fyve wordis in my witte, that also I teche other men than 10,000 of wordis in tunge," Tindale renders, "Yet had I lever in the congregacion to speake five wordes with my mind to the informacion of other, rather then ten thousand wordes with the tonge."† We find by Tindale's version, that some words and phrases now vulgar were in his day genteel and proper: for instance, *aze*, instead of *ask*: *they heard say that he should be sick*, for *they heard that he was sick*. There is a singular use, too, of the word *counterfeit* in the sense of copying. Thus, Paul tells his brethren to counterfeit him as he counterfeits Christ, and bids them be counterfeiters ‡ of God as dear children. Tindale represents Jesus in the temple, when a child, as *posing* the doctors. He translates Paul, "We brought nothing into this world with us and it is a *playne case* that we can carry nothing out." Wiclif, with all his Protestantism, presents to us in his version *priest* and *church* and *penance*; for so his Latin original, partly, and partly his lingering Romanism, naturally led him to translate; but, when Tindale and his coadjutors and successors came on the stage, we have, instead of *priests of the church*, *elders of the congregacion*, instead of *do penance*, *repent*, with such minor modifications of phrase as will be presently noticed, when we come to compare what may be called the successive revisions of Tindale's work. There is the less need to present much of Tindale's version together for specimen, because it is, as we have repeatedly said, substantially reproduced in its successors. I will, however, give two or three specimens, where this version differs most from our own: that one may see how very little, comparatively, ours must vary from it, taken throughout:—

Acts, xxvii. 24—29. "As he thus answered for hymselfe: Festus sayde with a lowde voyce: Paul, thou arte bisides thy selfe.

* In the verse, "I was a stranger, and ye took me not in," he renders the word *stranger*, *helter skelter* (harborless, without shelter). He calls a person a *person*, reminding us how the word denoting any individual came to designate a particular office. The helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit he calls the *helme of saluacion* and the *sworde of the sperte*, or *sprite*.

† A good deal of Germanism is found cleaving to this version, all the more probable, because it was made with help from Luther: so that our obligations to Luther may be more direct than we are apt to imagine.

‡ Followers.

Moche learnynge hath made the mad. And Paul said: I am not mad, most dere Festus: but speake the wordes of trueth and sobernes. The king knoweth of these thinges, before whom I speke frely nether thynke I that eny of these thynges are hidden from hym. For this thyng was not done in a corner. Kynge Agrippa belevest thou the prophetes? I wote wele thou belevest. Agrippa sayde unto Paul: Sumwhatt thou bryngest me in mynde for to be come Christen. And Paull sayd: I wolde to God that not only thou: but also all that heare me to daye, were not sumwhat only, but altogedder soche as I am except these bondes."

Rom. xii. 10, &c. "In gevyng honoure goo one before another. Let not that busynes which ye have in honde be tedious to you. Be fervent in the sprete. Apply yourselves to the time.* . . . Be mery with them that are mery, wepe with them that wepe. Be off lyke affection one towards another. Be nott hye minded, but make youre selves equall to them off the lower sorte. Be nott wyse in youre awne opinions. . . . Be nott overcome off evyll: Butt overcome evyll with goodnes."

Tindale concludes his preface, which is very sensible and striking, with beseeching the learned to "consyder howe that he had no man to counterfet [he means copy] neither was holpe with Englishe of any that had interpreted the same or soche like things in the Scripture beforetime;" and he further beseeches them to "count it as a thing not having his full shape, but as it were born afore his time. . . . In tyme to come," he adds, "(if God have appointed us thereunto), we will give it his full shape: and put out, if aught be added superfluously, and add to, if aught be overseen through negligence: and will enforce to bring to comendousness that which is now translated at the length, and to give light where it is required, and to seke in certain places more proper English."

I pass now to the Roman Catholic version of Scripture. For, as I have already intimated, there seem to me to be but about three, among the nine or ten different English Bibles, that demand to be looked at as distinct, original productions, characterized throughout by any thing that separates them from each other; and those are Wiclif's, Tindale's, and the Rhemish: the first a translation by a Protestant mind from a Catholic copy; the second a translation

* Griesbach confirms this reading.

by a Protestant mind from the original; and the last a Romish obscuration of a Protestant version, by the superinducing upon it (to borrow its own grandiloquence) of Vulgate Latinism. Well might old Fuller call the Rhemish Testament "a translation that needed to be translated." In the Lord's Prayer, the poor Catholic has to pray, "Give us this day our *supersubstantial* bread." We find no *shew-bread* in this version, but instead *loaves of proposition*. Things are not explained, but *explicated*. Men are not filled, but *replenished*. A work is not finished, but *consummated*. Whatever is done immediately is always done *incontinent*. Thoughts are *cogitations*. Long-suffering is called *longanimity*. Christ, instead of bringing life and immortality to light, is represented as *illuminating* life and *incorruption*: he is represented as having *exinanited* himself (emptied himself) of his glory, when he came down to earth. The Passover is left under the word *Pasch*; and Timothy is directed to keep the holy *depositum* which had been committed to him. And this affectation of mystery and mock-majesty is only set off by an occasional expression which goes to the other extreme of boldness and vulgarity; as where, in the Apocalypse, the angel invites men to take of the water of life *gratis*. In some instances, it must be admitted, the Romanists, where they have deviated from their Protestant predecessors and cotemporaries in a plain case, have not been unfortunate; as where they take pains to say that those who hunger and thirst after righteousness shall *have their fill*. In some instances their version is more correct than ours, as where they read, "The meek shall possess the land," which is the true rendering; and in several cases, presently to be noticed in the comparison, they differ favorably from our version, where the text bears upon interesting and important doctrine.

A specimen or two will now be given from the Rhemish New Testament, of which, I fear, the barbarousness of the phraseology will scarcely permit one to remember at once how they read in the King's English: —

1 Cor. v. 6—8. "Know you not that a little leaven corrupteth the whole paste? Purge the old leaven, that you may be a new paste, as you are azymes. For our Pasch, Christ, is immolated. Therefore let us feast, not in the old leaven, nor in the leaven of malice and wickedness, but in the azymes of sincerity and verity."

Ephes. iii. 8—11. "To me, the least of all the saints, is given

is grace among the Gentiles to evangelize the unsearchable riches of Christ. And to illuminate all men what is the dispensation of the Sacrament hidden from worlds in God, who created all things: that the manifold wisdom of God may be notified to the Princes and Potestates in the celestials by the Church, according to the definition of worlds which he made in Christ Jesus our Lord."

These are fair specimens of the manner in which the Epistles were rendered. It must be admitted that the Gospels are less secured; but even they are crowded and overlaid with hard and discouraging words. Had there been no Protestant version, this version would have been a great favor; but, had there been no Protestant version, this one would never have been made. And, even now, a Catholic would have to get a dispensation to read it.

Having thus described the chief characteristics of each of the three independent and original versions of Scripture into English, and given specimens of each, I shall compare the various English versions and revisions in regard to particular passages, in such a way as to show you how the phenomena they present are fitted to throw light on the history of men, times, and things, and of Biblical interpretation.

The changes which were made in the revision of his version by Coverdale, and by the Geneva translators in the several successive editions of theirs, make it somewhat difficult to institute a fair comparison between the Reformed versions within any moderate limits. Tindale's second edition, for the most part a great improvement upon the first, was the one adopted by Coverdale, Cromwell, and Cranmer, as the basis, and in fact as the substance of the New Testament, as it re-appears in the various editions that came out under their names or auspices. Coverdale having been prominent in the preparation of all the versions of the sixteenth century, except that of the Bishops in the reign of Elizabeth, we could hardly expect any very great diversities among them. In the Epistles, however, it is observable that the Geneva Bible, when it came to be revised, was made to resemble that of the Bishops very much more than it had done originally. And it is rather remarkable, that that version, the work of men so much inclined to Puritanism or dissent from the established church of England, should have differed from the Tindale and Coverdale versions, in uniformly retaining the word *church* for congregation in the Epistles, while in the Gospels it uses the latter term. The

Geneva Bible seems to have set our translators the example, which they have so freely followed, and followed out, of inserting words of their own in italics to help out the sense of the original; though even Wiclif and Tindale had occasionally inserted an explanatory word or phrase in brackets.

A few examples, taken at random, will show the progress of language and usage, the progress of the English Bible towards literary finish, and, at the same time, its degeneracy in many respects, as regards correctness of reading. The multitude of angels that accompany the annunciation of Christ's nativity appear in Wiclif's version as the heavenly knighthood, heryng (that is magnifying) God; in the Tindale versions, they are called heavenly *souldiers* (the word being spelt, more or less, in conformity to the pronunciation) lauding God; in the Rhemish Testament, they are called the heavenly army; and, in our version, the heavenly host. The last clause of the last verse of the 6th of Matthew passes through the following transmutations: "It sufficeth to the day his own malice;" "Eche day's trouble ys sufficient for the same silfe day;" "The day present hath ever enough of his own trouble;" "Sufficient unto the day is the travaile thereof;" "The day present hath ever enough to do with its own grief;" "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;" "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Peter's injunction upon his fellow-elders, in the 5th chapter of his first epistle, Tindale renders, "Nott as though ye were lordes over the *parishes*;" the Catholic Testament has it, "Not as overruling the *clergy*;" and the Geneva version, and our own after it, take a sort of middle ground: "Not as being lords over God's *heritage*.*

I will now give some cases where the earlier versions, and even, sometimes especially and exclusively, Wiclif's or Tindale's, or the two, are more correct than ours. In the first chapter of John, Tindale's, Cranmer's, the Genevan, and the Bishops', all use the pronoun *it*, instead of *him*, in speaking of the word of God; which is correct, and implies that the word was not a pre-existent person, but only a manifestation or expression of God, which, in these latter days, was personified in Christ. In the

* To show the influence which men's creed or system of religion will have on their translation of the Scriptures, I would mention, that the direction of Paul, "Obey them that have the oversight of you," is rendered by the Rhemish translators, "Obey your prelates!"

account of Stephen's martyrdom, where the other and later translations represent him as calling on *God*, and saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," inserting a word not in the original, and giving occasion for the inference that Jesus and God were the same person, Wiclif's, Tindale's, Cranmer's, and the Catholic give it more literally, *invocating* or *calling on*, and saying what follows. In that passage near the beginning of the Epistle to the Hebrews, where our translators imply the Deity of Christ by representing God the Father as addressing the Son, and saying, "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever," Tindale comes nearer, if he does not intend, the true rendering, by giving it "God thy seat shalbe for ever and ever," making Christ's throne to be founded on God, the rock of ages. Tindale would seem to be a strong Unitarian, where he translates, from Christ's prayer to the Father, "that they might knowe the that only very God." The Athanasian creed calls Christ himself very God of very God. In the much-vexed passage, beginning "Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh," though, as it stands in our version, it proves no Trinity, Wiclif (and the Rhemish translators likewise) take the true ground so far as to reject the name of the Deity there as an interpolation, and render, "Manifestly it is a great sacrament of piety which was shown in the flesh." The words of Jesus, in Matt. xv. 5, not commonly understood in our translation, "Whosoever shall say to his father or his mother, It is a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me, and honor not his father or his mother, he shall be free," was evidently not understood by any of the earlier translators, till we get back to Coverdale, who renders it, "The thing that I should help thee withal is given unto God." The celebrated passage in John's Epistle respecting the three witnesses, the Tindale version leaves in brackets, as a suspicious one. In that place of Paul's Epistle to Timothy, so often quoted in support of plenary inspiration, where the Geneva Bible and our own represent him as saying, that all scripture *is inspired*, inserting the *is* in italics, Wiclif, Tindale, and the Catholics agree in the rendering, "All scripture inspired of God" or all God-inspired scripture (leaving the question open *what* it is) "is profitable" for the purposes mentioned.

These examples might be multiplied to a considerable extent. The phenomenon and the phenomena of such a variety of trans-

lations have a manifold moral. They remind us, that the doctrine of the literal inspiration of the Scriptures could be of little use to us, were it true; unless every transcriber and every translator were inspired, as well as the first amanuenses of the Holy Spirit. They remind us also, that, while we are not to make a superstitious account of the letter of Scripture, we are not to go to an opposite extreme, and be skeptical about the substance of that gospel which, as the apostle assures us, came not in word only, but in power. Thirdly, we see that all the versions have their blemishes as well as their beauties. Our common version has continued now, for nearly two and a half centuries, to represent the Bible to the English mind. With all its errors and faults,* it admirably combines the point and power of its predecessors and models, with a grace, freedom, and harmony of movement, a literary finish, in short, altogether its own; and though it were desirable that a revision should be made of it, yet veneration for the good old English, and the natural attachment we feel for the phrase in which we learned to lisp the truth of revelation, plead against a new translation for public use. Our first and last feeling should be thankfully to acknowledge that Providence of God which has taken care, in the multiplication and transmission of manuscript and printed copies and translations of the Scriptures, that the people shall be safe from any long imposition as to their contents; and that spirit of God which has so inspired the souls of the various writers, as to ensure them, essentially, the harmony of truth.

C. T. B.

* The faults of King James's version are numerous. Indeed it was not properly a new version, but a revision and reproduction of the old ones. They had not expected from the beginning, they said, that they should have need to make a wholly new translation, nor to make a bad one good; but to make a good one better, or rather to make of many good ones one principal good one. This, as Miles Smith, the spokesman of the Commissioners, says in the preface, this was their endeavor, this their aim. But there is abundant evidence that they were greatly embarrassed by the rules and restrictions laid upon them. They had to steer, they say, between Popery and Independency. But they had to conform to many whims of their sovereign, in regard to episcopacy and witchcraft for instance; and particularly, where there was any doubt, to go by the analogy of faith, which must have meant the established church's faith or the king's; at all events, not what old Tindale meant, when he said, "Mark the plain and manifest places of the Scriptures, and in doubtful places se thou add no interpretation contrary to them; but (as Paul sayth) let all be conformable and agreeing to the faith."

M Y M O T H E R .

My Mother! at that holy name
 Within my bosom there's a gush
 Of feelings which no time can tame ;
 A feeling which for years of fame
 I would not, could not, crush.

The world has thrown its trammels o'er
 A heart once void of guile ;
 But one bright thing my memory
 Recalls, — my mother's smile.

Through foreign lands I wandered far,
 In search of fancied bliss ;
 But one thing spoke, my wanderings o'er :
 It was — my mother's kiss.

I slept ; and when the morning broke
 Upon my native strand,
 A soft touch o'er my forehead stole :
 It was — my mother's hand.

I wound the slippery paths with glee
 Of Pleasure's witching dance ;
 But one thing stopped my wild career :
 It was — my mother's glance.

And oh! 'mid Pleasure's rosiest bowers,
 'Midst mirth, the wild, the high,
 One sound arrested every thought :
 It was — my mother's sigh.

And if a future hour for me
 Reveals heaven's purer air,
 I owe it to that pleading tone —
 Hush! — 'tis my mother's prayer.

ABBITA.



FAMILIAR ADVICE ON HOUSEHOLD RELIGION.

WE ought to arrange our affairs with such care, that not only our own characters will not suffer, but that no survivor shall suffer from our negligence. This rule will apply not only to the regular adjustment of accounts, and to the settlement of difficulties between neighbors, but also to what relates to the order and spiritual improvement of a family. Order relates to the inner as well as to the outer man. One may bequeathe as great a curse to his administrator and friends, by leaving unruly children and an unreasonable widow, as by leaving illegible and unintelligible ledgers and unfiled papers. To give charge concerning thy house, it is requisite that there should be some method and arrangement in the affairs of the household, well known and understood. Even the old will not attend to order, nor make a proper disposal of their effects, unless they have lived by rule, and given heed to the warnings of decay. Remember, likewise, that it is a duty incumbent on every one to keep his accounts adjusted, to avoid long-standing debts, and, by proper forethought, to prevent trouble and perplexity to survivors. In our country, every man should be taught book-keeping; and be able, by reference to his books, to know how he stands with the world.

But, important as this duty is, I stop not to enlarge upon it at the present time; it being sufficient to observe, that, whenever a man finds himself inattentive to the state of his expenses, he ought to tremble, not only at the pecuniary ruin toward which he is hastening, but at the moral waste which is rapidly increasing in his own character. It is dishonest to be negligent; it is an abuse of God's gifts not to know how they are spent.

But let me turn from this view of the subject to another, — to the indoor regulations of a family. These, indeed, include the topic referred to; but they embrace many other particulars, — particulars which are regulated by the mother of a family. To her, in a great measure, is committed the ordering of the household; and many are the instances in which her care and prudence and labor and love have sustained a tottering house, and kept all the family together, and prevented the effects of the husband's

idleness and inefficiency from reaching beyond himself. Honor to such a woman wherever found! Her children shall rise up, and call her blessed; and her husband, if he can do nothing more, ought to praise her in the gates.

Woman's empire is at home. Here she superintends the furniture, the food, the clothing, of the household. To her rules, in the care and preparation of these, must every member submit. "She riseth up, and giveth meat to her household. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. The heart of her husband doth safely trust her, so that he shall have no need of spoil." Her occupation is well described in the familiar chapter of Proverbs, from which I have quoted; as is also her influence in keeping her husband from temptation, and inciting him to cheerful industry by the thrift, the quiet, the system, she maintains at home. I confine my remarks to these virtues for the present. How many fathers have been cheered when ready to despond, how many have been deterred from waste and extravagance, how many have been encouraged to hold up their heads and maintain their respectability, by the patient toil, the self-denial, the quiet order of home!

If time permitted, I might cite instances — for New England is full of them — of the wives and mothers of prominent men, who by the practice of economy, or the laws which should govern a household, have enabled their husbands to become what they are. Most certainly, a man must have more than ordinary ability, who can divert his attention from the indoor regulations of his family, when those duties are neglected by the presiding genius, or are performed in a lack-a-daisical, an unwilling, or an impatient spirit.

Observe, therefore, wives and mothers, the importance of setting your houses in order. Its effect upon yourselves is worthy of consideration, as well as its influence on your husbands. I refer not to the ease and comfort which you will thus enjoy, nor to the respect which you will, by this means, secure from your children, — for no mother who is careful, systematic, and patient of labor can avoid obtaining the respect of her family, — but to the moral and spiritual improvement of your whole characters.

The home which you entered in all the bright hopes of dawning womanhood, when you had plighted your vows, and sacredly

promised to do what in you lay to promote the happiness of those beneath your roof, is your home for life. Here, with those about you, who are or who ought to be dearer than all others, you are to form your own character, to mature your virtues, to fit yourself for heaven. Here at your own firesides, by the little domestic duties which you are called daily to discharge, by the temper you cherish, by the wisdom and righteousness you exercise, are you preparing yourself for lasting bliss or lasting misery. Are these duties to be thought of little moment? Can they be neglected without breaking the vows you took upon yourself, when you entered into the relation you now hold? These daily tasks may seem grievous. It may appear hard to you to undergo so much fatigue. They may seem trivial, unworthy a mind that might be intent on higher themes. It may appear a dreary prospect to see nothing before you but the same unvaried routine, on the same spot, with the same faces always before you. But I have named considerations which ought to weigh with you, and obviate these objections.

I know well that family cares often hang heavily upon the spirits. A very little experience of life is sufficient to let any one know that a mother's employments are arduous enough. But are they too much so? Are they more than God has given you ability to discharge with profit to yourself and to others? Think for whom they are performed. Think why you are called on to perform them. Is it hard to labor for those you love? Is it irksome to go over again and again the path which you know will lead to the comfort of you and yours? Is any duty trivial which promotes the welfare of your house? Or can you deem life thrown away, wasted in drudgery, if, by these wearing efforts of yours, you are training others to usefulness, nerving the arm of industry, and setting an example of quiet thrift to your children? They will remember your days of weariness; and the remembrance, while it rises up in their minds with grateful thoughts, will stimulate them in after-time to spend and be spent for the good of those most dear to them.

Besides, inferior as you may deem your occupations, remember that they are not, or may not be regarded as, lower than those of your husband. All the business of life partakes of sameness. The unwearied sun is an emblem of man's labor and duty. There is a sameness in every life. But this very resemblance of day to

day is designed to make us perfect, to keep us from fickleness, and to make us attached to the persons and places about us. God has given variety enough in the seasons, in the different periods of life, in the events of his providence, to make us active and interested in the same scenes with which we have been long familiar. If we are dissatisfied, we may go where we will and do what we will, we shall be dissatisfied still.

Who are the most discontented? the busy, or they who have nothing to do? Who are they that rail at their condition, and say that life is not worth the having? the actively virtuous, or the indolently wicked? Be assured that, if you look to the end proposed, you will not deem your work unworthy, or your labor in vain. What can be deemed more wearisome and unworthy an immortal spirit, in itself considered, than to pass day after day with a goose-quill between one's fingers framing little figures on a sheet of paper?—or to be shut up in a printing-office from morn till night, your mind and hands intent on selecting the *ds* and *bs* from the case, and placing them in the composing-stick? It is so with every employment and work of man. Every one regarded by itself, without reference to the object to be gained, appears trivial, a waste of strength and intellect. But God has mercifully revealed to us the end from the beginning. We are not compelled to exert ourselves, without knowing the beneficent object of our toil. This is reserved for inferior animals, who have only instinct to guide them. "The bee reflects not on the object of its labors; for, having had the experience but of one season, or perhaps of one day, it knows not what that object is. So, too, other insects run the little cycle of their appointed tasks, and make provision for their own progeny, which they are never to see; as the moth collects food of a kind which it never uses for itself, as a provision for its young when in the transition-state." But how differently is man constituted! He makes use of no means, for which he does not foresee the end to be accomplished. He knows the meaning of his work. With this before him, he bears the toil, endures the pain, supported by the hope. In this view, no well-meant effort of body or of mind ought to be deemed servile.

Especially should it not, when another consideration is borne in mind; which is this, — that every employment may be turned to profitable account. It is not the work, but it is the spirit with

which we work, that marks the day white or black. God looks at the heart; he notes the dispositions you are strengthening when rising up to give meat to your household, or when mending a worn garment, as much as those you nourish when with your friends abroad, or when you meet them in the house of God. It is the temper you exhibit to the young and to the old, the sentiments you espouse and give utterance to by the well and by the fire, which forms your character and modifies the character of the members of your family. Now, what does it matter whether you be at the wash-tub or in the drawing-room, provided you are laying the foundations of gentleness, firmness, prudence, and generosity? What will it avail in old age that you can recall days and months spent in idleness and waste, or, if you will, in pleasant visits and recreation, if these months have only strengthened pride, inattention, and disgust of needful industry? What satisfaction will arise hereafter at the recollection of any period of existence which has not been rightly used? Is not every moment so used, which gives growth to good and enduring qualities? It is not what the hands handle, but it is what the mind seizes upon and makes its own, that adds to the treasure in heaven.

I make these remarks because I believe that they do not have the weight given them which belongs to them. That young mother whom natural affection and duty prompt to deny herself the recreations and amusements to which she had been used; who relinquishes, without a regret, the books which had been her delight, or the company with whom she had been familiar; and passes hour after hour in watching the motions and the wants of a little helpless being, that cannot express a thought, — is as certainly educating her mind and heart, as when she was under the care of teachers, and reading the sayings of the wise.

That careful one who goes about in one continued round of service, intent on the wants of every one, and negligent of none; uttering a word of friendly counsel to the young, and restoring order where it has been interrupted; seeing that nothing is out of place, and no member of the family incommoded; that the appointed time and duty come together, and that within her dwelling there is an approach toward that majestic regularity that rules through nature; a regularity which is as quiet as it is beautiful, bringing forth the moral plants, the fruits of good living, as the ornaments

of her meek and self-denying spirit, — is as full of good works as any Dorcas that ever lived. Her prayers and her alms come up as a memorial before God. Her daily patience under little but ever-recurring trials are remembered. Her steadfast adherence to rectitude in family government is registered; her faith in love and kindness recorded by One who never disregardeth the least of his works, and who deemeth it not beneath his notice to feed the young raven or provide for the sparrow's wants.

Are the lives and well-being of God's creatures, even the tiniest insect on the coral reef in the desert-ocean, unworthy the Creator's attention? and shall any of the human family regard any exercise of power bestowed unworthily employed, when it is conducing to its own and others' improvement?

If your labor, wives and daughters, were to manufacture rum, or to sell human beings on the block, or to slay them by the sword, — then indeed you might repine at your lot, as degrading, as bowing down body and spirit to the dust. But when its object is beneficent; when by it you are surrounding home with all that endears it to the mind and heart; when you thus render it the sanctuary of Christian graces, the type and symbol of heaven, — how can you deem any task onerous, or any effort painful?

Allow me to offer another suggestion. When and where can you prepare yourselves for happiness, if not within your own houses? Here you are to spend the most, by far the larger portion, of your lives. The trifles, as you may esteem them, of the passing hour; the words and thoughts and dispositions which go forth with the occasion, are the character, — the character which you have formed and are maturing at home. Within the limits of your own threshold are unfolding the germs of your future joy or woe, your future home. Here peace may dwell; here an angel may be; and here may live and thrive kindred spirits, that from their far-off homes, in earth or heaven, may look back, and bless the fostering care of the ministering one that guided their infant steps, and taught their lisping tongues their first prayers, their first offerings of love to God. Where on earth else do you come so near to your Father? Where else compose your spirits under affliction? Where else do you hope to meet with death?

Should not that place of all others show proof of your order and love, the place where you are to abide for time, where you are making your heaven? Certainly, if there be a spot on the

globe where your virtues will be cherished, where your spirit may abide, resting trustingly in the hearts of those over whom you kept vigils, it is in the home you have given charge concerning.

In the bosom of your own family, that family which has received its character from you, your memory will be cherished, your counsels remembered, your daily example recalled. By those for whom you have labored, and with whom you have passed your life, will your epitaph be written and your character embalmed. Yes, home will still keep you, and there you will yet live. How much more noble a monument than one, in a cold churchyard, of marble! How much more endearing a tribute than a newspaper paragraph, with loud-sounding, empty words, or even a true character spread out to the vulgar gaze, is reared in the hearts of those who have grown by your care, and been led to heaven by your walk, your life!

Christian women, connect the object with the means, and you will not despise your lot, nor your accustomed routine. It is as important as that of any human being. It will reward, with Heaven's choicest favor, them who are truly faithful in it.

Remember the first requisite, — order; that a man's foes be not those of his own house.

Remember the second, — a willing mind; that a cheerful spirit, like a sweet perfume, may be diffused.

Remember the third, — a patient continuance in well-doing; though what you do be not sounded aloud, and your feet abide in the house. Seek for these, and you will avoid one source of discontent and repining, which arises from over-exertion, from doing more in one day than belongs to the day. You will have peace, even though a fire may rage. You will have satisfaction, though no wealth may be yours. You will have the calm retrospect of a life spent for God; a life, as another beautifully expresses it, inlaid with the thoughts of angels, and wrought about with the signs and marks of heaven.

Is this not worth living for, even though your dwelling be lowly, and your name never heard beyond its threshold?

God grant that we may all cultivate those never-dying graces, which look not abroad for admiration, but draw all hearts home!

W. A. W.

MINISTERIAL INTERCOURSE.

COMBINATION, mutual assistance, is one of the fundamental principles of human life and progress. The institution of the family, with its blessed influences, the strong and tender ties of attachment between parents and children, and brothers and sisters, create, by a beautiful necessity, intimacies and communions, conversations, united services and labors, of the most momentous and delightful character. How our hearts have burned within us, while enjoying the instructions and sympathies of home! What a start has been given to the hidden affections and the noble aspirations of our souls, by the free outpourings of heart to heart around the familiar fireside! The institution of the family, with its various functions, is obviously intended to quicken and mould, to educate and discipline, the faculties of human nature, and to fit the young for the duties of subsequent life.

The benefits of a pious and faithful, a true and Christian intercourse of parents with children, and the incalculable evils of having no proper training in childhood, have been so eloquently set forth by others, that I have only to say here that the quickening and fostering influence of the family intercourse is indispensable to a true human development; so that without it a decay and death of the best parts of our nature may be fearfully looked for.

In the next place, the school and the church exert a wonderful power upon our souls, to keep them fired with a true ambition, and to prevent our relapsing into an indolent life. It is plainly a part of the Divine wisdom that mankind should come to maturity of spiritual manhood, not by direct inspiration, and by separate, unassisted struggles, but by the transmission of light and life from father to son, from teacher to scholar, from the preacher to the people; and who can calculate the indebtedness of our present generation to the foresight of our forefathers thus to meet the demands of human nature, at the very outset, with just the assistance most needed to save the nation from ignorance and atheism?

Without the stimulating incitements of pulpits, school-houses, academies, and colleges, the capacities of most men would lie dormant, or be prostituted to base purposes. Without the voice of the teacher, and of the emulous companions in the school-room, the

majority of the young would lay aside their books. Without the weekly intercourse of the preacher with the people, the living and the restraining influences of the gospel would be lost. That community is in the best condition where a healthy and steady intercourse is kept up between the more and the less enlightened of the population. What has been said of the direct intercourse and action of mind with mind in the family, the school, and the church, may be also said of the *indirect* intercourse of occasional public meetings for various purposes, and of neighbors with each other in social visiting. The same elementary law of society makes it necessary, for the vigorous play of all our faculties, to have social intercourse with townspeople and acquaintance. Many communities are suffering inconceivably for want of a better and more cordial acquaintance one with another. Confined almost wholly to the narrow circuit of their domestic scenes, their minds are narrow and empty.

If the basis of my argument is sound, and if God ordained from the very beginning that the voice of love should awaken the hearts of fellow-men, and call the dead to life; if the felt need of encouragement and co-operation is almost universal; if society, rather than solitude, is the healthy and salutary state of man, — then how the baser sort of families must be pining and wasting for want of realizing this Christian idea of society!

The calm, unexaggerated state of the case is, that the vast majority of our citizens are occupied wholly with something of less importance than spiritual growth and the improvement of the moral condition of the world, or else are pining for want of something to do. There is a universal weeping of the heart and the intellect of our land for the bread adapted by Heaven to their wants. What is the difficulty? and how can it be remedied?

It would not be so, if as much pains were taken by the public to give mental occupation and direction to the adult as to the young. There are thousands in our land who would awake from their lethargic state, if social influence and intercourse could lend their potent aid to get them interested in worthy studies. I am aware that the prevalent ideas of an easy, fashionable life, and of getting gain, must be eradicated before people will enter upon social arrangements for improvement in morals and intelligence; but, if the dead cannot make the dead alive, let the alive begin the work, and a rich recompense would await them.

And cannot this quickening influence be exerted ~~in~~ without leaving our present ~~ecclesiastical and academic~~ *ecclesiastical and academic* ~~condition~~ *condition* in so-called communities? I see no practical objection to having every town-district organized by the spirit of the church into a community ~~less open to the influence of the world~~ *less open to the influence of the world* in intellectual and religious matters, leaving it, if they please, in a convenient building for study, prayer, conference, reading, or recreation. If we intend to introduce such intercourse in the district churches, we must not use poor, cultivated and uneducated, but ~~the~~ *the* ~~best~~ *best* ~~possible~~ *possible* ways and means to stimulate the intellect, and not ~~raise~~ *raise* the vulgar taste!

Are the moral and spiritual ~~condition~~ *condition* of the people ~~derived~~ *derived* from the need of mutual sympathy and assistance? Is the minister so continually under the impression of ~~his~~ *his* ~~own~~ *own* ~~needs~~ *needs* as needs no spur to fidelity or improvement? Is he ever ~~free~~ *free* from his brethren? Is such minister ~~not~~ *not* ~~too~~ *too* ~~much~~ *much* ~~occupied~~ *occupied* with such things, so diligent in serving to ~~the~~ *the* ~~world~~ *world* ~~and~~ *and* ~~his~~ *his* ~~own~~ *own* ~~people~~ *people* ~~that~~ *that* ~~his~~ *his* ~~time~~ *time* ~~never~~ *never* ~~hangs~~ *hangs* ~~heavy~~ *heavy* ~~on~~ *on* ~~his~~ *his* ~~mind~~ *mind* ~~and~~ *and* ~~his~~ *his* ~~expression~~ *expression* ~~of~~ *of* ~~devout~~ *devout* ~~hope~~ *hope*? Do not the projects of the world ~~draw~~ *draw* ~~him~~ *him* ~~to~~ *to* ~~meet~~ *meet* ~~together~~ *together* ~~to be~~ *to be* ~~confirmed~~ *confirmed* ~~and~~ *and* ~~encouraged~~ *encouraged* ~~and~~ *and* ~~his~~ *his* ~~presence~~ *presence* ~~more~~ *more* ~~than~~ *than* ~~ever~~ *ever* ~~the~~ *the* ~~presence~~ *presence* ~~of~~ *of* ~~Christ~~ *Christ* ~~in~~ *in* ~~the~~ *the* ~~world~~ *world* ~~and~~ *and* ~~his~~ *his* ~~own~~ *own* ~~people~~ *people*?

I maintain that ~~ministers~~ *ministers* ~~must~~ *must* ~~not~~ *not* ~~only~~ *only* ~~and~~ *and* ~~cannot~~ *cannot* ~~supply~~ *supply* ~~us~~ *us* ~~with~~ *with* ~~the~~ *the* ~~very~~ *very* ~~stimulus~~ *stimulus* ~~which~~ *which* ~~is~~ *is* ~~needed~~ *needed* ~~to~~ *to* ~~keep~~ *keep* ~~us~~ *us* ~~on~~ *on* ~~our~~ *our* ~~feet~~ *feet*. We are, as much as other men, ~~subject~~ *subject* ~~to~~ *to* ~~the~~ *the* ~~same~~ *same* ~~temptations~~ *temptations* ~~and~~ *and* ~~we~~ *we* ~~ought~~ *ought* ~~not~~ *not* ~~to~~ *to* ~~lose~~ *lose* ~~our~~ *our* ~~first~~ *first* ~~love~~ *love* ~~for~~ *for* ~~study~~ *study* ~~and~~ *and* ~~truth~~ *truth* ~~and~~ *and* ~~we~~ *we* ~~ought~~ *ought* ~~not~~ *not* ~~to~~ *to* ~~be~~ *be* ~~seduced~~ *seduced* ~~by~~ *by* ~~any~~ *any* ~~assistance~~ *assistance* ~~which~~ *which* ~~might~~ *might* ~~prevent~~ *prevent* ~~the~~ *the* ~~training~~ *training* ~~to~~ *to* ~~waste~~ *waste* ~~of~~ *of* ~~the~~ *the* ~~powers~~ *powers* ~~within~~ *within* ~~us~~ *us* ~~and~~ *and* ~~of~~ *of* ~~the~~ *the* ~~time~~ *time* ~~which~~ *which* ~~might~~ *might* ~~draw~~ *draw* ~~us~~ *us* ~~off~~ *off* ~~the~~ *the* ~~stage~~ *stage* ~~of~~ *of* ~~present~~ *present* ~~opportunities~~ *opportunities*. We ought to meet as scholars of Christ and inquirers of truth.

We call country ministers servants of all work, and there is great danger that we shall do a little at every thing, and nothing enduring anywhere. It is pleasant to flatter ourselves that we are not losing ground by the influence of the parish upon us; but, in nine cases out of ten, ministers decline rather than increase in mental vigor and research, after leaving the atmosphere of a student's life.

I know there are exceptions to this general rule. It is grand to think of the few in every age born to be light and life to the world in spite of circumstances, in no way affected by the low



tone of intelligence, morals, or spirituality around them. Such an one, perhaps, is the celebrated Dr. Olin, of the Methodist University, in Middletown, Connecticut, who was once a tin-pedler, and most unfavorably situated, by denominational and social tendencies, for a life of earnest culture and burning zeal for Christ: but it was *in him* to be a devotee at the shrine of many-sided truth, and to be a living spring of noble impulses to the young men of his persuasion; and, in the unassisted intensity of his own thirst for spiritual and mental progress, he surmounted all difficulties, and now stands high in his command of the hearts of men.

The majority of ministers are in imminent peril of falling short of their capacities, by contact with their inferiors in point of culture. Hence the urgent need of systematic appliances to arouse the indifferent, to shame the unfaithful, and to animate the humble. All this is effected, not by direct admonition, but by the persuasive language, louder than words, conveyed by facts presented from mouth to mouth; by actual pulpit performances; by exhortations in each other's presence to the worshipping assembly; and by critical essays and remarks in private.

We say not much to one another, probably not enough, about our pastoral walks and our public services at home; but they are weighing upon or filling our minds almost all the time, and they are the invisible, but very substantial, basis of all our sympathies and conversations.

If any class of men need intercourse, fellowship, instruction, it is the clergy, to whom are entrusted such exalted responsibilities and such delicate duties; and, instead of diminishing, we ought rather to increase, an intimate and hearty intercourse one with another. Say what we may about the duty of conversation, which tends to edifying and inspiring the soul, it does not come so easily or fully at our ordinary interviews as at these semi-formal meetings, where a demand is naturally made upon the deepest and best convictions; and where we are constrained, by the voice and sentiments of those who speak before us, to unboisson our religious experiences or opinions with a similar freedom and simplicity.

If the church, as such, ought to improve their facilities for growth in piety and good morals, and for benevolent operations, *a fortiori* ought a combination of ministers of the gospel to aim at beneficent co-operation, and to seek a larger outpouring of the

fervent spirit of Christ upon their own hearts and the church universal. They meet each other as pledged and experimental workmen in the Lord's vineyard ; and are, therefore, in a fit condition to appreciate and to advance any movement or scheme for bettering the condition of men.

From time immemorial, the custom of occasional exchanges of pulpit-labors has prevailed among clergymen of the same faith. Such exchanges have some tendency to promote ministerial fellowship. They also tend to unite more closely the churches, by making them acquainted with each other's ministers. They afford to the different congregations the benefit of a diversity of gifts ; one minister supplying the defects of another, and saying what the other omits. They afford a relief to ministers, and, more especially to young ministers, in the laborious task of preparing sermons.

I presume that, on the question of frequency, a great variety of opinions may exist. Parishes that have able and popular preachers think that it is no benefit to them to hear other ministers at all ; while other parishes, which have ordinary preachers, would be delighted, no doubt, to have exchanges every other Sunday or oftener. Some ministers, again, are either too feeble to write new sermons every week, or are of the opinion that *good sermons* cannot be produced in such rapid succession for weeks at a time ; and they accordingly would think it a great evil to preach four or five Sundays in succession, and impracticable to make worthy reparations for the pulpit for that uninterrupted period.

The evils of frequent exchanges are not so great, either to people or ministers, as they would be were there more systematic and regular instruction from the pulpit. It would be mischievous to have schoolmasters or college-professors exchange their labors, whenever they felt like it ; for their classes would suffer by the interruption to their regular lessons, and to the logical order of their attainments ; and so, if ministers were also theological professors, and regarded their congregations as students, they would certainly wish to preach a course of some twenty or twenty-four lectures in succession, to keep the minds of their hearers fixed and established upon the subjects treated. But how desultory and unconnected, how unsystematic, our preaching is ! It may be very good and interesting ; it may involve the great principles of the gospel ; but, after a ministry of twenty years, as it is now

conducted, I doubt whether a congregation has received clearly defined views of our theology or of the distinctive points of the gospel. If, then, each man's preaching at home is of a miscellaneous character, it is no serious break or interference to have him exchange every other Sunday. The most that preaching, as a general thing, effects is an exaltation of the hearers, at the time, in their religious conceptions and feelings. They are under the influence of a kind of moral galvanism, and are charged for the time with electricity; but, as to receiving a connected and thorough biblical and religious education from the pulpit, they do no such thing. The chief action of the pulpit now upon hearers is in the region of the moral sentiments, what the influence of a good concert or drama is in the region of taste. Under such circumstances, exchanges are no great detriment to the congregation, though they may be to the preacher. If almost any minister will run over the subjects of his sermons for the last year, he will see how perfectly unconnected they were. We preach sermons, perhaps, one after the other, on depravity, prevention better than cure, prerequisites for a religious life, happiness, future life, legislation, on supporting worship, patriotism, slavery, unchangeableness of God, object of life, beauty of childhood, deliverance from evil, spiritual husbandry, God's judgments, the commandments, the bible, overcoming the world, death-penalty, benevolence, forgiveness, &c. &c.; and all may be impressive sermons, all may have taxed our hearts and minds, and been received favorably and profitably by our people; but how miscellaneous, how mixed, how unlike the school-room and the discipline of the university! When we shall take hold in earnest, and see to it that our people are *informed* on Bible doctrines and duties, on the written and the unwritten word, then it will be quite a question about the frequency of our exchanges; then, perhaps, we shall preach at home twelve Sundays, and then repeat our twelve sermons in a brother's pulpit, so as to preserve a logical order of ideas in the minds of the people. Until this day of thorough religious education, we must seriously consider whether we are doing the work of thorough religious and moral instruction to our people, and whether we preach Sundays enough in succession to feel that our people belong to our especial charge, and are obtaining a full draught of the waters of life.

However humble the genius or limited the acquisitions of some

preachers, there *may* be something about them calculated to meet the wants and satisfy the hearts of certain classes to be found in all our congregations; and such need to be fed with food convenient for them, as much as the other parts of the congregation. Religious impressions are so mysteriously conveyed by apparently the most insignificant medium, that it is highly just and proper to give all a chance to hear the word of God preached by different ministers, so that peradventure all may be converted and edified. A minister may be very much liked by his people and yet not succeed in reaching the hearts of all his hearers. Some of his brother-ministers may have the happiness of awakening and maintaining a religious spirit in his society.

Another benefit of exchanges is, that "in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word is established." In all of our societies, there are some inclined to a speculative turn of mind, if not to scepticism and infidelity; there are others that are used to oft-repeated expressions, which go in at one ear and out of the other, without even making a short call. That the gospel, however, is not a cunningly devised fable; that it is not like sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, must be manifest to every man of reflection, after hearing such unaffected and unanimous testimonies from a great variety of preachers, brought to him by the system of exchanges.

Something obviously may be said of the freedom and relief it gives to an anxious mind to know, that, for a whole week, no thought nor labor is to be expended upon searching for a subject and writing a sermon for the next Sunday. But it is not cessation, so much as agreeable change of mental toil, which the faithful student needs; and I doubt much whether any of us would require a week's respite from the composition of sermons, if our habits of study and writing were what they should be. It is wonderful what may be brought forth by devoting regularly and perseveringly only three hours of every morning to the occupations of the study.

I pass by this reason for exchanging, and will now allude to the spiritual communion enjoyed and promoted by exchanges. While in each other's pulpits, our devotions are warmed with a holier fervor, as we pray for each other's fidelity and success, before our minds, in rapid succession, pass the images of faithful servants of Christ now in heaven; and we seem to see with new

vividness the whole range and function of the Christian ministry of reconciliation. The hopes and fears, the toils and trials, the dignity of the sacred office, the promised assistance of Heaven, the glorious results of faithful preaching and visiting, are all called to our mind when we ask God's blessing upon a brother in the ministry; and is not such holding of each other in the arms of faith and love and prayer before the mercy-seat of God a bond of sympathy and attachment, which binds us not only to one another, but to the truth and the gospel, to Christ and duty? It is only the laborer who works with all his might, week after week and sabbath after sabbath, among his own people, who can enter with all his heart into communion with the work of the ministry, and with the deepest wants of his brethren, when he preaches and prays for others. It is only he who improves very diligently the term-time who enjoys with a full heart the vacation.

The next head under which I propose to consider the subject of ministerial intercourse is that of private interviews. What solace to official life it is to sit with companions and associates, and repose with confidence upon their sympathy and appreciation! Ministers are human beings, possessing as many elements of human nature as other men; and their pastime should be, not with their people, but with each other. Especially in our denomination, now so small that each minister knows the names and faces and characters of almost all the rest, social, private interviews are full of zest and profit. The biographer of Channing says, "He talked often better than he wrote, for he allowed himself more freedom; and the quickening touch of another spirit, especially of a youthful one, awoke whole crowds of brilliant thoughts, which lay entranced in the palace-halls of his memory."

Dr. Gannett, in his lecture upon Conversation, has portrayed, with living power and beauty, the peculiar exaltation of mind and heart produced by a spirited conversation; and we may all bear witness to the fact, that our hearts frequently do burn with unwonted fervor while our companions or our superiors are talking with us.

The Rev. Henry Giles has a brilliant discourse upon Contempt: its rebukes might well fall upon any of the clergy who despise the little ones that believe in and who preach the Lord Jesus. Ambition, pride, coldness, and disdain are peculiarly

offensive and loathsome in those who preach in the name of him who was meek and lowly in spirit. We are all, if not guilty of this sin, liable to its insidious attacks: and woe to the church of Christ, just so far as any are infected by it!

The last point I propose to treat is the intercourse between ministers of different denominations. Dr. Enoch Pond, Professor in the Theological Seminary in Bangor, says, that "the Trinity, the atonement, the entire depravity of the natural man, regeneration by the special operations of the Holy Spirit, justification by faith, and eternal punishment, are essential truths of the gospel; and that bodies rejecting these doctrines, or a considerable part of them, are not Christian churches, nor are their pastors Christian ministers. Such churches and pastors," he says, "may truly be said to have made shipwreck of the faith. They hold and teach another gospel. To a religious teacher of this stamp, by whatever name he may choose to call himself, the faithful pastor cannot open his pulpit. To such an one he cannot say, 'God-speed;' for he who biddeth him God-speed is partaker of his evil deeds."

This was published in 1844; and, if it is the approved sentiment of our orthodox societies now, we can see that we have it in our power to think much better of them than they do of us; and to take a higher view of the advantages of intercourse with them. Without impatience, we may reasonably expect a time to come when so-called Evangelicals will agree with us, that truth has many phases to men's minds, and that errors are very equally and impartially divided among men; and that a good-tempered investigation of truth and mutual respect, with a corresponding intercourse, will be productive of great good to the cause of Christ and of human progress. We wish not to urge exchanges of pulpits; but what we should do is, if possible, to bring about a more decided co-operation of all ministers in moral and intellectual movements for the improvement of our respective towns.

It is a crying evil, that men living a few rods apart should be denied each other's society, when there are so many points of common interest. Like-minded people ought to join their forces for moral purposes, especially when like-minded men are banded together, without scruple, for evil purposes. Theological suspicion is keeping men apart, who are fitted for each other's society, and who ought to be associated for civilizing the community in

which they live. Suppose that an invitation should be posted up in our various towns for the inhabitants to meet together to devise ways and means of improving the physical, intellectual, and moral condition of the people. Could not the three, four, or five ministers of each town find thought enough and work enough on this subject to occupy their time together once or twice every week?

Were there a more true and vivid conception of the present evils of society, were there a more enlightened love of our fellow-men, the various ministers and professors of religion of every name would join in a more business-like and efficient manner in exploring our waste places and dreary homes, and faint not to stay till every family in our community were cared for with solicitous proofs of friendship and love.

Our ideal of a *Christian community*, and of a liberal and comprehensive appreciation of religious truth, ought never to grow dim. Warmly and perseveringly ought we to hope for and expect the day when the Lord's prayer will be answered, that the world may know and realize and confess that he was the great Saviour, sent for the highest good of all. This prayer will not be answered till all schism in the church universal shall be healed; and all ministers of every name shall unhesitatingly esteem each other, on the ground of enthusiastic piety and philanthropy, and be joint teachers of the people, so that a fair and full presentation of divine truth may be made to all men.

It is a good thing to meet our brethren of other names in the lyceum-debate and in the temperance-meeting, and other public occasions. It is well to join with them in offices of trust. It would be well to exchange periodicals with each other, that the efforts of the best minds of different denominations may be familiar to all parties. In fact, whatever subject in literature, science, or theology, in philanthropy, education, or morality, can be made a point of common interest, would be a good incentive for ministers in the same town to meet familiarly in each other's studies, and unreservedly share each other's fellowship. Any thing that will prevent our minds from going to sleep, and our hearts from losing their interest in intellectual, spiritual, and Christian movements, ought to be eagerly embraced as our best auxiliary. If conversation with our companions has a tendency to excite and renew, to cherish and increase, our enthusiasm in worthy pursuits, then

at we most conscientiously and heartily to avail ourselves of
If ministerial intercourse is adapted to mutual inspiration
encouragement in an active life, then are its claims vindic-
L

W. G. B.

COME THERE NOT ANGELS?

WHEN night's deep shadow
Falls on the earth,
When the heart shunneth
Revel and mirth,
When all its sorrows
Spurn our control, —
Come there not angels
To comfort the soul?

When the poor, weary one
Longs for a rest,
When the tried spirit
Sin hath oppressed,
When the soul seeketh
Pure, lasting love, —
Come there not angels
To guide it above?

When o'er a dear one's
Death-stricken head
Bows the pale mourner
Till life hath fled,
When from the body
Is the soul riven, —
Come there not angels
To bear it to heaven?

Prairie Bird.

THE PROBABLE CHARACTER OF EXISTENCE IN HEAVEN.

A SERMON, BY REV. JOHN B. WILLARD.

MATT. v. 12. — "For great is your reward in heaven."

It is a fact, well known to readers of the Gospels, that Jesus has told us but little of the mode of existence in heaven. To many this fact seems strange; to many it is a source of sadness and dissatisfaction. Were Jesus still among us, how many there are who would be eagerly inquiring with regard to the particulars and details of the immortal home! How many there are who would be eagerly asking, "What are the sights, the sounds, the thoughts, the feelings, the emotions, of love and friendship, — all the gratifications of our nature, that render glad the life beyond the grave?" Perhaps we should get no more definite information about them than we have now. All perhaps would be left as it now is, half a darkness and a mystery, to exercise our faith, and to stimulate to a deeper study of the oracles of God; left as it now is, that we may have an additional incentive to do the will of God, in order thus to learn of this most glorious doctrine. Mine, of course, is not

"the hand
"To unveil the glories of the spirit-land."

But, after the eager longings which Christian hearts have felt to know of heaven, it cannot be doing unwisely to undertake to consider what may be the character of the delights among which the Christian yet hopes to dwell. It cannot but do us good to have our efforts for righteousness stimulated, and our self-denial encouraged, by a consideration of that final reward which is to follow these efforts, this self-denial.

There can be no doubt that much harm has hitherto been done among mankind by ill-regulated struggles of unchastened imaginations to picture the state of the blessed. Much of this harm has arisen from a too close imitation of the bold Orientalisms which are to be found in the book of Revelations. Those parts of the Apocalypse which seem to relate to earthly matters have

[illegible]

of these representations as they appeared to the mind of John. They were made by a spirit which had for years dwelt nearer to God, and known him better than ours in their most exalted moments. All I wish to say is, that these representations are altogether figurative; and their significance depends on the social and intellectual condition of the reader.

Since the time of John, others have been in the habit of representing heaven as a delightful place in many ways; and some of those ways are strange enough. One writer, a man of sense too, in one of the hymns we use, speaks of there being in heaven "an ever-blazing noon." A blazing noon is hardly the most delightful of images to one who has seen a summer moonlight, a June morning, or a September sunset.

Very many people seem to have thought that our only employment in heaven would be in music. There have been some natures to whom this idea of an exclusively musical heaven may have afforded no little happiness. But there are many others, whose enjoyment of music not being so keen as theirs, that would thus form but a poor estimate of heaven, because this traditional music-idea has been impressed upon their minds as heaven's chief pleasure. Such theories of a future life are not only unfounded in reason, but equally unfounded as to revelation.

We learn from the Scriptures, that heaven is a place in which the good, after they shall have left this world, will find a degree of happiness, of which they can have no full conception here; and this happiness is to last for ever. But, although we inhabitants of earth can have no full conception of the degree of happiness that obtains in heaven, still the Scriptures afford us facts enough with regard to it to enable us to form a definite opinion as to its character. They speak of men as hearing and seeing in heaven. Now, if we carry with us to heaven the two powers of sight and hearing, why do we not carry with us all the other powers that we have here? The word of God does by no means assert that the other powers are not carried with us. And sight and hearing are surely not so much nobler than the other powers we have as to lead us to suppose that they alone accompany us to "the better land." That some parts of our natures allied us to God, while others allied us only to the brutes, has been a popular doctrine. The advance of knowledge is in a fair way

to put that belief from among us, — the belief that any power our pure and loving Father has given us is too base and grovelling to endure for ever. But yet the notion has been with us long enough to lead many to suppose that many of those sympathies and feelings which have given them some of their highest pleasures here were to be wholly debarred from them hereafter. This system of philosophy has no groundwork in revelation, when that is studied aright. After God had made man, he pronounced that work good. After man fell, no powers were added to the fallen, by which addition he would be rendered unworthy of Paradise.

The system of philosophy to which I have just referred, by a needlessly stern interpretation of a certain passage of Scripture, would shut out from heaven all those domestic affections that are prized so highly here. On an occasion, with the record of which I hope you are all familiar, Jesus said to the Sadducees, "Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God? For, when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven." When Jesus said this, he was arguing with the Sadducees concerning the resurrection. Incidentally, in that discussion, arose a consideration of a very peculiar and arbitrary rule of the Jewish law with regard to marriage. Touching the point thus raised, Jesus uses the words that I have just quoted. He denies the existence in heaven of a positive *institution* that must be rigidly kept in existence on earth, because men are not on the earth "as are the angels which are in heaven." He denies that one earthly institution has a place in heaven. For that, who need be troubled? The restraints that law imposes here we may hope that a harmoniously developed and employed nature imposes there. But many have well been troubled with the belief, that domestic happiness, denied or broken here, found no place there. They have thought that Jesus so taught. Is their belief an inevitable deduction from his words?

Heaven was meant to be a happy abiding-place for man, endowed with all the faculties he is endowed with here. My reasons for thinking so I find in the Bible. I learn there, that, with the exception of being better, Enoch was like other men upon the earth; but the Bible gives me to understand that Enoch, with the soul, the mind, and the body that he possessed while here, was trans-

lated to heaven. But the account of Enoch is not the only one for my purpose to be found in the Old Testament. In that splendid narrative to be found in the Second Book of Kings, when I read of the translation of Elijah, am I given to understand, that, when all that was known of him here seemed to be taken at once into heaven, those feelings, passions, and senses which made this earth pleasing to him could not all find scope in Paradise? What part of Elijah's soul went up? Was it the half, or the third, or the hundredth part? Or was it rather Elijah, as Elisha knew him and as Elisha loved him, with all the affections that could make happy a home and a neighborhood, and all the energies that could make a world better? Truly, when most people tell us what they think of heaven, we may well feel moved to say with the Saviour, "Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God?" In the seventeenth chapter of St. Matthew is recorded one of the most stupendous, and yet one of the most soul-gladdening, transactions of which this world was ever the scene. I allude to that most magnificent miracle, the Transfiguration. Now, when, upon the top of Tabor or Hermon, Peter and James and John saw Moses and Elias, did they merely look upon spiritual abstractions, or did they see the identical men who had in former times gone "in and out before Israel"?

It is very common to dwell with rapture on the splendid truths to be inferred from the Saviour's resurrection; and it is very well to do so: but, to any mind, his ascension should be a fact as full of meaning, and as joyous meaning too. When, on the last day on which Jesus was on earth, his disciples saw him taken up into heaven, he was the very same being whom they had seen walking and speaking and eating and drinking, and loving St. John, and weeping for Lazarus, and intrusting his mother to friendly care. What did all these facts mean? What do they teach us? What were they intended to teach us? My answer, reasoning from the facts that I have adduced, is, in few words, this:—Man is placed in this world with a nature capable of much enjoyment, if he uses it aright. But, with all men, some powers are used too much, some not enough; the happiness we might get here is not attained because of sin; the more sin is overcome here, the happier men become; but still it is with the same powers that they enjoy this greater happiness. Is it therefore unreasonable to believe, that,

when they enter the next world, they enter it as the same human beings, in original powers of feeling, thought, and action, that they have been in this. But, in that world, they are freed from sin; in that world, sin cramps no energies, unduly expands none; there each soul finds "ample room and verge enough;" there is the fulfilment of the saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant! thou hast been faithful in a few things: I will make you ruler over many things."

The great and good Richard Baxter used to say, that one of the delights he hoped in heaven was the society of John Hampden. The belief on which this saying was founded seems to me to be a reasonable one. It seems to be a reasonable thing to believe, that, in the next world, those who have borne the cross well here will dwell in a happy intercourse with the good who shall have gone before them, who shall have gone with them, who shall have come after them; a reasonable thing to believe that they will, whenever they wish, hold converse on things of sight and sense, of faith, and of the soul's perception, with minds rich in experience, in knowledge, in thought, and in affection. I one day saw a good man setting out a tree, whose full beauty I knew he would never live to look upon; I believed that he planted it from no selfish motive; I thought of the words of my text, "For great is your reward in heaven;" and I believed, that, hereafter in Paradise, that man would enjoy the shade, the shelter, and the graceful forms of trees as beautiful as, in the largeness of his soul, I knew he wished that one might be to the men who should live after him.

In farther proof of the opinions that I have been advancing, I must not omit a powerful confirmation of them, to be found in the Lord's Prayer. In that prayer, Jesus tells us to ask that the kingdom of God may come "as in heaven, so on earth." If the kingdom of God, as it is in heaven, can come among men with souls and minds and bodies, in the midst of trees and birds and flowers and fountains murmuring, with all the varied faculties for social and domestic enjoyment, how must that kingdom be in heaven?

Would it not be well for us, when we enjoy greatly any thing in this world that is right, to feel assured that we may enjoy the same in heaven, only to a greater degree, and never-endingly? How doubly glorious to us then would be a pleasant morning, a

rich sunset, a cloudless moonlight night, the rippling of the waters, the songs of the birds, the deep blue of the sky, the voices of those we love! How doubly glorious would be eloquence and study, and, above all earthly things, the sympathies of friendship, and the deep, earnest loves of the household and the hearth! But, above all earthly and all heavenly things, there will be in heaven the eternal presence of God. May it be given to us in this world to know somewhat what God is, that we may partly appreciate here what may be the crowning glory of the world of light! Father, who hast made for us the manifold joys of earth, where we have but comparatively few things to be faithful in, and the myriad-formed bliss of heaven, where we shall be rulers over many things, may thy children rejoice to meet thee in the world that is to come!

Each one of us would do well to picture to himself at all times how pleasant a place heaven will be found to be. And, whenever we do this, let this thought mingle with the rest, that all the joys of heaven will last for ever. As some one says, that, when we begin to realize them, if a little bird were to pick up a grain of the earth's sand, and carry it to the farthest star, and be travelling there and back again millions of years; and then, in the same number of millions of years, should carry another grain, and so, grain by grain, till he had carried all this globe, — our eternity would then be but begun.

A BOOK OF SEA-MOSSES,

THE GIFT OF A FRIEND.

How beautiful, ye ocean-flowers, ye are!
Here within city-walls cribbed and confined,
Ye bring to me the wonders of the deep;
Not its dark, overwhelming mightiness,
But the serene and silent processes
Of that benignant nature which doth work
Through all, — above, below the waters wide.
Here, amid heat and tumult, and the glare
Reflected from a noontide sun, ye bring
The summer morning by the still, cool beach.

The sun uprises with majestic grace
Too solemn for my awe-struck sense, but that
The warmer breeze a genial message bears ;
While the exulting voices of the air
And the green earth pronounce a prophecy
Of general blessing. O unwearied sun !
Thou failest never along thy great career :
But man, — alas ! upon his faithfulness
What brother-man may count ?

And now the waves,
The thin, cool waves, roll slowly up the beach,
Hiding in golden crests the shapeless lumps
Still without promise ; yet anon to burst
In grace and beauty forth, when, with that will
So strangely like to man's intelligence,
Thy nourishment and coloring thou shalt choose
From out the blind unsettled elements
Of earth and sea. Art thou responsible,
Mute flower ? and dost thou answer to thy God,
For "with what body" thou dost come, as we,
What form our spirits wear ? Thou strugglest not
Against thy being's law, but peaceful work'st
Thy duty out, standing in diverse shapes.

Here falls the frosted leaf ; the forest-tree
Here bends beneath the blast ; the smoke-wreath there,
Above the rich, green moss, or sedgy bank,
Curls gently round ; and cunning frost-work steals
In mystic lines, and forms symbolical.

Ye have a hidden language, too, not dead ;
Nor may all classic lore interpret it.
But, as within my spirit's ear it sounds,
It hath, beyond all Nature's voices sweet,
An angel-ministry to lift my soul
To God, who fashioned it to love, and find
In earthly friends a blessing and a joy.

H. S. W.

REV. WM. HAGUE'S EULOGY ON DR. JUDSON.

Dr. Judson is honored, by general consent, throughout the church of Christ, as a man of the heroic order, and as one of the most devoted and efficient of modern apostles. Of the many tributes to his character, services, and worth, none is more complete, or otherwise befitting the subject, than Rev. Mr. Hague's. Delivered before the American Baptist Missionary Union, it fully meets the dignity of the occasion in elevation of thought, clearness and elegance of style, and an admirable method. We make room for the following extract : —

THE other event, to which we have referred, is the death of that distinguished leader of the missionary enterprise, Adoniram Judson, whose eyes were closed upon the scenes of earth on April 12th of the last year, while on a voyage to the Isle of Bourbon, and whose mortal remains were then consigned by friendly hands to an ocean-grave. The narrative of his career forms an important part of the early history of the nineteenth century. His life and fortunes are identified with the rise and progress of American Christian missions. To him may be applied the words of God respecting the patriarch Abraham, — "I called him alone, and blessed and increased him." As soon as he had welcomed to his heart the quickening hopes which Christianity inspires, he desired to impart them to the perishing heathen; his desires were soon ripened into a heroic purpose; and, having been blessed with talents eminently practical, he immediately concerted measures for carrying that purpose into effect. The prosecution of those measures was steadily carried forward through forty successive years; and then, having "served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep." His works live after him. He has left a fragrant name, and his biography is to us a priceless heritage. His life is an epoch from which a new missionary era is to be reckoned. Eighteen centuries ago, when the apostle of the Gentiles, having heard the imploring cry of the Macedonian suppliant, "Come and help us," embarked from the shore of Troas to obey that call of Heaven, if a Livy or a Virgil, just arrived from the court of Augustus, had gazed on the vessel as she spread her sails to cross the *Ægean* Sea, neither of them would have seen, in the fact before him, any thing worthy

of commemoration in history or in song, although we, who survey the past at a glance, can see, in that event, Christianity passing over from Asia into Europe; so, doubtless, when our own Judson first left these shores on a missionary errand, his embarkation suggested nothing to the worldly poet or historian deserving of special note; but, to our retrospective view, it exhibits a glorious fact in human history — Christianity going forth from her asylum in the new world, to re-act, with renovating energy, on the old. Yes: we see that Christianity, which has here turned the wilderness into a garden, looking back to the continent whence she sprang, and moving forth to repair the ancient wastes, to cause the desolations of Asia to rejoice in the bloom and freshness of a new spiritual life from on high.

Among the means of instruction which the Divine Spirit has employed in the Sacred Scriptures, biography holds an important place. Of true history it has been well said, it is "the biography of nations." There are, too, distinguished men, whose memoirs embody the life and spirit of a whole people or of a particular period. Biographies of great men may be divided into two classes: the first embracing those who truly represent the spirit of their age; the second comprising only those who struggle for the triumph of truth *against* their age. To the first class belong the biographies of such men as Peter the Hermit, or St. Bernard, at whose beck nations rallied to engage in crusading wars; the biography of Napoleon, the representative of martial genius and the idol of millions; the life of Thomas Jefferson, whose words and deeds embodied the prevailing spirit of American democracy. In the second class of biographies we may properly place that of John de Wycliffe, whose course on earth was a contest for one momentous truth, — the supremacy of God's word as the standard of faith; that of Luther and of Melancthon, who struggled for the great doctrine of justification by a living faith, instead of dead ceremonies; that of Roger Williams, whose commonwealth embodied the clear conception of the universal right of man to religious liberty as an essential element of Christianity. This latter class of men do not represent the spirit of their age, or the opinions of a people: they are prophets of the future; they represent *ideas*, which, struggling for mastery, become the property of succeeding times. They identify their fortunes with the success of a principle; they enshrine in their lives some great

truth, unwelcome to their generation, and feel themselves impelled to go forth as its heralds, to conquer as its champions, or die as its martyrs. Among the men of this higher order, as far as the elements of character are concerned, Adoniram Judson holds a distinguished place, although he was permitted by the benignity of Providence to share the fortunes of the former class. In the very prime of his manhood, he became a believer in Christ; and then, looking abroad over the face of the earth, his thoughts were engrossed by this one appalling fact, that the majority of his species were groping amidst the gloom of Paganism. In connection with this fact, he meditated deeply on that last command of his risen Lord which made the evangelization of the human race the great life-work of his disciples. At once, the path of duty shone clearly before him. To him the written mandate was a call from Heaven, and his answer to it was as devout and prompt as was that of the converted Saul to the voice which addressed him from the skies. No angel's message, no vision of the night, no new revelation, was needed to mark out his course; the wants of humanity moved his sympathies; the Great Commission gained the homage of his conscience; and, although the drift of public sentiment, the prevailing opinions of the church, and the counsels of human wisdom, supplied no genial encouragement, it was enough for him to know that he was treading in the footsteps of inspired apostles, and walking in the light that beamed from the oracles of God.

And now, we who are assembled here, who have been accustomed from year to year to observe his doings, to sympathize with his hopes and fears, to pray for his success, have met as mourners at his funeral. We say one to another, "A great man is fallen in Israel." Although he lived far from us, he was knit to our hearts by subtle ties far stronger than those of family or kindred; although Burmah was the land of his adoption, we felt that, as by a spiritual presence, he lived amongst us — that his form and countenance were as familiar to our thoughts as if he had belonged to our own household circle. Nevertheless, our sorrow for his loss is tempered and elevated by the joy that springs from remembering what great things he lived to accomplish; so that, instead of calling for a solemn and plaintive dirge to express the emotions awakened by this occasion, we would rather unite in a song of praise and thanksgiving for the guardian Providence that so long

watched over him, for the extraordinary gifts with which the Divine Spirit enriched him.

Yet let us remember that it belongs not to the missionary alone to cherish and develop this heroic spirit in some distant land or some conspicuous sphere. In the early ages it gave a lofty tone to whole communities of Christians; it was breathed forth in their social intercourse, in their daily pursuits, in their style of life and conduct. But, in our time, the genius of enterprise, even among "the sons of the church," needs a new baptism from on high. Their hardy courage, their spirit of adventure and of self-denial, must be hallowed by a loftier aim. In the pursuit of perishable wealth, they put forth mighty efforts, which would take on an aspect of heroism, if they were subordinated to a worthy moral object. For the sake of gain, they are willing to become exiles from home, to undertake the most arduous pilgrimages, to brave the perils of the stormy deep or gloomy desert, to dare the blasts which sweep over the icy solitudes of the north, if they may but rob wild beasts of their costly furs, or risk life amidst the malaria of Africa, if they may but pick up gold dust from her burning sands. In the pursuit of wealth, the mind emboldens itself to meet the march of pestilence, and infection seems to have been disarmed of its terrors. For this end, families, too, are broken up, and scattered over the earth: one makes his home on the ocean, another in India, another in the mines of California, and a fourth seeks his fortune in the new ports of the Pacific. With what inflexible will do they wrestle with difficulty, with disease, with the pains of absence, with bitter disappointments! and oh! how elevated and ennobled would be the elements of such enduring character, if they were truly consecrated to the interests of the Messiah's kingdom, and were thus made subservient to the real progress of humanity! And surely, in these latter days, while "the signs of the times" beckon us on to bolder attempts in the great battle which has long been waged with the powers of darkness, "with spiritual wickedness in high places;" now, when mountains fall and valleys rise before the march of science, so that our antipodes become our neighbors; now, when America, which was but lately at the very "ends of the earth," is rising up to be a great central power, stretching forth her gigantic arms to reach the continent of Asia on the one side and the continent of Europe on the other, — the

chief want of the times is a manly, generous, Christian public spirit, which shall perform heroic deeds amidst the stir and din of secular business, and aim to subordinate the realms of agriculture, of commerce, of art, of literature, and of labor, to the grand design of Christianity in the renovation of our fallen world.

GRACE AGUILAR.

SEVERAL months have now elapsed since we read Grace Aguilar's posthumous work, "The Mother's Recompense;" and, as we laid it down, we could not help regretting that it had not received its author's more mature revision. We could see the same hand in it which had sketched the "Home Influence;" but, at the same time, there were redundancies which, though natural enough in the woman of nineteen, would have been modified by the more mature judgment of the woman of thirty. We confess a charm in Grace Aguilar's writings, and a sympathy with the writer; and we have thought that a passing notice of this gentle and high-minded Jewish woman, now no longer on earth, might fitly fill a page in this Christian magazine.

Why should it not? Are the Hebrews beyond the pale of our sympathies and respect? God forbid. For this let the past be sufficient. No darker stain lies on the records of Christendom than that which marks its dealings with dispersed Israel. They have been cut off from human sympathy, and have grown up with a social brand upon them; and, because the inevitable results of this condition have been manifested upon their national character, we are apt to pronounce, or at least to feel, against them. Cut off an individual from the common sympathies of the household or social circle in which he lives, and, if he have not a very strong head and a very loving heart, you will soon find him becoming reserved, selfish, suspicious. In your heedlessness, you may blame him for this; but the first blame lies with yourself for denying him his human privileges. The rule holds with communities: a similar result takes place. Because the Jews decline to become Christians, do they cease to be men? Because they decline to be Christians, are our Christian feelings to be closed against them? Let us become Christians towards them, and they


themselves will all the sooner accept our faith, and mingle generously with the mass of humanity.

The woman, whose name stands at the head of this notice,

"Though of a lineage once abhorred,
Nor yet redeemed from scorn,"

has won her way into thousands of hearts, Jew and Gentile. Grace Aguilar, though called to an early grave, has left tender, yet lasting, memorials of herself in the world. High thoughts were hers, and a mind rarely disciplined. A pure heart, a spirit deeply religious, a warm and well-directed enthusiasm, — all these were also hers. The only daughter of her devoted parents, the only sister of two affectionate brothers, her mind and heart received their early impulses in the genial circle of a genial home. Two things are very marked and notable in her writings, — her Hebrew enthusiasm, and her domestic affections. As the former was the origin of "The Women of Israel," and her works illustrative of the spirit and faith of Judaism, so will it be seen marked on every page of these performances. From the latter sprung "Home Influence," "Woman's Friendship," "The Mother's Recompense." Our favorite among these is "Home Influence." The moral is so obvious, and so important withal, and yet rises into prominence so naturally, through scenes and circumstances pregnant with interest, that it must ever hold a high rank among useful and elevating works of fiction.

Grace Aguilar was the child of emotion. She had a strong passion for music; and we have been informed by one who had the privilege of her intimacy, that, after playing or singing one of her favorite pieces, she would frequently burst into tears. Her spirit overtasked her body; and hers at length became the lot, not uncommon, of physical health broken through a too constant strain of the mental and spiritual energies. Failing health came upon her parents also, and one of them breathed his last upon her bosom. Her brothers, starting in the race of life, were called away from her. All these things pressed severely upon her; but her faith in God kept pace with her increasing trials. To write her glowing and hopeful thoughts was her greatest luxury; and, even while the body was prostrate in weakness, the hand wielded the solacing pen. But the time came when failing nature refused strength to hold even the pen, — when the tongue could no longer



utter. The spirit, however, was still active, and would make known its trust. She had learned to communicate with her fingers after the manner of the dumb; and the last sign she made was, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him."

She died at the age of thirty-one. Her countenance has been described by Mrs. S. C. Hall as "delicate and lovely. Her person and address were exceedingly prepossessing; her eyes of deep blue, that look almost black in particular lights; and her hair dark and abundant." She was a daughter of the tribe of Judah, being of the stock of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews. She was an Englishwoman by birth, having been born in Hackney, in 1816. She drew her last breath at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, whither she had gone for the benefit of her health. There, in the Jewish portion of the *Fried-hof*,—"court of peace,"—may be seen a stone bearing on its face a butterfly and five stars, symbolic of the spirit in heaven, and this inscription: "Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates." Prov. xxxi. 31.

That stone marks the resting-place of the remains of Grace Aguilar. The dust to the earth as it was; the spirit unto God.

Soft be the sunshine, and gentle be the shower, that falls upon the Hebrew maiden's grave!

J. C.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The following books and pamphlets are acknowledged:—

Plymouth and the Pilgrims. By Rev. JOSEPH BANVARD.—One of a series of popular American histories.

Academic Culture; an Oration, by Rev. R. P. STEBBINS, D.D., before the Literary Societies of Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa.

Faith in Christ; a Sermon preached by Rev. W. H. FURNES, D.D., at the Ordination of Rev. Mr. Hodges, in Barre.

The Three Chief Safeguards of Society; a Sermon by Rev. THEODORE PARKER.

Discourse on the Unity of God; delivered by Rev. S. GILMAN, D.D., before the Charleston Unitarian Book and Tract Society.

Horn's United States Railroad Gazette; a curiosity, and a useful one.

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A PIECE OF POSSIBLE HISTORY.

A SUMMER bivouac had collected together a little troop of soldiers from Jaffa, under the shelter of a grove, where they had spread their sheep-skins, tethered their horses, pitched a single tent. With the carelessness of soldiers, they were chatting away the time till sleep might come, and help them to-morrow with its chances; perhaps of fight, perhaps of another day of this camp-indolence. Below the garden-slope where they were lounging, the rapid torrent of Kishon ran brawling along. A full moon was rising above the rough edge of the Eastern hills, and the whole scene was alive with the loveliness of an Eastern landscape.

As they talked together, the strains of a harp came borne down the stream by the wind, mingling with the rippling of the brook.

"The boys were right," said the captain of the little company. "They asked leave to go up the stream to spend their evening with the Carmel-men; and said that they had there a harper, who would sing and play for them."

"Singing at night, and fighting in the morning! It is the true soldier's life," said another.

"Who have they there?" asked a third.

"One of those Ziklag-men," replied the chief. "He came into camp a few days ago, seems to be an old favorite of the king's, and is posted with his men, by the old tomb on the edge

of the hill. If you cross the brook, he is not far from the Carmel post; and some of his young men have made acquaintance there."

"One is not a soldier for nothing. If we make enemies at sight, we make friends at sight too."

"Echish here says that the harper is a Jew."

"What! — a deserter?"

"I do not know that; that is the king's look-out. Their company came up a week ago, were reviewed the day I was on guard at the outposts, and they had this post I tell you of assigned to them. So the king is satisfied; and, if he is, I am."

"Jew or Gentile, God's man or Bel's man," said one of the younger soldiers, with a half-irreverent tone, "I wish we had him here to sing to us."

"And to keep us awake," yawned another.

"Or to keep us from thinking of to-morrow," said a third.

"Can nobody sing here, or play, or tell an old-time story?"

There was nobody. The only two soldiers of the post, who affected musical skill, were the two who had gone up to the Carmelites' bivouac; and the little company of Jaffa — catching louder notes and louder, as the bard's inspiration carried him farther and farther away — crept as far up the stream as the limits of their station would permit; and lay, without noise, to catch, as they best could, the rich tones of the music, as it swept down the valley.

Soothed by the sound, and by the moonlight, and by the summer breeze, they were just in mood to welcome the first interruption which broke the quiet of the night. It was the approach of one of their company, who had been detached to Accho a day or two before; and who came hurrying in to announce the speedy arrival of companions, for whom he bespoke a welcome. Just as they were to leave Accho, he said, that day, on their return to camp, an Ionian trading-vessel had entered port. He and his fellow-soldiers had waited to help her moor, and had been chatting with her seamen. They had told them of the chance of battle to which they were returning; and two or three of the younger Ionians, enchanted at the relief from the sea's imprisonment, had begged them to let them volunteer in company with them. These men had come up into the country, with the soldiers, therefore; and he who had broke the silence of the listeners to the distant sere-

nade, had hurried on to tell his comrades that such visitors were on their way.

They soon appeared, on foot, but hardly burdened by the light packs they bore.

A soldier's welcome soon made the Ionian sailors as much at home with the men of the bivouac, as they had been through the day with the detachment from the sea-board. A few minutes were enough to draw out sheep-skins for them to lie upon, a skin of wine for their thirst, a bunch of raisins and some oat-cakes for their hunger: a few minutes more had told the news which each party asked from the other; and then these sons of the sea and these war-bronzed Philistines were as much at ease with each other as if they had served under the same sky for years.

"We were listening to music," said the old chief, "when you came up. Some of our young men have gone up, indeed, to the picket yonder, to hear the harper sing, whose voice you catch sometimes, when we are not speaking."

"You find the muses in the midst of arms, then," said one of the young Ionians.

"Muses?" said the old Philistine, laughing. "That sounds like you Greeks. Ah! sir, in our rocks here, we have few enough Muses, but those who carry these lances, or teach us how to trade with the islands for tin."

"That's not quite fair," cried another. "The youngsters who are gone, sing well; and one of them has a harp I should be glad you should see. He made it himself from a gnarled olive-root." And he turned to look for it.

"You'll not find it in the tent: the boy took it with him. They hoped the Ziklag minstrel might ask them to sing, I suppose."

"A harp of olive-wood," said the Ionian, "seems Muse-born and Pallas-blessed."

And, as he spoke, one of the new-comers of the Philistines leaned over, and whispered to the chief, "He is a bard himself, and we made him promise to sing to us. I brought his harp with me that he might cheer up our bivouac. Pray, do you ask him."

The old chief needed no persuasion; and the eyes of the whole force brightened as they found they had a minstrel "of their own" now, when the old man pressed the young Ionian courteously to let them hear him: "I told you, sir, that we had no Muses

of our own; but we welcome all the more those who come to us from over seas."

Homer smiled; for it was Homer whom he spoke to, — Homer still in the freshness of his unblinded youth. He took the harp which the young Philistine handed to him, thrummed upon its cords, and, as he tuned them, said, "I have no harp of olive-wood; we cut this out, it was years ago, from an old oleander in the marshes behind Colophon. What will you hear, gentlemen?"

"The poet chooses for himself," said the courtly old captain.

"Let me sing you, then, of '*the Olive Harp*;' and he struck the cords in a gentle, quieting harmony, which attuned itself to his own spirit, pleased as he was to find music and harmony and the olive of peace in the midst of the rough bivouac, where he had come up to look for war. But he was destined to be disappointed. Just as his prelude closed, one of the younger soldiers turned upon his elbow, and whispered contemptuously to his neighbour, "Always *olives*, always *peace*: that's all your music's good for!"

The boy spoke too loud, and Homer caught the discontented tone and words with an ear quicker than the speaker had given him credit for. He ended the prelude with a sudden crash on the strings, and said shortly, "And what is better to sing of than the olive?"

The more courteous Philistines looked sternly on the young soldier; but he had gone too far to be frightened, and he flashed back, "War is better; my broadsword is better. If I could sing, I would sing to your Ares; we call him Mars!"

Homer smiled gravely. "Let it be so," said he; and, in a lower tone, to the captain, who was troubled at the breach of courtesy, he added, "Let the boy see what war and Mars are for."

He struck another prelude, and began. Then was it that Homer composed his "Hymn to Mars." In wild measure, and impetuous, he swept along through the list of Mars's titles and attributes; then his key changed, and his hearers listened more intently, more solemnly, as in a graver strain, with slower music, and an almost awed dignity of voice, the bard went on: —

"Helper of mortals, hear!
As thy fires give
The present boldnesses that strive
In youth for honor;

So would I likewise wish to have the power
 To keep off from my head thy bitter hour,
 And quench the false fire of my soul's low kind,
 By the fit ruling of my highest mind !

Control that sting of wealth
 That stirs me on still to the horrid scath
 Of hideous battle !

Do thou, O ever-blessed ! give me still
 Presence of mind to put in act my will,
 Whate'er the occasion be ;
 And so to live, unforced by any fear,
 Beneath those laws of peace, that never are
 Affected with pollutions popular

Of unjust injury,
 As to bear safe the burden of hard fates,
 Of foes inflexive, and inhuman hates ! "

The tones died away ; the company was hushed for a moment ; and the old chief then said gravely to his petulant follower, "That is what *men* fight for, boy." But the boy did not need the counsel : Homer's manner, his voice, the music itself, the spirit of the song, as much as the words, had overcome him ; and the boasting soldier was covering his tears with his hands.

Homer felt at once (the prince of gentlemen he) that the little outbreak, and the rebuke of it, had jarred the ease of their unexpected meeting. How blessed is the presence of mind with which the musician of real genius passes from song to song, "whate'er the occasion be" ! With the ease of genius, he changed the tone of his melody again, and sang his own hymn, "To Earth, the Mother of all."

The triumphant strain is one which harmonizes with every sentiment ; and he commanded instantly the rapt attention of the circle. So engrossed was he, that he did not seem to observe, as he sang, an addition to their company of some soldiers from above in the valley, just as he entered on the passage, —

"Happy, then, are they
 Whom thou, O great in reverence !
 Art bent to honor. They shall all things find
 In all abundance ! All their pastures yield
 Herds in all plenty. All their roofs are filled
 With rich possessions.*

* After Chapman.

High happiness and wealth attend them,
 While, with laws well-ordered, they
 Cities of happy households sway;
 And their sons exult in the pleasure of youth,
 And their daughters dance with the flower-decked girls,
 Who play among the flowers of summer !
 Such are the honors thy full hands divide;
 Mother of Gods and starry Heaven's bride !"

A buzz of pleasure and a smile ran round the circle, in which the new comers joined. They were the soldiers who had been to hear and join the music at the Carmel-men's post. The tones of Homer's harp had tempted them to return; and they had brought with them the Hebrew minstrel, to whom they had been listening. It was the outlaw David, of Bethlehem Ephrata.

David had listened to Homer more intently than any one; and, as the pleased applause subsided, the eyes of the circle gathered upon him, and the manner of all showed that they expected him, in minstrel-fashion, to take up the same strain.

He accepted the implied invitation; played a short prelude; and, taking Homer's suggestion of topic, sang in parallel with it:—

"I will sing a new song unto thee, O God !
 Upon psaltery and harp will I sing praise to thee.
 Thou art He that giveth salvation to kings,
 That delivereth David, thy servant, from the sword.
 Rid me and save me from those who speak vanity,
 Whose right hand is a right hand of falsehood, —
 That our sons may be as plants in fresh youth;
 That our daughters may be as corner-stones, —
 The polished stones of our palaces;
 That our garners may be full with all manner of store;
 That our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in the way;
 That there may be no cry nor complaint in our streets.
 Happy is the people that is in such a case;
 Yea, happy is the people whose God is the Lord !"

The melody was triumphant, and the enthusiastic manner yet more so. The Philistines listened delighted, — too careless of religion, they, indeed, not to be catholic in presence of religious enthusiasm; and Homer wore the exalted expression which his face seldom wore. For the first time since his childhood, Homer felt that he was not alone in the world !

Who shall venture to tell what passed between the two minstrels, when Homer, leaving his couch, crossed the circle at once,

flung himself on the ground by David's side, gave him his hand; when they looked each other in the face, and sank down into the rapid murmuring of talk, which constant gesture illustrated, but did not fully explain to the rough men around them? They respected the poets' colloquy for a while; but then, eager again to hear one harp or the other, they persuaded one of the Ionian sailors to ask Homer again to sing to them.

It was hard to persuade Homer. He shook his head, and turned back to the soldier-poet.

"What should *I* sing?" he said.

They did not enter into his notion: hearers will not always. And so, taking his question literally, they replied, "Sing? Sing us of the snow-storm, the storm of stones, of which you sang at noon."

Poor Homer! It was easier to do it than to be pressed to do it; and he struck his harp again:—

"It was as when, some wintry day, to men
 Jove would, in might, his sharp artillery show;
 He wills his winds to sleep, and over plain
 And mountains pours, in countless flakes, his snow.
 Deep it conceals the rocky cliffs and hills,
 Then covers all the blooming meadows o'er,
 All the rich monuments of mortals' skill,
 All ports and rocks that break the ocean-shore.
 Rock, haven, plain, are buried by its fall;
 But the near wave, unchanging, drinks it all.
 So while these stony tempests veil the skies,
 While this on Greeks, and that on Trojans flies,
 The walls unchanged above the clamor rise." *

The men looked round upon David, whose expression, as he returned the glance, showed that he had enjoyed the fragment as well as they. But, when they still looked expectant, he did not decline the unspoken invitation; but, taking Homer's harp, sang, as if the words were familiar to him, —

"He giveth snow like wool;
 He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes;
 He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
 Who can stand before his cold?
 He sendeth forth his word, and melteth them;
 He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow."

* After Cowper and Pope. Long after!

"Always this '*He*,'" said one of the young soldi another.

"Yes," he replied; "and it was so in the beginning evening, when we were above there."

"There is a strange difference between the two men, the one plays as well as the other, and the Greek speaks with as little foreign accent as the Jew, and their subjects are the same."

"Yes," said the young Philistine harper: "if the should sing one of the Hebrew's songs, you would know borrowed it, in a moment."

"And so, if it were the other way."

"Of course," said their old captain, joining in this conversation. "Homer, if you call him so, sings the thing made; sings the Maker. Or, rather, Homer thinks of the thing David thinks of the Maker, whatever they sing."

"I was going to say that Homer would sing of cities David, of the life in them."

"It is not what they say so much, as the way they look. The Greek sees the outside,—the beauty of the thin Hebrew——"

"Hush!"

For David and his new friend had been talking too. had told him of the storm at sea they met a few days before. David, I think, had spoken of a mountain-tornado, as he years before. In the excitement of his narrative, he struck the harp, which was still in his hand, and sung,—

"Then the earth shook and trembled,
The foundations of the hills moved and were shaken,
Because He was wroth;
There went up a smoke out of his nostrils,
And fire out of his mouth devoured:
It burned with living coal.
He bowed the heavens also, and came down,
And darkness was under his feet;
He rode upon a cherub and did fly,
Yea, He did fly upon the wings of the wind.
He made darkness his resting-place,
His pavilion were dark waters and clouds of the skies;
At the brightness before him his clouds passed by,
Hailstones and coals of fire.

The Lord also thundered in the heavens,
 And the highest gave his voice;
 Hailstones and coals of fire.
 Yea, He sent out his arrows, and scattered them,
 And He shot out his lightnings, and discomfited them.
 Then the channels of waters were seen,
 And the foundations of the world were made known,
 At thy rebuke, O Lord!
 At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.
 He sent from above, He took me,
 He drew me out of many waters."

"Mine were but a few verses," said Homer. "I am more than repaid by yours. Imagine Neptune, our sea-god, looking on a battle:—

"There he sat high, retired from the seas;
 There looked with pity on his Grecians beaten;
 There burned with rage at the god-king who slew them.
 Then he rushed forward from the rugged mountains,
 Quickly descending;
 He bent the forests also as he came down,
 And the high cliffs shook under his feet.
 Three times he trod upon them,
 And with his fourth step reached the home he sought for.

There was his palace, in the deep waters of the seas,
 Shining with gold, and builded for ever.
 There he yoked him his swift-footed horses;
 Their hoofs are brazen, and their manes are golden.
 He binds them with golden thongs,
 He seizes his golden goad,
 He mounts upon his chariot, and doth fly:
 Yes! he drives them forth into the waves!

And the whales rise under him from the depths,
 For they know he is their king;
 And the glad sea is divided into parts,
 That his steeds may fly along quickly;
 And his brazen axle passes dry between the waves,
 So, bounding fast, they bring him to his Grecians." *

And the poets sank again into talk.

"You see it," said the old Philistine. "He paints the picture. David sings the life of the picture."

"Yes: Homer sees what he sings. David feels his song."

"Homer's is perfect in its description."

* *Iliad*, vi.

"Yes; but for life, for the soul of the description, you need the Hebrew."

"Homer might be blind; and, with that fancy and word-painting power of his, and his study of every thing new, he would paint pictures as he sang, though unseen."

"Yes," said another; "but David ——," and he paused.

"But David?" asked the chief.

"I was going to say that he might be blind, deaf, imprisoned, exiled, sick, or all alone, and that yet he would never know he was alone; feeling as he does, as he must to sing so, of the presence of this Lord of his!"

"He does not think of a snow-flake, but as sent from him."

"While the snow-flake is reminding Homer of that hard, worrying, slinging, work of battle. He must have seen fight himself."

They were hushed again. For, though they no longer dared ask the poets to sing to them, — so engrossed were they in each other's society, — the soldiers were hardly losers from this modest courtesy. For the poets were constantly arousing each other to strike a chord, or to sing some snatch of remembered song. And so it was that Homer, *à propos* of I do not know what, sang in a sad tone, —

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground :
Another race the following spring supplies ;
They fall successive, and successive rise.
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those have passed away." *

David waited for a change in the strain; but Homer stopped. The young Hebrew asked him to go on; but Homer said that the passage which followed was mere narrative, from a long narrative-poem. David looked surprised that his new friend had not pointed a moral as he sang; and said simply, "We sing that thus: —

"As for man, his days are as grass ;
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth ;
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone,
And the place thereof shall know it no more.

* Iliad, vi. — Pope.

But the mercy of the Lord
Is from everlasting to everlasting
Of them that fear him;
And his righteousness
Unto children's children,
To such as keep his covenant,
As remember his commandments to do them!"

Homer's face flashed delighted. I, like you, "keep his covenant," he cried; and then without a lyre, for his was still in David's hands, he sang, in clear tone, —

"Thou bidst me birds obey; — I scorn their flight,
If on the left they rise, or on the right!
Heed them who may, the will of Jove I own,
Who mortals and immortals rules alone!" *

"That is more in David's key," said the young Philistine reaper, seeing that the poets had fallen to talk together again. But how would it sound in one of the hymns on one of our feast-days?"

"Who mortals and immortals rules alone."

"How, indeed?" cried one of his young companions. "There would be more sense in what the priests say and sing, if each were not quarrelling for his own, — Bel against Astarte, and Astarte against Bel."

The old captain bent over, that the poets might not hear him, and whispered, "There it is that the Hebrews have so much more virtue than we in such things. Miserable fellows though they are, many of them, yet, when I have gone through their whole land in the caravans, the chances have been that any serious-minded fellow spoke of no God but this "*He*" of David's.

"What is his name?"

"They do not know themselves, I believe."

"Well, as I said an hour ago, God's man or Bel's man, — for these are good names enough for me, — I care little; but I should like to sing as that young fellow does."

"My boy," said the old man, "have not you heard him enough to see that it is not *he* that sings, near as much as *this* of his for a Spirit he does not name? It is that *spirited heart* his that sings."

* Iliad, xii., after Sotheby.

"You sing like him? Find his life, boy; and perhaps it may sing for you."

"We should be more manly men, if he sang to us every night."

"Or if the other did," said an Ionian sailor.

"Yes," said the chief. "And yet, I think, if your countryman sang every night to me, he would make me want the other. Whether David's singing would send me to his, I do not feel sure. But how silly to compare them! As well compare the temple in Accho with the roar of a whirlwind——"

"Or the point of my lance with the flight of an eagle. The men are in two worlds."

"Oh, no! that is saying too much. You said that one could paint pictures——"

"—— Into which the other puts life. Yes, I did say so. We are fortunate that we have them together."

"For this man sings of men quite as well as the other does; and to have the other sing of God——"

"—— Why, it completes the song. Between them they bring the two worlds together."

"He bows the heavens, and comes down," said the boy of the olive-harp, trying to hum David's air.

"Let us ask them——"

And just then there rang along the valley the sound of a distant conch-shell. The soldiers groaned, roused up, and each looked for his own side-arms and his own skin.

But the poets talked on, unheeding.

The old chief knocked down a stack of lances; but the crash did not rouse them. He was obliged himself to interrupt their eager converse.

"I am sorry to break in; but the night-horn has sounded to rest, and the guard will be round to inspect the posts. I am sorry to hurry you away, sir," he said to David.

David thanked him courteously.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," said Homer, with a smile.

"We will all meet to-morrow. And may to-night's dreams be good omens!"

"If we dream at all," said Homer again, —

"Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause."

They were all standing together, as he made this careless reply to the captain; and one of the young men drew him aside, and whispered that David was in arms against his country.

Homer was troubled that he had spoken as he did. But the young Jew looked little as if he needed sympathy. He saw the doubt and regret which hung over their kindly faces; told them not to fear for him; singing, as he bade them good-night, and with one of the Carmel-men walked home to his own out-post, —

“The Lord who delivered me from the paw of the lion,
The Lord who delivered me from the paw of the bear,
He will deliver me.”

And he smiled to think how his Carmelite companion would start, if he knew when first he used those words.

So they parted, as men who should meet on the morrow.

But God disposes.

David had left to-morrow's dangers for to-morrow to care for. It seemed to promise him that he must be in arms against Saul. But, unlike us in our eagerness to anticipate our conflicts of duty, David *waited*.

And the Lord delivered him. While they were singing by the brook-side, the proud noblemen of the Philistine army had forced an interview with their king; and, in true native Philistine arrogance, insisted that “this Hebrew” and his men should be sent away.

With the light of morning, the king sent for the minstrel, and courteously dismissed him, because “the princes of the Philistines have said, ‘He shall not go up with us to the battle.’”

So David marched his men to Ziklag.

And David and Homer never met on earth again.

E. E. H.

NOTE. — This will be a proper place to print the following note, which I was obliged to write to a second cousin of Miss Dryasdust, after she had read the MS. of the article above: —

“Dear Madam, — I thank you for your kind suggestion, in returning my paper, that it involves a piece of impossible history. You inform me, that, ‘according to the nomenclatured formulas and homophonic analogies of Professor Gouraud, of never-to-be-forgotten memory, “A *NEZAR* is less useful for curing a DEAF HEAD, than for putting ear-rings into a *Miss's* *NEZARS*,” and that this shows that the second king of Judah, named *DAVID* (or Deaf-head) began to reign in 1056 B.C., and died 1040 B.C.,” and

ther, that, according to the same authority, "*Homer flourished* when the Greeks were fond of his Poetry;" which, being interpreted, signifies that he flourished in 914 B.C., and, consequently, could have had no more to do with David than to plant ivy over his grave, in some of his voyages to Phenicia.'

"I thank you for the suggestion. I knew the unforgetting professor; and I do not doubt that he remembered David and Homer as his near friends. But, of course, to such a memory, a century or two might easily slip aside.

"Now, did you look up Clement? And did you not forget the Arundelian Marbles? For, if you will take the long estimates, you will find that some folks think Homer lived as long ago as the year 1150, and some that it was as 'short ago' as 850. And some set David as long ago as 1170, and some bring him down to a hundred and fifty years later. These are the long measures and the short measures. So the long and short of it is, that you can keep the two poets 320 years apart, while I have rather more than a century which I can select any night of, for a bivouac scene, in which to bring them together. Believe me, my dear Miss D., always yours, &c.

"Confess that you forgot the Arundelian Marbles!"

TYRE.

DR. BACON, of New Haven, who has recently travelled through Palestine, writes thus of Tyre: "But, of all its ancient grandeur, nothing now remains but some tottering ruins of a magnificent church built in the reign of Constantine, and a wilderness of broken columns blocking up the port, and gradually becoming more and more buried beneath the sand. The city which supplied to Solomon the mechanics for his magnificent works, and which was celebrated through the world for the skill and cunning of its artisans, could not mend the staff of my umbrella, which had been splintered the day before, and which needed about three inches of tin plate in form of a band to make it sound again. Where all that splendor was, and all that wealth and pride of which the prophet (Ezek. xxvii. 3—25) gives us so gorgeous a description, there are now the wretched hovels which shelter a miserable population. "Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honorable of the earth? The Lord of hosts hath purposed it, to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth."

NATURE'S JEWEL.

THOU dark-eyed peasant, in whose glowing mien
 There dwells no classic grace to charm mine eye ;
 In whose low garb thy low estate is seen,
 And all whose dowry in thyself doth lie ;

Though thou mayst never " walk in silk attire,"
 Nor shine in jewels of the earth or sea ;
 Though thou mayst never burn with minstrel-fire,
 Nor learn another lore than Nature teaches thee ;

The gem both high and low do covet most
 In each developed limb and feature lies ;
 A richer gem than earth or sea can boast
 Deepens the brilliance of those lustrous eyes.

Thine is the treasure whose entrancing worth
 Outvies the charm of Plenty's golden horn ;
 Uprears a palace on the lowliest hearth,
 And makes the poor man laugh the rich man's gold to scorn.

This sacred treasure no stern keeper hath ;
 Nor was it wrested from the gleaming mine ;
 Nor didst thou brave the ocean's perilous wrath
 To call its dear and pure possession thine.

Ah, no ! it shines upon thy native hills ;
 It decks the peaceful valley of thy home ;
 It woos thee sparkling from thy mountain-rills ;
 This gem, for which, alas ! we o'er the wide world roam.

Yes, lowly peasant, thou art rich indeed,
 Though all unconscious of thy priceless wealth.
 Labor and Virtue yield their beauteous meed :
 The wondrous gem adorning thee is Health.

E. D. H.



THE APOSTLE PAUL:

A SINGLE TRAIT IN HIS CHARACTER CONSIDERED AND ILLUSTRATED.

AMONG the very few characters to be met with in history, which gain, in our estimation of their nobleness and worth, in proportion as they are studied and analyzed, placed in different lights, tried and measured by the loftiest standards of moral excellence, one, in many respects the most remarkable, is that of Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles. *Great* he truly was, in the highest and best sense of that word; great in intellectual superiority; in elevation of thought, purpose, and feeling; in a generous renunciation of self; in the pure and lofty motives which actuated him; in the noble ends which he pursued, seeking not his own, but devoting himself entirely to the promotion of other's welfare, — the highest good of his fellow-men. In him, perhaps, more fully than in any other merely human being that ever existed, was realized and illustrated our Saviour's idea of true greatness; that which consists in self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice, in an unreserved devotion to truth, to duty, to the best interests of mankind; that which consists in high, extensive, pre-eminent usefulness. Indeed, it is not too much to say, that, in sublimity of character, in disinterestedness, in moral courage, in intrepid zeal, in god-like beneficence, in all high and heroic qualities, he approached nearer to the great Master than any other disciple that ever lived.

There is so little of the martyr-spirit in our modern life, that it cannot but do us good; it cannot but have an influence, I think, to strengthen our faith, to exalt our feelings, to quicken our Christian zeal, to lift us up, in some measure, above all low and selfish aims, to have communion with such a spirit, with such a character, as Paul's.

To attempt a full-length portraiture of this wonderful character, after what has been done in this way, with so much ability and discrimination, in a late number of a kindred journal, would be deemed, to say the least, a work of supererogation. Such is not my purpose, but simply to delineate a single feature of it. I wish to call attention to a few passages in the life and writings of the apostle Paul, which prove him to have been a man of extra-

rdinary sagacity and wisdom, — wary, prudent, penetrating; thoroughly acquainted with the world and with human nature; and withal of a liberal and catholic spirit, in matters of religion, altogether beyond his age.

From the moment of his conversion, this great apostle's character begins to open upon us. Aware that his apostacy from Judaism must peculiarly exasperate his employers at Jerusalem, he prudently resolves to retreat from the first burst of their resentment. He accordingly retires into Arabia, where he remains three years, and is supposed to have been employed in gaining a more complete knowledge of the Christian faith, and in qualifying himself for that great work that was henceforth to be the labor of his life. At the expiration of this time, he returns, and commences his public ministry as an apostle of Christ. His zeal and success in the cause soon stir up against him a host of enemies, who conspire together, and vow his destruction; but, by his consummate prudence and dexterity, he eludes the snare which they had laid for him, and detects and defeats all their plots and machinations. On being arraigned before the Jewish council, charged with the crime of having introduced a Heathen into the inner court of the temple (a crime punishable with death), he evinced uncommon presence of mind and no little adroitness, in seizing upon every circumstance that would be available for his defence. By a stroke of policy, which most commentators have labored to justify, he contrived to set his adversaries at variance with one another, and to enlist the prejudices of a majority of them, it is probable, in his own favor. Perceiving that the one part were Sadducees and the other Pharisees, he cried out, "Men and brethren, I am a Pharisee, and the son of a Pharisee: of the hope and resurrection of the dead, I am called in question." The apple of discord, thus thrown into the assembly, had the intended effect. The council are divided, and, in the tumult which ensues, he finds his safety.

This *ruse*, so successfully practised by the apostle, while it illustrates his dexterity and address, tells less favorably, it must be confessed, for his Christian simplicity and guilelessness. For it was true only in a remote and constructive sense that he was arraigned at this time, and put upon his trial before the Sanhedrim, on account of his belief and advocacy of the immortality of the soul; and his attempt to make it appear that this was the re-

ground of the popular excitement that had been stirred up against him, and thus to take advantage of a well-known division of sentiment on this subject, was hardly fair and ingenuous. And did not Paul himself, on a subsequent occasion, seem to admit as much as this? What else did he mean, when, shortly after, at an adjourned hearing of this very case before Felix, he challenged his accusers to say if they found any evil doing in him, *while he stood before the council*, "except," he says, "it be for this one voice that I cried, standing among them, Touching the resurrection of the dead, I am called in question by you this day." This exception against himself, this frank acknowledgment, that the declaration above quoted *was* an "evil doing," is, to me, I confess, one of the most interesting circumstances in the history of this great apostle. It shows his entire honesty, the perfect conscientiousness of the man. It shows how far he was from admitting, that the most urgent danger could be any excuse for the practice of any, the least degree of duplicity. This little incident inspires me with a stronger confidence in his candor and veracity, than all the infallibility that has ever been claimed for him. That he should have spoken as he did of an almost innocent stratagem, resorted to for self-defence, in a moment of the most imminent peril; that the very slight shade of wrong that rested upon it, should have so pressed upon his mind as to prompt this ingenuous confession, shows a delicacy of conscience, a scrupulous truthfulness, a transparent simplicity and frankness, as rare as they are beautiful. Such was the man; childlike, yet profoundly sagacious, blending the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove. His presence of mind, prudence, and sagacity never fail him. Into whatever critical situations he was brought, in the course of his itinerant and adventurous life, he always proved himself equal to the emergency; making good his defence or his retreat, with a skill and adroitness which confounded his enemies; shielding himself from insult and treachery, now by pleading the privileges of Roman citizenship, and now by appealing unto Cæsar.

In the presence of Agrippa, he shows himself an accomplished orator, and pleads his cause in a flowing, graceful, and insinuating style of address, which will compare advantageously with the purest models of Grecian eloquence:— "I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself, this day, *before*

thee, touching the things whereof I am accused by the Jews; especially as I knew thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews." In this very elegant exordium, Paul discovers a quick apprehension of individual character, as well as a ready tact in availing himself of it; for we learn from Josephus, that Agrippa valued himself not a little upon his knowledge of the law, and upon his acquaintance with the customs and antiquities of the Jews. In the narrative which he proceeds to give of his manner of life, and of his conversion to Christianity, there is so much simplicity, sincerity, and pathos, that his royal auditor, quite carried away by the force of his eloquence, exclaims, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

All his speeches and epistles have a deeply-marked individuality, which belongs to few other writings. Flowing out from his inmost life, and glowing all over with emotion, they reveal to us a mind of the most extraordinary attributes, — a mind at once profound and discursive, acute and imaginative, possessing a quick and comprehensive insight into all the springs and motives of human action, and able to appeal to them with power and effect. The letter which he wrote to Philemon, in behalf of a fugitive slave, pleading for his forgiveness and restoration to favor, is a perfect masterpiece in its way. "There is a mixture of tenderness and authority," of freedom and urbanity, in this short letter; "an earnestness of intercession," united with a delicate and deferential regard to the supposed feelings of an offended master, even going so far as to speak of remuneration for lost services; there is a studied care in the choice of phrases; in the arguments employed, and the motives appealed to; in forbearing to hint, except in the most indirect manner, to personal obligations on the part of Philemon, but leaving him to his own generous impulses; there is a tone and spirit, I say, about this letter, which show the writer to have been a man of consummate address, as well as of great courtesy and kindness of heart.

On all occasions, Paul speaks like one who understood human nature, and knew how to disarm prejudice, and conciliate attention. He does not address an audience like John the Baptist, "O ye brood of vipers!" nor like Stephen, "O ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart!" but thus he begins his speech in the council of Areopagus: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive th

ye are a people much given to religious worship ; for, as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God. Whom, therefore, ye ignorantl worship, him declare I unto you." In our common version, the force and beauty of this passage are quite marred, by rendering that into an epithet of reproach which the apostle evidently intended as a compliment. He did not say, "Ye are in all things too superstitious." Such a charge as this would have disgusted his hearers in the outset, and prevented them from paying further attention to his discourse ; but he said, "I perceive ye are much given to religious worship." Nothing can be more beautiful than the whole of this passage. The apostle very ingeniously evades the law, which made it criminal to introduce a new religion into Athens (where, as it had been wittily said, it was easier to find a god than a man), by asking their attention, not to a foreign deity, but to one whom they already acknowledged, and whose altar he had noticed, as he passed round among their sacred edifices ; and he confirms and illustrates his sentiments by a quotation from one of their own poets.

Paul at Athens is a subject worthy of being sketched by a master's hand. This, perhaps, was the most splendid theatre on which he had ever been called to act or suffer. At Damascus he had encountered the Jewish doctors, and confounded them in argument ; he had fought with beasts at Ephesus ; but at Athens he was brought into contact and controversy with some of the master-spirits of the age. It was at once the mart of learning, the metropolis of intellectual refinement, and the very focus of idolatry. Into this sanctuary of the muses, adorned with the choicest specimens of art, and venerable and imposing for its historical recollections, the intrepid apostle enters ; and, impelled by feelings of compassion, and burning with an intense zeal to impart some rays of divine truth to the darkened minds before him, he stands up, calm and self-possessed, in the court of Areopagus ; and, in the presence of poets, orators, philosophers, and statesmen, preaches — Jesus and the resurrection. And well did he acquit himself in a speech to which the most refined sophists might have listened with unmingled admiration. "He spoke in language," says one, "worthy of himself, and of the cause he advocated ; worthy of the dignified auditory before which he was placed ; worthy of diffusion and transmission to remotest coun-

tries and ages for reverential study ; worthy of being the shrine of those fundamental and everlasting principles which constitute religious truth, and are Christianity." He spoke with such effect on this occasion, that several, we are told, were converted ; among whom was one of the members of the august body whom he addressed, — a judge of this high court.

In accommodating his instructions to the different views and opinions of different classes of persons, the apostle always showed himself to have been a man who knew the world, was familiar with all the avenues to the human heart, and gifted, withal, with no ordinary powers of eloquence. In preaching to the Jews, he places his subject in the point of view from which they were accustomed to contemplate it ; fetching his proofs from their own Scriptures, appealing often to their prejudices, and even to their national vanity. He reasons with them from their history, and from the acknowledged principles of their own institutions. He sometimes proves, by modes of reasoning incorrect in themselves, yet in high vogue among the learned Rabbins, that Jesus was the promised Messiah of their nation ; and, in the Epistle to the Hebrews (some slight evidence that it may be his), he runs a somewhat fanciful analogy between Christ and Moses, and their respective religions ; and undertakes to show, by arguments which would be of force only with a Jew, that Christianity was intended to be the perfection and consummation of Judaism.


In preaching to the Gentiles, he begins with the religion of nature, and shows, by arguments derived from this source, that there is but one God, supreme and all-perfect, the Creator of the world, the Giver of life and every blessing ; a spiritual Being, demanding of his rational creatures — not for his sake, but for their own — a spiritual worship, and a cordial obedience to his laws. And then he goes on to speak of Jesus Christ, who was crucified and rose again from the dead, as his messenger, the revealer of his truth, the dispenser of his mercy, the image of his perfections ; proved to be the Son of God, by signs and miracles which God wrought by him ; whose mission had for its object the redemption of a world from ignorance, sin, and death.

It is impossible to think of Paul, in connection with the office which he was called to fill, that of apostle to the Heathen world, without feeling convinced that there was a divine wisdom in the selection and appointment ; so singularly was he qualified, by

birth, by education, by temperament, by social position, and personal experience, for the work that was given him to do. A Hebrew of the Hebrews, and the native of a Grecian city of no mean repute; trained in the school of Gamaliel, and not unskilled in Heathen lore, he possessed the rarest advantages for understanding the peculiarities of thought and feeling, the mental and moral idiosyncracies, which belonged to the two races which then divided the civilized world, and between whom he was to stand as a sort of mediator. Free alike from the narrow-mindedness and stern bigotry of the Jew, and the levity and scepticism of the Greek, he united in himself all that was best in the devotedness of the one, and the refinement and liberality of the other. "If ever there was a man," says Buckminster, "calculated to manage the opposite prejudices of Jews and Gentiles; if ever there was a man fitted for a difficult service in the most difficult times, it was Paul." His mind, which was naturally of the very highest order, was disciplined and enriched by whatever was most valuable in Jewish learning, or in Gentile philosophy and science. In short, he was not only endowed with a mighty and commanding intellect, but he had also received the largest, the most generous and varied culture which the age could afford.

We should expect beforehand, that a mind like Paul's would be liberal, would be superior, that is to all narrow views and sectarian biases; and this we find to have been the case in a very eminent degree. Though brought up a Pharisee of the strictest sect, he seems early to have freed himself from the pride, pretension, and ferocious bigotry, which distinguished that celebrated class of religionists among the Jews. With his characteristic acuteness, he penetrated at once to the very heart of the gospel; discerning its simplicity and spirituality, the sublimity and comprehensiveness of its doctrines and precepts, and entering fully into its large and catholic spirit. Christianity, he distinctly perceived, was designed and fitted to be a universal religion, and was destined, therefore, to supersede the Mosaic ritual; and, in the celebrated controversy which arose among the Christians of that day about the rites and ceremonies of the Jewish religion, whether or no they were binding upon converts from Heathenism, we find him uniformly on the liberal side of the question, zealously maintaining the free and generous spirit of the new dispensation. It was his continual endeavor to impress it upon the minds of his

hearers and readers, that, in the spiritual church of Christ, all party distinctions were abolished; that it recognized neither Jew nor Greek, neither circumcision nor uncircumcision. It is the aim of more than one of his epistles to show, that the conditions of salvation under the gospel are not the observance of any external rites, like the Mosaic; not the belonging to any particular church, like the Jewish; not the holding to any set of dogmas, like those of the Pharisees; but FAITH, a living and controlling sense, in the mind, of God, and of the great spiritual realities of our being; an inward regard to duty and the divine will; a principle of holiness, making the conduct right, by cleansing and rectifying its hidden springs in the heart. And he shows that this principle is always the same in all pious and good men of every nation and age; the same in Abraham, their boasted progenitor, and the same in the despised Heathen, who, by the light of nature alone, is taught to fear God and work righteousness. He strenuously opposed the Judaizing bigots, who arrogated to themselves great power and importance in the primitive church, and who confidently maintained that there could be no salvation for Gentile Christians, unless they were circumcised, and submitted to the Mosaic peculiarity. On every occasion he combats these absurd pretensions, and encourages the Gentile converts to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free. This it was which drew upon him the hatred and persecution of his own nation, who could not endure to hear that God was equally the God of the Jews and of the Gentiles. St. Paul was the victim, but never the patron, of intolerance. His epistles abound with exhortations to peace, unity, and mutual forbearance among disagreeing parties; and his beautiful encomium upon charity is the masterpiece of all his writings. Notwithstanding the warmth and enthusiasm of the apostle's feelings, and his very devout and spiritual turn of mind, we can discover nothing about him which favors in the least degree of fanatical delusion. His morality, though strict and uncompromising in all cases where right and wrong were in any degree concerned, was yet calm, rational, practical. His judgment respecting a hesitating conscience; his opinion of the moral indifference of certain usages, yet of the prudence, and even the duty of compliance, where non-compliance would produce an evil effect upon the minds of the weaker brethren, discover the most sensible and discriminating liberality.



He knew that an idol was nothing in the world, and yet he could say, "If meat (offered to idols) maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I cause my brother to offend." His favorite maxims were, that those who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and that every one should please his neighbor for his good, to edification; and his own conduct was a perfect exemplification of these maxims. To use a modern phraseology, he was at once a reformer and a conservatist; advocating, with glowing zeal, a system of faith which was destined, he foresaw, to create all things new; yet reverencing and holding fast to all that was true and good in old opinions and usages. There was nothing one-sided about Paul. Few men ever possessed a sounder judgment, or a mind that was more perfectly balanced. Impetuous as he was in temper and feeling, he was always self-possessed, and singularly prudent in speech and action. He never *unnecessarily* threw himself into collision with the prejudices of any class of men. He was careful to avoid every occasion of offence, where it could be avoided, without the slightest dereliction from duty; and would sometimes yield to the opinions and practices of others, when it could be done without compromising the sacred obligations of morality. Though he would never suffer the Jewish ceremonial to be imposed upon Gentile Christians, and usually neglected it himself, yet, being at Jerusalem on a certain occasion, and understanding that his compliance with a particular custom, indifferent in itself, would serve to remove the prejudices that existed against him in the minds of some of his brother Pharisees, and be a means of increasing his usefulness, he did not hesitate to comply: "To the Jews," he said, "I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law [meaning the Mosaic ceremonial law], as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law (being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ), that I might gain them that are without law. To the weak I became as weak, that I might gain the weak. I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." Not that he ever practised dissimulation, or resorted to any of the arts of low cunning, to accomplish his ends; but that, with respect to things in themselves indifferent, he felt himself at liberty, at different times and places, to act in a different manner, as prudence might dictate. "Being crafty,"

he said to the Corinthians, "I caught you with guile;" that is to say, he practised some innocent artifices, in order to circumvent their prejudices, obtain access to their minds, and, by prudent measures and words of wisdom, *win them to Christ*: this was his aim in regard to all whom he approached. All that he said or did or wrote, whether he spoke of his former life and conversation among the Pharisees, or told the story of his conversion; whether he boasted of the manifold revelations with which he was favored, or adverted to his infirmities; whether he wielded "the ceptre of an apostle's authority," in subduing opposition and rebuking hypocrisy, or demeaned himself with the gentleness of a nurse that cherisheth her children; whether he beat down error with the battering-ram of his logic, or sapped and undermined it with the subtlety of his wit, — all was to the end and effect that he might win souls to Christ.

The argument for the truth of Christianity which has been drawn from the conversion of Paul is one which it would not be easy to set aside or to invalidate. Here is a man of the profoundest sagacity and wisdom, of extraordinary energy, activity, and force of character, possessing an intellect of vast and unmeasured power; a sharp, shrewd, logical mind, — a mind that, in all great and noble qualities, may be justly received among the foremost in that or in any other age, if, indeed, it has ever been equalled; a man of education and learning, of varied experience, and large acquaintance with the world; — here is this man transformed suddenly from a fierce and eager persecutor of the Christian cause, into a convert to this religion, and one of its most active and indefatigable missionaries; giving himself up to this work with the whole strength and ardor of his soul; spending his whole time in travelling from country to country, and from city to city, to propagate this new faith; encountering the severest hardships and the most appalling dangers; sacrificing worldly prospects of the most brilliant kind; submitting to the loss of country, of home, of early friends, to scourgings and stonings, to imprisonments and chains, and finally to a martyr's death. Now, here is a moral phenomenon, which must have had some cause, some motive; and the motive assigned by the apostle himself is the only one which seems adequate to the production of such an effect. His miraculous conversion, then, being admitted to be real, it

follows, as a necessary inference, that the Christian religion, considered as a miraculous dispensation, must be true.

Yes, looking only at this single item in a vast and accumulated mass of evidence, how strong is our conviction that Christianity is, what it purports to be, a miraculously communicated and miraculously attested revelation; that it is true that Jesus Messiah, foretold by prophets, and eagerly expected by those who were looking for supernatural light and redemption, came into our world, and lived and taught, and wrought miracles, and suffered and died, and rose again from the dead, as evangelists and apostles related and testified, sealing their testimony with their blood; that he came to bring us the everlasting gospel, with its truths and hopes and consolations, of such infinite concernment to human welfare; to put into operation a system of spiritual influences, mighty to awaken the soul to a sense of eternal things; to convince it of sin, of righteousness, of judgment to come; to rescue it from the bonds of iniquity, and bring it, through faith and repentance, and the washing of regeneration, into a state of peace with itself, and of reconciliation with its Maker! Thanks be to God for this unspeakable gift!

C. B.

PRETENSION. — "A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and idle is all fear of remaining unknown. If a man know that he can do any thing, — that he can do it better than any one else, — he has a pledge of the acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment-days; and into every assembly that man enters, in every action he attempts, he is guaged and stamped. 'What hath he done?' is the divine question which searches men, and transpierces every false reputation. A fop may sit in any chair in the world, nor be distinguished for his hour from Homer and Washington; but there never can be any doubt concerning the respective ability of human beings, when we seek the truth. Pretension may sit still, but cannot act. Pretension never feigned any act of real greatness. Pretension never wrote an Iliad, nor drove Xerxes, nor Christianized the world."

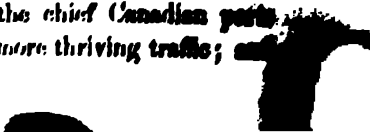
CELEBRATION OF CHRISTIAN ENTERPRISE.

A SERMON, BY REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON.

ISA. lxii. 10: "Cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people; prepare ye the way of the people."

It is not an unreasonable caprice, that enterprise should sometimes celebrate its work, as well as perform it. One of the favorite phrases of those men, into whom the age has poured its equalizing spirit most copiously, is "the Dignity of Labor." But "labor" here is only an abstraction, put for the laboring men. What a laborer may rightly do is the honor of labor; for the toiling individual tests, as well as incarnates, the generic principle. If it is dignified—and, I think, you will all agree that it may be—for a single engineer to turn from operating his machine to admiring its operation; take off his hands from his wondrous tools, that he may refresh himself by a cleanly contemplation of their result,—then may any great industrial achievement claim its hour of rest and gratulation, as well as its many hours of action. It may, without charge of puerility, now and then drop its task, if only to look at it from a new quarter; may wash the grime from its hands, array itself in holiday garments, and even put on some comely badges and adornments, if it will dispose them by rules of art matched to its robust proportions. It may add a social sabbath of its own to the solemn and spiritual ones of the church; it may go out to stroll at leisure in the highways it has cast up, and to feel, as a more genial presence, the sun that has brought tan and sweat upon its face. Certainly it may throw open the doors of the house it has built, and offer hospitalities to its neighbors.

Men will estimate such demonstrations as the last week's jubilee, very much according to their moral calibre and spiritual plane; for the broad coloring of the habitual temper tinges every special judgment. What a man loves best, and pursues most hotly, will have its image reflected in every trifling criticism. The sordid calculator will see in this completion, at this spot, of steam-communication between the chief Canadian ports and Great Britain, only a promise of a more thriving traffic; and



the only twinkle of his eye at its gay signals is shot up from some low hope of lucre. Vanity loves the pomp for its invitations to ornament; profligates, for its stimulants to jaded appetites; the frivolous, for its superficial excitement. It is possible, I think, to judge it by the fixed measurements of Christian truth.

In order to touch the suggestions that open themselves before me with any thing like a satisfactory completeness, I shall be obliged to use a latitude, as to topics, not often needed perhaps by the pulpit. But I shall not offend your discrimination by a presumption that you are not apprised how religion is interfused through all things, or that you will be unable to find relations enough between all that I shall say, and the most sacred spiritualities of the church.

We may deal with this jubilee by a treatment that is four-fold; regarding it—I. As a ceremony of public joy; II. As an act of homage to industry; III. As the salutation of an era of brotherhood; IV. As a signal of God's preparations for his kingdom, and a harbinger of its coming.

I. First, then, we are to speak, not of industry or enterprise itself, but of the recreation that is a ceasing from it. For this also is a good.

The stages of progress or decline among the nations might be measured by the shifting character of their entertainments. The ways in which they disport themselves are chronicles of their interior life. If they are savages, they will have savage play; if they are Christian fellow-helpers, they will make merry over some contrivance that invites all ranks to a huge, international collation, or opens a prospect to honest labor that shall one day make poverty obsolete, and oppression a mythic legend.

One of the divine sagacities of the Jewish religion was the provision it made for what I think we must call man's innate love for public spectacles. Esteeming no human propensity too humble for its notice, in as profound a spirit of philosophy as of mercy, it took this feeling boldly up in its hand, as a fact to be dealt with,—as an inevitable element to be considered and allotted into place, in the harmony of a right character. It saw that the passion had been plainly planted in human nature by its Creator; and, properly concluding that it was not put in merely to be put out again, but that it was meant to serve an end and fill

an office, it undertook, in the very wisdom that should govern all legislation, to conform the facts of its institutions to the facts of life, — to base the cultus on the laws of the being to be cultivated; and thus, in framing a complete apparatus of moral education for men clearly resolved on being amused sometimes, to make room for amusement. This, accordingly, the Jewish religion did. Instead of turning all recreations out of the pale of its sympathy, — thus creating an antagonism between itself and them, and virtually loading all sports with the gratuitous burden of a legal and constructive sin, till they should by this means be sunk into the real sin of conscious wrong, — Judaism, speaking too, remember, in God's name, by the mouth of Moses, took these impulsive children, — these natural cravings for rest and diversion, — under its direction; set apart for them some eighty days out of the three hundred and sixty-five, and even condescended to instruct them in their play. It told them how and when, and for what purpose, they should be indulged, and so contrived to imbue them with a pious spirit, that even recreation itself was turned into a part of the worship of Jehovah; somewhat better, certainly, than to leave it to hang guiltily outside of our Christian concern, prowling about the fences of civilization, and allying itself, for sheer lack of other company, with intemperance, licentiousness, and the whole brood of crimes. A considerable expenditure was lavished on this simple object of keeping the national amusements close to the national prayers. And for fear some over-thrifty citizen, extending his business, and getting sordid amidst his many gains, should deem it foolish to devote so much time, profitable for money-making, to unprofitable pleasures, it was commanded distinctly that business should not trench on the holidays. If any body profaned them so, he should be stoned. Holidays were holy-days. Besides so many days in each year, every seventh year was to be altogether sabbatical, for man's sake, and beast's sake, and God's sake. And every fiftieth year was to be a more imposing and formal jubilee still. So Moses said to all these affinities for diversion in the people, "Come, range yourselves within the temple; sit down among the priests and Levites; lean against the altar; hang your festive ornaments on the walls of the holiest places; that both you and your rest may be sanctified." Moses lived in twilight; yet he was wiser in this than many who live under

open day, and call the name of Christ. When the Christian church comprehends its duty wisely, it will not willingly allow men to go out of its sight for their pleasures. It will try to keep their pleasure and their religion friends.

Holidays being somewhat parsimoniously provided in this country by institutions, whether religious or civil, the people are left to choose their amusements and devise their pageants by spontaneous emotion. We make merry by impulse, not by statute. It matters little how, perhaps; so we are not given over to the sordid and irreligious habit of not being amused at all. The quarrel of the ascetics that revolt at recreation lies not against man as he has made himself, but as God made him. The offence is in nature, not in artifice. You might as justly expect that speech will never loosen itself, and leap into song; that enthusiasm will never force prose to fuse its brittle articulations into flowing and melodious measures; that plodding duty will never break forth into praise,—as that toil will never disport itself, and so generously, too, as even to glory in its very oblivion of calculation; and all the more jubilant, because you defy it to show cause.

I see nothing in these recent festivities that brings them under the rebuke of the religion of Christ. Even that serious faith, planted in suffering and sealed by a cross, may smile upon them. Our merchants have enacted no such prodigal folly as that German merchant did who warmed his sovereign-guest, Charles V., with a fire of cinnamon-wood; nor have they wasted sentiment and treasure together, like Cleopatra, covering her dining-hall floor with flowers a cubit deep. It may even be found, and probably will be, in obedience to some moral law of balance, which poises the poles of all things having a right intention, that, as happened lately with the Parisian *fêtes* of industry, more wealth returns from the entertained than was lavished by the entertainers. If otherwise, let us be content with gains not reckoned by arithmetic.

When the sacred story of the evangelists exhibits Jesus as more than once moving up among his countrymen to keep the grand jubilees of his nation, I do not conceive him to have been coldly conforming himself to a usage that offered no charm to his heart, nor yet as using these occasions of great gathering merely as serviceable instruments for any ulterior end. The natural

spell of a sympathetic joy, I think, was upon him. He was borne along by the pure tide of patriotic gratitude and hope, that swelled and gushed in all those Hebrew souls about him. Even women and little children felt it, and were never weary while their faces were towards Mount Moriah. The spontaneous feeling that gathered to itself sacred associations from old histories, — from the faith of Abraham, and the heavenly commission of Moses, and the courage of Gideon and Joshua, and Elijah's faith, and the splendor of David's reign, and the solemn order of the Temple and the Priesthood, and the sorrows of the Captivity, and the hosannahs of the Return, and all the holy influences of the elder Covenant, that lay like warm sunlight on every hill and vineyard of Judea, — this was the attraction that drew him. Without questioning, he gave himself up to the generous gladness of the caravans that went up from all the tribes to Jerusalem, singing songs of praise to the God of Israel. The spirit that could weep over the great city, in a prophetic anticipation of its downfall, needed no calculation to throw itself cordially into a national festival. And in all these tender movings of his divine love towards his country, our own interest in whatever rejoicings celebrate our national achievements or destiny finds a warrant. The instincts of our own patriotism are at once sanctioned and elevated by that which manifestly throbbed in a bosom that has been pierced for a whole world's salvation.

To estimate more gratefully what a Christian civilization has done for you, — how it has been slowly rearing the fabric that now so benignantly shelters you, and gradually infusing higher elements into the joys that now cheer you, — let me invite you to contrast the spectacle exhibited in our city the last week, with the public ceremonies of earlier ages.

Come back, twenty-four centuries, to the banks of the Alpheus. An Olympic festival has gathered the strength and valor and genius of Greece. Multitudes, vaster than any of ours, pouring in from three continents, throng the splendid stadium. There is the pomp of heralds, the superb magnificence of royalty, the unrivalled glory that touched every creation on which Grecian thought left its sign. And now, what are these thousands of palpitating breasts leaning forward to see? Two muscular bodies writhing in the contortions of a wrestling-match; two brawny boxers plunging their leather-covered fists at one another.

other's faces; two runners panting across their course of six hundred feet, bleeding perhaps at the nostrils; two rivals in the Pentathlon; two athletes in the Pancratium; two chariots in the Hippodrome. Ten months ago, the competitors entered the lists at Elis; and now, after so much discipline in the gymnasium, they fight before the wisdom of the most intellectual of nations,—for what? For a wreath of wild olive; for a banquet, an ode, a statue, a herald's cry; for a wall broken to let the victor into his native city; for the incense of an idolatrous altar. The crowd vanish to the hundred cities of the three continents again. And how is the world the better? What noble purpose of an immortal nature has found stimulus? What idea worthy of man has enjoyed a triumph? What pure affection has been encouraged? Has Grecian nationality been consolidated? Let the history of Grecian wars answer. A bitter brotherhood it must have been that bore so contentious a confederacy. And to crown the pagan ceremony with a pagan absurdity, not far off stands the presiding god,—a gold and ivory statue, wrought with the exquisite art of that artistic time,—the Jupiter Olympius.

Pass forward seven hundred years, from the days of Solon, archon of Athens, to the days of the Cæsars; and cross from Elis to Rome. Here is an amphitheatre displaying a pageant equal in splendor to the Olympic, and surpassing it perhaps in the number of spectators, because no spot on earth ever centralized so enormous a populace as the imperial city. But society has grown barbarous as it has grown old; and in place of the contentions of the stadium, which, if physical, were not savage, you have now the ferocity of the gladiatorial ring,—a deadly struggle, mortal blows, brutal cruelties. Trajan the Emperor has returned from the Danube, with the spoils of the conquered Dacians. It is an age when the grandest pageant is not of peace, but the sword,—a triumphal procession; and the most honored trophies are not fruits of industry, but the robberies of power, and the armor of the slain. A Saturnalian festival recurs; and the thirsty host—Roman dignity, Roman citizens, and Roman women too—flock to the arena, lusting for the murderous parade. Captives, just led behind the car, and slaves, strong children of the forest, men of no crime and no quarrel, men, men, trained and hardened and disciplined for the encounter, like beasts for a stall, slaughter one another for the entertainment. A hundred and

wenty-three days of incessant butchery, and ten thousand mutilated bodies, hardly satiate the appetite. Even the surrendering victim is not spared: the gloating multitude turn their thumbs upward, and the exhausted gladiator is torn in pieces on the sand, 'butchered to make a Roman holiday.' These are the amusements, these the holidays, of seventeen centuries ago.

I will not disgust your sensibilities by describing the pleasures, more degraded still, if not so mortal, of Christian Spain, in times earlier our own, of Portugal, and even of British sportsmen, where the agonies of dying beasts minister to the delight of men.

But to appreciate more completely the progressive ideas that have ushered in a day of celebrations of useful industry, admit me more comparison, drawn from a popular custom of the mother-country, before the Western World was discovered. It is an English tournament,—the diversion of chivalry,—the gayer side of the earnest enterprise of the crusades,—the reverse device of its solemn blazonry. A broad field of green; stout palisades; white pavilions of the contending knights, whose gorgeous pennons rise and fall in the sun; galleries filled with the noble blood of the realm; rich liveries, and costly equipages, and sumptuous decorations, belting the lists; yeomen and plain citizens, pages and maidens, throne and canopy,—these make up the glittering scenery. But the central figures, around which all this intensity of passion beats, are still combatants for an inferior, a selfish, and a physical triumph. Two thousand years have gone over the world since the Olympic strife, and yet the game is still for a barren prize. No grand thought hangs its signal over the contest. No generous and catholic sentiment of common welfare inspires the shout of applause. No event that sets mankind forward in the true honors of life is celebrated. But lances are splintered, and helmets bruised, and shields broken, and women are flattered, and the fires of old hatred and jealousy are relit, and wounded bodies are borne out for the surgeon's mending, or shroud.

Is there nothing gained? Is not Christianity beginning to inaugurate at last her own appropriate ovations? Does not the advent of an era of equal privilege unfurl standards that battle for unselfish aims? Do not the very pleasures and jubilees of Christianity reveal at once the barbarism we have outgrown, and the providential leadings we are to follow?

The Genius of liberal recreation seats herself now, not on a throne, but in a rail-car, alongside a harbor, or on a meadow-bank. When the weary craftsmen would be amused, instead of setting two angry pugilists to smite each other, she ordains a combat between two ocean-steamers, — the umpires being time and safety; the competitors, brains and steel; and all the travelling millions that may hereafter navigate the sea, sharers in the premium. Instead of opening the lists for an unprofitable race for pedestrians, she appoints one between two patent ploughs, with the reserved right to make the best model in the match a facility for every farmer in the land. When the busy artisans have accumulated marvels in their private workshops, which she knows the artisans of other countries would be happier, and shrewder too, for seeing, she throws up a glass show-house on the spare ground of the world's metropolis, and asks the four corners of the earth to bring in their fabrics, and laugh, or wonder, at one another's ingenuity. And then she sends them peaceably home, shorn of their vanity, but quickened in their wits; suggestions from the combined whole crowded into the head of each, and large judgments supplanting hereditary prejudices. Instead of bringing forward the toughest bear, or baiting the fiercest bull, she asks, Who can contrive the most effectual reaping-machine? and calls together the agricultural counties to try their skill in the harvest-field; and, by and bye, all of them reap with the best machine. Instead of instigating foolish knight-errants to bruise each other for the smile of a queen of love, she sends to the shipbuilders, and inquires for the craft that will outsail the swiftest keels, — and so speeds, in the end, every voyager that seeks home or health or livelihood or knowledge, across the waters.

II. We have witnessed an act of homage to industry. Now, industry of itself is no mean tributary to the Christian commonwealth; but it rises into more eminent honor, in its reciprocal relations to civilization and Christianity. Industry advances civilization; civilization furnishes paths and instruments for the church. Again, the church shelters and blesses civilization; and civilization, by a thousand wants and promptings, stimulates industry. Such is their interaction; and an honest enterprise, restrained within the moral bounds assigned by the New Testament, stands kinsman at only two removes from spiritual life.

Christian enterprise follows a law of moral expansion, almost as infallibly as steam itself. Every time a countryman goes to the next large town, every time an American traveller goes to Europe, — unless there is some perverseness in his stupidity, he comes back with a wider mind. Action generates action. Intellect itself seems to be a dull drudge, unless motion puts it into practical contact with affairs. It is remarkable that the three great modern inventions, of the printing-press, the mariner's compass, and gunpowder, were all substantially suggested by the Chinese; but Chinese genius turned them to no account for want of active talent. Had the Chinese been a people to throw their borders open by railroads, instead of shutting them up by a huge wall, they would have led the nations, and had the laws of human improvement at their backs. Enterprise kindles enterprise; and so, by a ceaseless progression, taking fire as it flies, unless it suffers some wicked violence from passion, it rouses the whole character to generous and healthy life.

Accordingly, as we might expect, a large enterprise, expended on facilities of intercommunication, has always accompanied national distinction. A cause for this is doubtless to be found in a profound law of the human constitution; viz., that public glory, which is always the birth of mental activity, is in the ratio of mutual knowledge; and mutual knowledge, of course, comes only of mutual contact and intermingling. The great awakening of the nations in the sixteenth century was an era of general stir and transportation. Just as Rome was becoming famous, she elaborated a work which, in costliness and dimensions, more nearly matched a modern railroad than any other ancient structure. This was the Appian Way, four hundred miles long, laid with blocks of stone, hexagonal in shape, and bedded in cement. It is known that a post-road was finished, before the days of Tertullian, from Edinburgh, in the North, to Antioch, in the East, with only two narrow marine interruptions; and travellers posted at the rate of more than a hundred miles a day. The Aurelian and Flaminian Ways multiplied still farther the channels through which Rome sent out her swift legions, till at last she had opened unobstructed paths to Savoy and Germany, Spain and Gaul, Asia and the mouths of the Danube. By the help of great ferries inland navigation, she made even the Mediterranean islands, in the chain of open, continental intercourse. And so she packed the greatness of her empire.

But do not imagine, that even the few and inferior highways cast up by antiquity were dedicated to the most humane purposes. Our advance has been as great in the use and objects of these ducts of travel, as in the perfection and compass of their structure. The Egyptians, who were the first road-builders, built them for the march of their armies, not for the interchange of peaceful gifts. Hatred was the motive, not humanity. And when Semiramis had completed, at immense cost, certain avenues through her empire, they never proved serviceable enough to divert, from its slow and feeble coastwise navigation, the Tyrian and Carthaginian merchandise. Greece showed concern enough for her highways to put them under the protection of her mythology: but the gods succeeded no better as superintendents of streets than as patterns of holiness; and the bemired or broken-down traveller called on Hercules and Zeus to help him out of the rut, in vain. Rome herself, in constructing her colossal ways, cared less for sending out messages of parental tenderness to her old colonies and provinces, than for marching forth her iron cohorts to subjugate new ones. It is a significant circumstance, too, that the moment barbarism reconquered civilization, and the Northern woodsmen overran Italy, they forthwith demolished the highways. True to the savage instinct, they cut off the friendly arteries of social life; put up their proclamations of "Dangerous Passing;" drew back, like banditti, into their fortified castles; perched themselves in ramparts bristling with spears; and growled at all mankind with the ferocity of tigers. So it continued in large measure through the dark ages. The feudal noble was a highway robber, sallying out from his lordly keep, and stripping the itinerant merchant, Lombard or Israelite, of his goods. Heavy tolls, imposed by the crown, were the only protection against licensed freebooters; and when these tolls, augmented as they were by many other internal tariff-exactions, proved too onerous, transportation became impracticable. In the general impetus communicated to the social energies by the crusades, Continental Europe gained some mercantile advantages; but the activity that revolutions created, war paralyzed. So late as the year 1672, Madame de Sevigny wrote that a journey from Paris to Marseilles required a month. The Simplon was the sole great industrial achievement of all Napoleon's imperial command; and, in 1810, the average number of persons transported out of Paris

to the departments, each day, was but two hundred and twenty. Take this last fact in connection with another; viz. that, on one ordinary business-day of the present month, the number of persons that went out from Boston was forty-two thousand three hundred and thirteen; or, in connection with another fact, that, between 1768 and 1835, the intercourse between London and Edinburgh is known to have been multiplied by a hundred and sixty, and in a much greater ratio during the fifteen years since; and you will have data for computing how much the simple act of transport does towards civilizing the nations.

Did travel and exchange increase in the ratio of population, and not in the ratio of transport-facilities, and had the authorities done for the Boston of fifty years ago what the Marshal has done for the Boston of to-day, it would be found, by count, that, a single day of September, 1801, seven thousand persons should have passed in and out of the town. It is probably within limits to say, that the number was not one-tenth of that.

What we may call the art of transport, therefore, is essentially modern. The world has had some rude means of intercommunication, it is true, as long as it has had commerce; but the impulse given to transport since the middle of the last century has been at once so decisive, so original, and so transformatory of the old modes, that it may be asserted and proved, that one hundred years have done more for it than the whole preceding thousands since the creation together. As a representative fact, within this century, the travelling time from Edinburgh to Glasgow has been shortened from thirty-six hours to one hour and a half; that between Edinburgh and London, from a fortnight to twelve hours.

Mark the patient progress. Rude tribes, just emerging from the numbness of barbarism, and beginning to shake themselves to active circulation, are content with the packhorse and the mule. Then follow sledges, drays, and the roughest sort of waggons, — the weight of the conveyance itself nearly equalling the heaviest possible burden. It has been estimated, that the transition from the horse's back to the two-wheeled cart was a tenfold multiplication of power, and a tenfold reduction of cost. Carriages of more artificial construction follow, but at tedious intervals. Meantime the primitive path for these clumsy vehicles has been formed, only by removing trees, stumps, stones; and

other coarser impediments, and smoothing down the more jagged roughnesses on the surface. For any advance on this, the world had to wait thousands of years.

But, at length, as if the eye of God saw designs so vast unfolding in his hands that the old ways were inadequate, the epoch of the iron road is ushered in. No outward invention ever rushed to its completion by such rapid stages, over so broad a theatre, bringing with it changes so conspicuous. The proper introduction of that epoch was less than thirty years ago. The first extensive work wrought by steam-engines in England was that leading from Liverpool to Manchester, and was opened twenty-one years ago the past week. The first in France was commenced in 1825; the first in Belgium, in 1836; the first in the United States, — that for transporting the Quincy granite, — in 1827. The individual who petitioned for the first railroad charter is present at this moment in your assembly. Nearly three years ago, there were lines completed in the United States over six thousand miles. There are eight hundred stations in New England alone. Speed has risen from six miles an hour to seventy; and the quantity of fuel requisite for generating steam has been diminished five-sixths.

An inference deduces itself from these facts, in behalf of toleration of judgment, and a generous welcome for new ideas. Chancellor Livingston was one of the soundest men of the last generation. Yet he wrote a letter, which has unfortunately survived him, demonstrating the impracticability of steam-locomotion, on the ground that it would be impossible to check the engine! No longer ago than the year 1810, the United States House of Representatives in Congress refused Robert Fulton the use of their hall, to deliver a lecture on steam-navigation, because it contemplated a visionary project! We are not yet clear of the old bondage to prejudice that stigmatized Harvey as a quack, because he announced the circulation of the blood; persecuted Paracelsus for prescribing antimony; hooted at Peruvian bark as an invention of the devil, because Jesuits recommended it to Protestant invalids; and instigated the whole Royal College of Physicians to cast contempt on Jenner for curing small-pox by inoculation, — the man to whom a tardy gratitude has just now bethought itself of building a monument. Every benignant reform has to wrest its field from prejudice. Is it not time

we were clear of so unmanly a fraud? Do not all these proofs of resolved paradoxes, and chimeras converted into sober history, admonish us to be rid of it?

Taking up, now, this special form of enterprise that has filled this city with sight-seeing and rejoicing so recently, the Railroad, — see what a mighty bond it is, holding together all the most precious interests of civilized society, — those also which the Christian church both wants and watches.

Here is government or law, — organized order. No prosperity ever grew anywhere without it; no virtue ever held a commanding influence where it was weak. But so intricately are extensive and rapid means of locomotion interwoven with efficient laws, that you cannot expect to find the former where you do not also find the latter. You cannot imagine the co-existence of a general system of railroads and an anarchic or revolutionary populace. In the first place, too large an investment of capital is required for their construction to allow of their being built, if there were not a strong security guaranteed for them against the destruction of mobs and marauders. Then, the whole apparatus by which they are worked is so constantly exposed to embarrassment from the vast numbers of men, with various passions, whom it transports or crosses or disappoints, that it must inevitably cease by violence, unless a vigorous statute supports it. And besides, there is no species of property so indefensible by its very nature: in any popular rising, it would need an armed force from one terminus to the other to guard the track; and to such a degree is this true, that, if a country stood in apparent peril of civil insurrection or general disorder, you could no more induce its citizens to build railroads across it, than you could induce them to plant flower-beds before a herd of buffaloes. For all these reasons, you will have successful railroads, only in connection with an active government and respect for the laws.

Another of the great ideas that gather strength by social activity is liberty. Motion is freedom. The steam-whistle is a trumpet of universal emancipation. The iron rail is a more effectual lecturer against every form of oppression than any of the anti-slavery agents. Let the fifty-three thousand men of Saxon blood, whose hands are now fashioning the destinies of Christendom, be earnestly possessed by the spirit of the sublime maxim of their great representative archetype, King Alfred, — “It is just

that the English people should always remain as free as their own thoughts,"—and the bonds of human servitude are broken for ever.

Perhaps the first result of improved means of intercommunication that strikes the mass of men is the development of national, material resources. Who doubts that the earth was meant by God to yield at last the utmost increase in its capacity? We might as well expect to arrest its revolution as to nullify this divine law in its frame. The law under which this development accrues is just as simple.

Every region wants to exchange its superfluous product for value of another kind; China its superfluous tea, Oregon its furs, California its gold, Georgia its cotton, West India its coffee, Illinois its cattle, and Ohio its wheat. How to get it where it is most wanted is the problem. Often it happens that the expense of conveyance equals the original value of the article. And sometimes that expense is the sole element of price; many productions being absolutely worthless where they grow, but needed a few hundreds of miles away. Ice at Halifax and at Calcutta is an example. What was once dead ballast is a paying export. Of course, conveyance, storage, transhipment, insurance, and all the carrying service of commerce, are direct taxes on a commodity, for the consumer. Furnish a greater facility of transport, and you diffuse the benefit. Half a century ago, it cost forty shillings a ton to transport coal from Liverpool to Manchester; and, accordingly, many of the richest mining districts in England lay profitless. Now the freight is but two shillings and sixpence, and coal goes all over the kingdom. So, the civilized world over: the poor man buys with his penny what only wealth could formerly purchase with its pound; and the rural district gets back from its urban correspondent, luxuries it used to hear of only as fables, purchased now with the cheap growths in all its pastures and gardens. Even nuisances turn to use in new situations; so that, under the economy of Providence, transport is worth more than the thing transported. The daily sweepings of the streets of Aberdeen bring £600 a year more than is paid for their removal.

It is a curious illustration of providential compensation, that railroads, while they displace so much labor directly, instead of really injuring, enhance the demand for it, and heighten its value.

They encountered a bitter opposition from the friends of general industry; but more men and horses, it is found, are employed long every great railway line than it formerly took to accomplish all the transportation on the same route. It does not take a tenth part of the hands to transport a thousand men to Albany it once did; but more than ten times the thousand are to be transported. If trade is quadrupled, as it often is, so is employment for operatives. Sixty thousand men are at work roadmaking, it is said, in Germany; and the Irish, out of Ireland, may call the railroad their deliverer. Again, while the moving capital is vastly accumulated, the interest on it is abridged by speed. Railroads condense traffic in great cities; and this might prove an evil, if they did not also scatter it through the villages. The centralization of business does not force a centralization of dwellings, and thus stifle breath and undermine health; because the engine can carry a merchant twenty miles from his shop to his dinner. If the railroad tempts more travellers to withdraw time from toil, it at the same time abates the time for each, saving in length what it wastes in breadth. So it corrects the inequalities of abundance and want in different sections or countries, forestalling famines, and becoming a cupbearer between climates. The extent of this diffusion of the area of intercourse is found to be in the direct proportion of the square of the speed of locomotion.

The most striking compensation, however, pertaining to the railway system, is not in expedition, regularity, or economy, but in safety. Alarmed as the imagination often is by appalling accidents, it has been placed beyond question, that a railroad-passenger is more secure from physical harm, in proportion to the distance travelled, than the passenger by any other species of locomotion ever yet contrived. I have seen accurate tables, in which it is shown, that, while a passenger travels one mile on an English railway, the chances against his suffering a fatal accident are 65,368,735 to 1. By a similar computation, it is proved that the number of passengers who must travel a mile to cause the death of a single officer or servant employed on the road is 32,073,846. On the Belgian railroads the injuries are fewer still. And on all the railways in France, during two successive years, 1847-48, there was not the loss of a single life by accident.

In all these ways is the railroad shown to be a minister of God,

for the guidance, growth, and welfare of man, his child; of society, his family.

But there are intellectual resources to be made available, as well as these material ones. Up in the woods of Northern New York is a young boy, whose brain is full of the mathematics. It would all perish in him, but the railroad hears of him, lays hold of him, draws him to Cambridge or Yale, and he carries forward the magnificent computations of La Place, Herschell, Nichol, and Mitchell. So of the successors of Agassiz and Miller. So of poets, orators, statesmen, artists, and divines.

It deserves notice, how largely the moral dignity of life is ministered to by these modern systems of transport. Observe the intense responsibility they cast upon the inferior offices of labor. A brakeman, a fireman, a switch-tender, a guard, scarcely less than the conductor or engineer, holds the charge of a thousand lives in his hand every day. The vigilance that drives him instantly to his post, and points him to the minute-hand of the timepiece for every motion of his body, bears an awful sacredness upon it. His thoughtfulness is thoughtful for interests, affections, hopes, treasures, reaching forth, from the train crowded with human freight, to overspread the world; and commonly, under his rough outside, he has a tender feeling for these things, — a feeling that the happiness or agony of a thousand homes depends upon him, — that he carries what is more precious than rubies, dearer than the body's life, holier than death. Under the old order, common toil had no experience of trusts so solemn; and the stress of conscience that comes of it lifts the laborer into a loftier manhood.

The railroad is a school of punctuality. Compelling everybody to unquestioning conformity by its inexorable rules, quickening our uncertain motions to the accuracy of minutemen and marksmen, it produces an enormous saving-fund of time; and, both by the economy and the certainty, it gives an easier play to the whole social machinery. We are unmindful what we owe to these outward coercings of our desultory inclinations. As the world's populace grows miscellaneous and its business complicated, such a regularity must be one of the bonds, noiseless but efficacious, that hold fast its majestic order.

A period of railroads is a period of publicity. Every thing is cast into the light. The engine conspires with the telegraph,

and the telegraph with the type-foundry, to arrest each criminal. Dogged by these fearful detectives, concealment grows futile, and the transgressor despairs. Before the chill of his infamous deed in St. Louis has left his limbs, the story of it has been whispered in Boston. Policemen discuss their dark secrets across the continent. Human judiciaries become every day more vivid images of that awful Omniscience, of which it is written that "hell and destruction are open before it;" and "There is not a word in my tongue, but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether."

There are those who see, or think they see, in these marvellous energies of our times, only the puttings-forth of a sordid, carnal, materializing spirit. Every railroad track laid is but a better avenue to worldly corruption; every factory is a machine for dethroning God; every canal is a moral pitfall; and these modern idolaters, with Fulton for their Aaron, have only substituted an iron horse for the golden calf.

Let no such fears distress you. The Almighty is not to be dislodged from his sovereignty, nor his plans to be baffled by any schemes of mortal speculation. When the first attempts were made to Christianize India, the grand obstacle to the success of the missionaries seemed to be, not pagan superstition, but the grasping and worldly temper of the British colonies. Yet a little unfolding of historical effects showed that Providence knew how to turn human obduracy into his instrument. British power did what a few feeble missionaries never could; and so the rough hands of civil policy inaugurated the gospel.

We are not to be afraid of our own right arms, any more than we are to trust in them implicitly. God has use for all the physical strength he is educating, and all the material apparatus he is weaving. In the new schools for educating idiots, they develop the muscles first; then the mind. It is found, that, as the sinews strengthen, a soul begins to gleam out of the stolid face. By pain or in joy, we are to be disciplined into the knowledge that the honor of the body is its subjection to the spirit, and the glory of wealth its consecration to Christ.

"Cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people." For every highway is yet to be "the way of the Lord." For him it is made straight; for him its valleys are exalted, its hills lowered, its rough places made plain, and its crooked straight. "The way of holiness it shall

be; the unclean shall not pass over it." The standard lifted up for the people is the pure white ensign of that Providence whose "banner over us is love."

III. This Festival may be regarded as the salutation of an era of brotherhood. It is a maxim as old as Montesquieu, that the natural effect of an enlarging commerce is to consolidate peace. Everybody, that is a Christian, felt those mottoes on the scrolls and banners of our jubilee to be most truly expressive of the deep heart of the people, which reiterated the grand old aphorisms of the gospel of mercy, — "Peace on earth;" "Good-will to men;" "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." A spirit answers to watchwords like these, profounder than any inspired by war-cries or boasts of rivalry. In this advancing reign of unrestricted and righteous labor, we shall hear no more of the reckless, selfish shouts of the old French noblesse, "*After us, let the deluge come.*" The deluge came in the Revolution. A more disinterested prayer will ask, "*After us, let a generation come purer than their fathers, purer for their fathers!*"

In our steam-system, there is a twofold tendency at work, apparently self-contradictory, — the centralizing and the distributive. Practically these opposites reconcile themselves; and, by their reciprocal interaction, a social state is to be evolved quite unprecedented. Observe the process. By the centralizing influence of these great travelling facilities, the whole country is thrown into capitals; every man, from mart to frontier, becomes, for all the purposes of citizenship, an inhabitant of some busy metropolis; and, by the combined effects of a representative government, railroads, magnetic telegraphs, and newspapers, the whole country is virtually present at the seats of Legislation. Eastport and New Orleans are only the suburbs of Washington. By the distributing influence, on the other hand, it would seem that all the more aristocratic, dictatorial, and monopolizing control of cities must be frustrated. An intimacy so complete destroys the undue preponderance of power that a mere maritime commerce would lodge in the city; and by carrying everywhere abroad instantly, into villages and rural districts, every ray of intelligence that the burning-glass of city-life intensifies, restores the equilibrium. Thus the whole country is but an expanded centre, and the city reaches forth to the circumference. In a

ense better than the French socialist ever dreamed, the solidarity of the human family will be realized. Get the race into physical and intellectual proximity, and their moral union, the contact of hearts, will be sure to follow. Whatever may be said of the corporations that build and manage our railroads, they are certainly an immense democratic advance on feudal castles. Contrast the president of a railroad company with a sixteenth-century baron on his estate, and you have a graphic picture of the old civilization and the new.

What in other countries may be the choice of enterprise is with us an instinct of self-preservation. Our cluster of confederated States can never be clamped together by bands less firm than iron. Let us rather say they cannot be kept one, save by those moral fellowships, those mutual affections, those thousand offices of mutual condescension, amenity, and good-will, of which these iron bands are feeble types, as they are also favoring helpers. A territory like ours, stretching over spaces so wide, embracing interests so various, nourishing races so diverse, not only cannot sustain a united people, it cannot be kept free of terrible collisions, except its occupants know and love each other like brethren. The railroad is our moral safeguard. Nature herself has clearly signified our safety. By the channels and banks of the mighty rivers and lakes she has rolled across the land, she teaches us the benignant lesson of interchange and hospitality.

The liberal spirit that comes of a free intercourse between nations, fastens the attachment of a people to those nobler elements in national life, and those more comprehensive and cosmopolitan ideas, which are limited, as even an American must confess, to no one nation under the sun. And so it enlarges the love of country into the love of man; exalts patriotism into philanthropy. It casts up into the chief place in our esteem those universal and imperishable sentiments which are peculiar to no one little patch or narrow belt on the globe's surface, but which compass and close it in on every side, like the air in which it swims. We love our country, — or so far forth as we are Christians, we plainly ought to love it, — not only because it is our home, which were a selfish and contracted affection, but because it is the dwelling-place of convictions that we have learned to prize as our divinest heritage, — of institutions that we venerate

as being most nearly shaped of any founded yet to the pattern in the designs of Heaven, — of men that are most freely growing into man's intended stature, and proving, by the practical embodiments of living character, what true manhood is. The more we are taught, by the changes of the times, to honor the land we were born upon for reasons like these, the more will our domestic loyalty blend itself with a world-wide charity, and strengthen itself by that wedlock. Devotion to our own government will shade itself by imperceptible degrees into a catholicity that softens towards all the households of the human tribe. Patriotism will not be less, but humanity more. And the advantage of intensity which the passion gains by being limited to a single land, will be adjusted in proportions that God can approve, with the advantage of enlargement it gains by acting broadly on the interests of the race.

The special jubilee just celebrated may stand for an example. Its meaning lies in the completed links of a new chain of intercourse between the Old England, with her colonies, and the new. Who can deny that the mother and the child need yet to know one another with a better knowledge, that they may love each with a wiser affection? The cordial concessions, elicited within a single year by the Industrial Exhibition, prove that. We have had the handiwork of the Staffordshire operatives on our tables; we have been the better for the Sheffield cutler, and the Devonshire farmer, and the Manchester weaver, and the Welsh miner. Let us be thankful to Mr. Collins and Mr. Cunard for introducing us to our benefactors.

Along with the merchandise we import, we may bring home warnings and incentives. The Old World offers us examples to be imitated; in reverence for a venerable past, in loyalty to government, in gentleness of manners, in the elegant self-command and refined reserve of its better classes, in patience of application, in thoroughness in the details of industry. Lessons like these, our free legislation, larger natural resources, more ardent enterprise, and sanguine temperament, can afford to accept teachably. With an attention equally wakeful to detect the warning, we will be admonished by old-world errors and sins; by the mischiefs of primogeniture; by high-born idleness and pride; by the terrors of unequal privilege; by famishing crowds, with no work for their hands, poaching on selfish preserves, or muttering vengeance

out frowning palaces ; by those mute prophecies of judgment, — the haggard faces of children that never were young, and of old men that find no pleasures in memory.

If it is God's purpose — and who of us can doubt that it is ? — to form an age of Christian fulness and completeness for his creatures, he manifestly intends to accomplish it by shaking the nations together ; running them to and fro across each other's territories over these great ducts of travel ; leading them up, face to face, to view each other's works, and learn each other's truths. Notwithstanding our manifest advantages, we have not yet derived all of good we may from the old-world civilization. Some petty jealousies, natural to rival positions, have refracted the light that would shine from one to the other : this we have yet to outgrow. One of the simplest convictions, yet one of the last to be domesticated in the mind, is, that every organization has its office, which no other can fill so well, while the right occupancy of each is the true interest and perfection of the whole.

IV. My final proposition, then, will not be too strongly emphasized, if it declares the celebration of Christian enterprise to be a harbinger of the coming kingdom of heaven. These manifold activities that are astir about us are "building better" than they themselves know. They are the sculpture that is fashioning the earth into a counterpart or likeness of heaven. They are ringing out upon her, from a rigid block of matter, lineaments of a benignant and spiritual expression. At least, they are erecting a structure, wherein the church of Christ shall hereafter worship. Not by direct intention, but secretly and in the design of Providence, every spade that the operative strikes into the bank to level it for the rail ; every trowel that masonry plies on the culvert or the factory dam ; every hammer that welds the machinery of locomotion ; every bolt that rivets the ship-timber, — bears its part in that carving and that architecture for the future. The commonest tool that the dullest workman takes into his hand is an instrument for so sublime an issue as preparing the time when the knowledge of God shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.

We need these new posts and carriers for publishing the old gospel. The old gospel itself does not need to be made new ; and well it does not, for, with all our ingenuity and skill, we have no

genius nor power adequate to that. That word itself is always divinely new, — fresh now as the morning when Christ wet his sandals with the dew of Olivet, and young with the vigor of an eternal youth; for “the Lord gave the word.” But none the less true is it, — truer and truer it must be every hour, — that “great is the multitude of them that publish it.”

These huge excavations, embankments, bridges, viaducts, tunnels, that now range their shoulders in line to join the hands of Montreal and Boston, will be links of charity and buttresses of righteousness. The engineer is an unconscious missionary. Over these iron paths God will roll in upon us an age of greater toleration, helpfulness, and love; and, by the swiftest ships that art is perfecting, new apostles, believing and faithful as the old, shall sail to give Heathendom the heavenly learning of the cross.

It has been a favorite figure of speech with the hopeful advocates of missions, and a lawful one, drawn from one of the grand metaphors of Scripture, to anticipate the triumphs of Christ's religion under the image of an angel, flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to every creature. But, descending from the poetic imagination to the more authentic hope warranted by realities of experience, we may confidently believe that the gospel *is* to be published over the round world, not by an angel, but by earnest men; and borne, not by celestial wings through the air, but by railroads and steamships over the land and over the sea.

But we have duties as well as privileges. Responsibility is in the ratio of opportunity. The magnificent designs proposed by Providence, it is yours and mine to serve. Into the scene he opens with so many cheering signals we must cheerfully enter. He asks our labor and our gifts. The money that prosperity piles up, zeal must dedicate to piety, and charity distribute to want. Our enterprise must pay its willing toll to the institutions of the church. A shameful disproportion yet remains between our direct offerings to the gospel, and our subscriptions for gain. Were we half as liberal to missions as to mammon, not an uninstructed man or child would stay an alien from the Redeemer, nor one estranged prodigal be beyond the Reconciler's promises. The whole energy of our age will yet stand baffled and palsied, except it kneels to pray, and has faith in Jesus Christ.

Restrain your enterprise by the principles of justice and the sentiments of mercy. Let not power trample on weakness, nor

wealth eat up the defenceless. The statue of the wounded Indian, borne the other day in the procession, was one of the most significant and affecting of its emblems; as if the exterminated tribes of original American nobility were there, in the sculpture, silently rebuking so much mirth by a bleeding breast. There is always a pathetic side to pageantry; an undertone of wailing human sorrow and merriment. We can all feel some sympathy with the royal and prophetic grief of Charlemagne, when he covered his face and wept, to see the sail of the Northman in the Mediterranean waters. A curse waits on all prosperity, whose sharpened appetite devours widows' houses. The least return a land so favored as ours can make is to furnish liberal asylums for its supplanted people, to set its slaves free, to undo the burdens of its helpless poor.

Teutons as we are, we shall do well to disown Teuton robberies and Teuton murders. The Saxon, wherever he goes, must forget many traits of his ancestry. He must drive out of his character the quality signified by the derivation of his name, — *seax*, a sword. Any tool will do him more honor than that. We are not to worship Odin, the terrible god, father of slaughter; but the Lord, just and forgiving, Father of life. Our courage is not to be of that sort that drinks blood or wine out of an enemy's skull, but that rather which challenges cruelty, helps the frail, pardons wrong, or confronts it with a meek and lowly heart.

Remember that agencies of locomotion, however multiplied, cannot carry men out of the sight of God. Though they were swift as the wings of the morning, the everlasting judgment would overtake you. No discoveries or applications of the laws of matter or the principles of science can postpone one moment the law that hangs welfare on well-doing, peace on virtue, eternal life on the love of Christ. Whatsoever ye sow, ye *shall* reap. Repentance must hallow the energies of worldly strife. Regeneration must put off the old dross of mammonish ambition. Be born of the spirit, and not of the flesh, — baptized into faith, not into the world, — new creatures in the Lord Jesus; or no strength nor skill can bear you into the kingdom of heaven.

Awaken, then, to the inspiring emergencies that invite your set. Lift up your eyes upon the field. The leader that beckons our enterprise forward is no less than the Captain of your salvation. The guide that raises the standard before your industries

is the spirit of the Lord. Send out, over the iron roads, and over the paths of the sea, by your rapid couriers, daily chronicles of a just government and a righteous people. "The highway of the upright is to depart from evil."

"The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed." There is the consummation; not human, but divine; not the proud dominion of man, but a revealing of the glory of God. Enterprise is to visit and people the earth, casting up highways even through desert and wilderness, only that in every place, God, who is a spirit, may be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

Among the splendid visions of a Hebrew prophet was one of living creatures, moving on dreadful fiery wheels, bearing up the throne of God. Whither the spirit was to go, the winged creatures went, and they turned not when they went. Their appearance was like burning coals of fire, and lamps; and the living creatures ran and returned, as the appearance of a flash of lightning. And the likeness of the firmament upon the heads of the living creatures was as the color of the terrible crystal, stretched forth over their heads above. When the living creatures were lifted up, the wheels were lifted up; and, when they went, the noise of their wings was as the voice of the Almighty.

The world waits for a realization of the vision. Into the myriad wheels of enterprise, plying so busily in all the departments of human work, must come the living spirit of the Lord; flooding them with the holy splendor of truth, overshadowing them with its wings of love, moving them when it moves; and lifting them up when it ascends, by its benignant and omnipotent will. Then will they bear on, through all the earth, over the smooth highways that Christian industry has cast up, the throne of God, conquering the rough wildernesses of suffering and sin with its gentle glory. Then may we also, even here, be suffered to catch some notes of that heavenly chant, "like the noise of great waters, as the voice of the Almighty, as the noise of a host," — "Glory and honor be unto Him that sitteth on the throne! Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of his Son."

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THE ANOINTING OF JESUS.

"*She shall be remembered,*" said our Saviour of that woman who anointed him with the costly ointment; and his word has fulfilled. Her fame has been what he predicted. Her act one which by no chance could fail of a memorial. Early preachers again and again narrated the tale to listening crowds, sitting at Jerusalem, and going out thence to the remote parts of the ancient world, rehearsing the story as they went to Greek and Roman and Persian and Egyptian. The prophetic soul of that fervent and reverent believer has preached the divine glory and kingship of Christ to times and tribes the most various. Her act is a part of the written and printed Gospel, the Sacred Scriptures, which are passing so rapidly into all the languages of the world: performed in entire unconsciousness, from uncalculating, unstudied affection, the genuine, spontaneous act of her heart, it has ever been an eloquent persuasive to Christian faith. We gather up into a single picture the main features of the story, and try to make it live again.

It was a day of intense excitement in the little village of Nazareth. Not long before, this quiet hamlet had been startled by a stupendous miracle -- the return of Lazarus from the grave; in the interval, the Pharisees, driven by Jewish persecution, withdrawn into Galilee, and were for the first time gathered to this favorite meeting-place, a shadow of which

sometimes availed himself amid those conflicts with Jewish priests that were soon to issue in his crucifixion. Besides the villagers, a great multitude were flocking out from Jerusalem, whither the Passover had summoned the strength of the nation, in the hope of finding both Jesus and Lazarus. They are gathered in groups about the dwelling, standing a little aloof, yet full of eager curiosity and reverent wonder. We enter the favored abode, and we find our Lord encompassed with the gracious and pleasant attendants that form the ministry and constitute the charm of the household. It is a plain story in its opening sentences; but how sublime and mysterious does it become, as it advances and closes! "*They made him a supper, and Martha served;*" simple words enough; but presently we learn that one who had risen from the dead sat at the table, whilst in the fulness of her faith and love the devoted Mary lavished upon the Messiah a most fit, because most costly, anointing. The tale belongs to two worlds, and, like the rest of Scripture, weds earth to heaven. It conducts us through the familiar and common to the transcendent and mysterious; we pass through our very dwellings to the borders of the unknown land; and, whilst our Saviour interprets as a sacred symbol the profuse outpouring of the ointment, we look beyond the scene of festivity, and see the cross gloomily rising in the distance, and realize the sad issue to which every thing hastens.

And how natural the surprise and amazement of the disciples at what seemed to them waste! How natural that they should look only at the surface, whilst the Lord looked at the centre and the heart! How natural, that, in the familiar intercourse which they enjoyed with him, they should have forgotten for the time their own idea of Christ as a King of kings, and therefore a fit subject for this lavish outpouring! They were almost indignant at what looked like idleness and prodigality; a trifling away of precious substance in a needy world. The Saviour, however, not being misled by the appearance, justified the profusion of the worshipper, and repelled their attack, and pointed to a utility higher, though less obvious, than that which they urged.

The objection raised by the apostles and by the bystanders against the act of Mary is worth dwelling upon. Judas, indeed, suggested it, and with no worthy motive, as his companions afterwards judged; but the others found it not entirely unreasonable, and at least deemed some explanation necessary. They were

perplexed, as many are likely to be, with the attempt to discriminate and draw the line between a justifiable and an unjustifiable prodigality. They did not well understand how much may be assigned to uses which are ordinarily esteemed unpractical or fanciful, — mere matters of sentiment or taste. They said to themselves: "Here is a world where many are positively suffering for the necessities of life, food, raiment, and shelter, not to speak of knowledge. The good Samaritan gave only two denarii to the landlord to be expended in the care of the poor traveller who fell amongst thieves; and this ointment might have been sold for three hundred denarii, and given to the poor. It might have done a great deal of good in the world, in ways perfectly obvious and manifestly excellent. Why lavish in a moment, and for an object which can plead no necessity, the wealth intrusted to us for the destitute?" In one form or another, this question is constantly coming up; and we are fortunate in the light which the words of Jesus have thrown upon it. We will endeavor to gather, in a few particulars, the considerations that seem to be most in point.

Some justification of Mary's seeming prodigality our Saviour gathers from the fact that "*the poor we ever have with us.*" But how does it follow from this that they ought not always to be relieved at the sacrifice of every other object? The Teacher would remind us, that the poverty of the world is in such a sense providential — a condition which we did not bring about, a fixed fact growing out of our nature and circumstances, as they have been divinely appointed — that we need not regard it as our only work to put an end to it. The poor we have ever with us, and always are we called upon to sacrifice for them, to share with them our goods; but shall we say that poverty is so completely a wrong and evil, so utterly at variance with the divine purpose concerning man, so truly our fault and reproach, that we must set no limits to our self-denial so long as any of it remains? If we say so, then we must undertake at once a process of retrenchment, of which perhaps we have never formed any conception. Judged by this stern law, only the most rigid economy can be justified; and time would fail us to number up the things which, although we have supposed them to belong to ourselves, do really belong to the poor. The absolute necessities of life are very few. But we cannot say that we are bound to deny ourselves any and every luxury, so long as there is any poverty any-

where near or far away. It is to be observed, moreover, that in this very case the precious ointment must find a *purchaser*, or the three hundred denarii for the poor's purse cannot be realized.

But again, the disciples state a contrast between giving to the poor, and indulging in that expression of reverence, which they blamed as wasteful. But the contrast did not exist in the case before them. There is no reason for supposing, that the poor would have gained any thing by the frugality which should have withheld the offering. It is very common to say, "It is better to do this than to do that," when our real intention is to do neither. "*Not because he cared for the poor,*" wrote the evangelist. With the enthusiastic disciple in this Scripture narrative, there was no question at all, her act was prompted by a generous, spontaneous impulse; but, had there been one, it would have related not to any choice between the Master and the poor, but to a choice between her own household and her immediate personal wants, and the indulgence of her affectionate, reverent soul. And, if the choice be this, who can hesitate between the profusion of selfishness and the prodigality of a disinterested, self-forgetting enthusiasm, — between the hoarding of prudence or the excusable indulgences of easy living, and a noble generosity, even though it proposed to itself no very practical object, according to the common measures? It is a great point gained when our abundance is not expended upon ourselves, whatever else may be our choice of objects; when we are led into the exercise of some kind of generosity, even though it may not be absolutely the highest and wisest. We could hardly have the heart to be indignant at any waste, if self were not the object. If the devoted Mary is pleased to lay apart day after day a portion from her humble means until she can obtain for her Lord a costly offering, if she is guided only by her nobler and purer self to this choice, we cannot withhold our commendation until we have debated the question whether the three hundred denarii would not have done more good to the poor. They were rescued, at all events, from all contracted or common uses; they represented self-denial and generosity, and so much is a great deal in such a world as ours. There is, indeed, a species of giving to the rich, which is only a very judicious investment; the purchase-money of some favor, or a necessity imposed by fashion. Such seeming generosity is not real

iving, and the plea which we urge is not applicable to it. We refer only to those who are truly liberal and open-hearted in any direction; and we say, that, even though they should be found in error as to the objects selected, they are far in advance of those who simply criticize the liberality of others, and attempt to show in what respects it might have been more judicious, and meanwhile do nothing themselves in any way.

But all that has been said thus far is only preliminary to the crowning consideration, that some of the greatest and worthiest objects in life are likely to seem unpractical, and any expenditure on account of them unjustifiable. And yet there are sentiments imperatively demanding to be satisfied as any bodily wants; there are great spiritual realities which merit a correspondingly great expression; and in the long-run we cannot benefit the world so large, even the humblest portions of it, more surely than by cherishing those higher and finer tastes which involve us in an apparent prodigality. The cathedral, the statue, the painting, the song, may seem out of place in a world where so many are struggling for daily bread; but what would the world be without them, — without the high thoughts which they only can adequately cherish and express? Is not life poor indeed if it has not some fruits which are not to be reckoned as merchandise? The true friend of humanity will labor not to do away with these, but to bring them within the reach of as many as may be. Ouraviour, in the case before us, distinctly commends Mary for giving an adequate expression to a great sentiment, even at a seeming sacrifice of prudence. He seemed to say, A great thought or emotion is to be treated with the utmost consideration, and you must not name the cost. *"No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls; for the price of wisdom is above rubies. The price of Ethiopia cannot equal it."* You tell me, "It is of no use." I reply, "It is of use enough, if it does honor to a great cause; if, by an outward symbol, it witnesses with beauty and glory for an inward fact; if it sets before the eyes the majesty and the veliness of the truth." The magnificent cathedral does not afford any better shelter than the upper room; but it does better satisfy the religious sentiment, it does harmonize far better with the thoughts and affections of a reverent soul. Mary might have contented herself with expressing in words her devotion to Jesus. The utilitarian would have assured her that this was enough.

The great Teacher commended her generous, expressive *act*. The outward accompanying circumstances should, according to our ability, witness for the faith and love of our hearts.

"Wherefore was this waste of the balsam made?" Who will ask such a question now? Who does not rejoice in that prodigality, and bless her who out of her poverty, it may be, so honored the Lord of life and truth? Spiritually-minded as he was, and the devoted servant of the poor, and himself as poor as any, he did not despise an outward symbol, the costliness of which was yet inadequate to tell of the heart's love. Who does not rejoice to think, that not all unhonored in this way he passed through the world which he came to save; that something of this visible, earthly beauty and excellence was lavished upon him; that the Magi brought gold and frankincense and myrrh to the child of divine fame; and that the precious oil was poured by no formal hands upon his honored head? Not utterly and always was our great Prophet despised and rejected. There were those who by a certain divine instinct were led to recognize the wonder of his being, and to bring the choice things of earth as offerings to his Majesty. The undiscerning company reckoned the anointing a waste. For us it is all gain. It assures us that our higher sentiments need not be restrained in their exercise within the rigid limits of actual utility; and it is a blessed memorial of her faith who could bestow, and of his Majesty who could receive, so precious a gift.

R. E.

THE WORLD AND THE CROSS.

ONE glance to the world, — it will lure thee to sorrow;
And Pleasure will siren-like sing to destroy:
The dregs are but bitter of each foaming chalice;
Pain and grief tread e'er closely in footprints of joy.

Look aloft to the Cross, in firm beauty appearing;
Its power through all ages has spread from afar;
To the haven above, 'yond the storm-cloud, 'tis steering,
Prosperity's beacon, — Adversity's star.

ARBITA.

much; so many things, in the outset, are calling for immediate and pressing attention, that we are confused, discouraged, and little or nothing is attempted. But if we go on to analyze the subject; divide it off into distinct propositions; take up the work part by part; devote a certain portion of time and attention to each, and the subject becomes more and more clear to our minds; the work seems more and more easy of performance; a specific correction of one fault is encouragement to take up another; the attainment of one grace — or some approach to it — animates to farther effort, until at length we secure the object at which we aimed, — the complete Christian character.

The analogy between the culture of the plant and the man is thus beautifully preserved. If the wise gardener would secure a perfect tree, he does not leave it to a spontaneous growth; he is not satisfied with watering and manuring about its roots, nor with supplying the gypsum or the guano, as the soil may seem to require: but he carefully watches its expanding form; at one time prunes away the interlacing branches; at another, bends this or that twig in the direction he would have it to go; and carefully trains others as they require, until the tree assumes a form both strong and symmetrical.

The same process and care, as we think, may be safely and successfully taken in the work of self-discipline. The soil and root of character is not to be neglected; no unnecessary artificial and formal stakes are to be driven around it, to prop it up, or to keep it from falling. But, if we would rear the perfect plant of a true Christian child or man, we must understand and carefully observe its constitutional and separate parts; and we must lop off, one by one, the defective or decayed branches; we must engraft upon it, if necessary, now one grace, and now another; we must give a right direction to every incipient virtue; and train every germ of faith, charity, and love, so as to secure in the end a perfect whole. The tree will be none the less strong or graceful because we have systematically pruned away its excrescences, one by one, or because we have budded or engrafted into it new and more rich stocks, that better fruit may be the result.

And such a work, evidently, is not to be all done at one and the same time. At one period, the predominance of the selfish feelings will suggest the necessity of practising self-denial, and to engage in disinterested action. At another, some partial or more

general excess will call particular attention to the law of temperance. Now, some outbreak of pride will teach us that humility must be sedulously cultivated. Now, by irritation and anger, that patience must be led to do her perfect work; and now, through worldliness and sin, that prayer and meditation must be more constant, fervent, and spiritual. As each of these receive our attention, and are corrected in turn, we shall feel encouraged in our work; be sensible that the root of piety is striking deeper and deeper; and each new victory will teach us, that success over all our imperfections may be eventually won.

In this view of the subject, it seems to us that the tabular method adopted and recommended by Franklin has much to recommend it. It accords with the analogies of nature, and with the teachings of the great spiritual Husbandman, who said, "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." It follows in the footprints of divine wisdom, which instructeth us that in education it is necessary to have "line upon line, and precept upon precept; here a little, and there a little;" and which is in full agreement with the apostolic injunction, "*Add* to your faith, virtue; to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity." P.

FRIVOLITY carried into serious subjects is more injurious to character than when it is contented with things as frivolous as itself. If, then, women must gossip, it had better be of balls than of missionary meetings, of their neighbor's dress than of their religious opinions and differences; and, if they must read without thinking, it had better be novels than sermons. By this means, frivolity is at least kept within its own domain. The higher feelings and interests of human life are unprofaned by its intrusion; and we may still hope that the mind in which these have never been desecrated may yet be roused to feel their force, and be rescued by their influence from its earlier dream of folly. — *Thoughts on Self-culture, addressed to Women.*

A D V I C E.

THE reciprocal duties of givers and takers of advice do not receive so much attention and study as their difficulty and importance demand. I propose, therefore, in this article, to suggest to both parties some hints, of whose practical value considerable experience in the ranks of both, especially of the latter, has convinced me.

Advice is undoubtedly a medicine which, when administered discreetly and sparingly, helps to restore the wonted tone of the moral constitution. Like other medicine, it is sometimes necessary; and then should be given in spite of wry faces and deprecating remonstrances. It is rarely a pleasant potion; for its bitterness is too seldom removed by being mingled with delicacy and skill. Many a person of keen sensibility and craving for sympathy has been deeply pained by the well-meant, but rough and ill-timed, advice of his friends; and such torture often causes writhings more unendurable than the fires of Smithfield ever caused. "*A wounded spirit who can bear?*" Many a young man has been stigmatized for pride and self-sufficiency because he is impatient of advice, when in reality the counsellor has been guilty of the more flagrant fault of uncalled-for interference and assumption, or of harshness and coarseness. Truly there was a solemn meaning, as well as a merry jest, in the proposal of one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses" for the formation of a society for the suppression of *ad-vice*.

But there are mistakes on the other side also. There are some who have not learned to say with Lord Bacon, "It is a poor centre of man's actions, **himself**;" or with the Preacher, "He that trusteth in his own **heart is a fool**." They are sufficient unto themselves: they **mock at reproof**, and despise the ripe experience of others. They **have a** hard lesson yet to learn, — the lesson that men's interests are closely united; that society is a system of mutual dependencies; that true generosity and Christian manliness command us to "bear each other's burdens," — the lesson taught not only by Scripture, but by all history and experience, that "he that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul;" and that "judgments are prepared for scorers."

Now and here we all need, individually and nationally, to appreciate and honor experience. Without it as revealed to us in history and the counsels of the wise, the closest study and the longest existence would permit us to learn but the bare alphabet of thought,—the mere rudiments of action. From the child who is rescued from danger by his father's watchful care, to the nation kept from ruin by the warnings of the past, every kind and degree of human life owe their safety to *experience*. The young man and the young nation that rely on their own wisdom alone must and will meet disaster and disgrace.

It is a common proverb that advice *costs* nothing; but how imperfect a knowledge of the intricacies of the human heart does that saying reveal! To give advice is a common duty, perhaps; but our commonest duties are our hardest ones. To do heroic deeds is easy; but to be a martyr in the household, to earn a saintship by bearing in a Christian spirit the daily crosses of friendship and society, calls for a vigor and courage which only constant prayer and watchfulness can keep alive in the soul.

"Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown."

But although the giving of advice is a hard, it is a sacred, duty. Many a man has been saved from shame and ruin by the encouraging or warning counsels of a friend. Many a young person of generous impulses, but of infirmity of purpose, is hoping, waiting, to be strengthened and guided by one he loves and trusts. Hesitate not, therefore, thou who art qualified to give advice to such an one, or else a harder cross may come upon thee: thy friend, waiting in vain for thy support, may fall for ever; and, before thy own conscience and the judgment-seat of God, his blood shall cry out against thee.

But I shall be asked, "What are the characteristics of good advice? and who are qualified to give it?"

I answer that advice is never to be given, except by those who *have a right* to give it. And the chief ground of such a right is *intimacy*; for by intimacy alone can the wants and errors which need counsel be thoroughly understood. A mere acquaintance

cannot comprehend all the circumstances which should shape advice. And the intimacy I mean is the intimacy of true friendship, and not the mere being together consequent upon similar pursuits, or even relationship. For, as has been said by a writer of wonderful intuition and practical power, "the most absurd claims are often put forth on the ground of relationship. I do not deny that there is something in blood, but it must not be made too much of. Near relations have great *opportunities* of attaching each other: if they fail to use these, I do not think it is well to let them imagine that mere relationship is to be a talisman of affection."

It is sad that in one's own household, where there ought to be the deepest and fullest sympathy, one often finds the least. Our dearest friends were once strangers; and those whom we have known from our infancy wander by the doors of our hearts, strangers and aliens. If parents and children, brothers and sisters, would be *friends*, would be united by a stronger tie than an instinctive affection, they must study each other and sympathize with each other. Many a near relative gives advice which he has no right to give, because he does not know or have the confidence of the advised. Fathers and mothers, learn to be the *friends* of your children! I know that there is a great deal of cant in the world about lack of sympathy and the difficulty of being understood; but there is a great deal of truth also. The human heart is no easy scroll to decipher: its "wonderful disguises, doublings, and intricacies" can be unravelled only by a skilful and delicate hand. We are not all alike. Some men wear their hearts on their countenances, where every chance passer can read them. Others, and they are very many, wrap themselves in rough and thick robes to shut out the bleak and chilling airs of the common world. Many a Cupid is enveloped in wolf-skins. These disguised hearts fail of perfect sympathy, and are misunderstood.

But there are experiences of joy and sorrow that the closest intimacy cannot comprehend; and advice about them is profane interference with the holiest arcana of our nature. The longest friendship gives no authority or capability of counsel here.

"Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh."

There are emotions and struggles and dangers of the soul which only one Eye must see, and only one Ear hear.

"The Lord who dwells on high
Knows all, yet loves us better than he knows."

If you have the right of intimate knowledge to advise, let your advice be given in *secrecy*. Give not your alms of silver or of words before men. It would seem that a person of any natural delicacy would not need this caution; but almost every one can remember occasions when his sensitiveness has been shocked, and his pride wounded, by open *public* rebuke. We have all seen the trembling lips and the heaving bosom, and perhaps the pouring tears, or the sullen exasperation, of children whose hearts have been probed by ill-timed advice and rebuke. And similar feelings, though not the outward expression, are roused by like irritation in "children of a larger growth." For, whatsoever purpose was given us, we all have pride; we all shrink from exposure of our faults and infirmities to the mockery or the pity of others: at least, we willingly suffer no hand but our own to lift the veil. The Romish custom of auricular confession is distasteful to a Protestant; but the vicarious confession of our sins by our neighbor repugnant to Protestant and Catholic alike. Men reverence and prize a virtue too much to wish to be proclaimed traitors and aliens to their cause. We obstinately repel the accusation of error when pressed publicly, like the stubborn school-boy when reproved before his fellows. Probably, if the secret history of the alienation and distrust of children could be written, much of it would be traced directly to a disregard of this natural pride and sensitiveness by the parents. Fathers and mothers, provoke not your children to wrath.

Again, advice, to be effectual, must be *appropriate*. It must be *necessary*. It is *insulting* to a man's intelligence to warn him against self-evident or impossible dangers. It is quite a work of supererogation to caution me against jumping from the stable Rock at Niagara, or against pitfalls in the moon; yet I have known people to give advice not a whit more rational. Again, to be appropriate, advice must be given only on matters which the counsellor is conversant with. It would be idle, at least, for a Persian farmer to attempt to control a Lowell capitalist in the management of his mill. But persons are often guilty

of as great an impertinence in volunteering advice to men whose characters and circumstances are beyond their comprehension. When we are tempted to give advice to people so utterly different from ourselves, we need to remember what Archbishop Whately has somewhere said : "*Time alone does not constitute experience; and the longest practice in conducting any business in one way does not necessarily confer any experience in conducting it in a different way.*" But the crowning distinction of appropriate advice is, that it be given *in season*. I have seen men who amuse themselves and vex their friends by pointing out with great gravity and pertinacity the way in which mishaps *might* have been avoided, when they have already irremediably come; just as the man, in the old story, warned his friend of a concealed ditch in his garden, when he saw him struggling in the mire; or as the schoolmaster reproved his drowning pupil for venturing near the river!

Again, advice, to be effectual, must be given in a kind and unassuming manner. It is hard enough for poor human nature to bear the implied superiority of a counsellor, without the additional grievance of harshness and haughtiness. Let us notice that criticism and censure are not advice; and that gruffness is not consonant with Christian courtesy. A continual dropping of snarling criticism will wear away a friendship of adamant strength. I have heard of two college friends and room-mates, who, in their affectionate zeal for each other's welfare, agreed to tell every day the faults they observed in each other. The consequence was, that in a very short time they separated bitter enemies. "The number of people," says an author before quoted, "who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now, it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticizing his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope."

But the responsibility in this matter does not end with the givers of advice: they who ask for it, and who take it, have duties which they cannot get rid of, and faults which they cannot excuse. They are apt to fail in sincerity. It is a profound remark of the author of "*Lacon*," that we often ask advice when we mean approbation. Addison, in the "*Spectator*," takes notice of this fact; though, in all justice, his reproof should not have

been limited to woman, or to matrimonial affairs: "A woman seldom asks advice [in regard to marriage] before she has bought her wedding-clothes. When she has made her own choice, for form's sake she sends a *congé d'élire* to her friends." The vanity and the incivility of this hypocrisy are obvious. We ask advice also when we mean assistance, — an equally cowardly and insulting species of insincerity with the last. Such artifices rarely escape detection, and indeed their purpose would be baffled if they did. They are commonly intended, however, to bring the person so meanly beset into an ambush whence he cannot decently escape without capitulating. But this guerilla-warfare upon the affections is seldom long successful. Here, as everywhere, openness and sincerity are more potent than concealment and pharisaical chicane. Worldly policy, as well as Christian duty, forbids us to be insincere. Never, then, ask for *advice* when you really want approbation or assistance.

And, when you seek advice, it is not always best to refer to the *wisest* men. Knowledge is not always so powerful as love and sympathy. The discretion of a cautious man is not always so sure a guide as the earnestness of an enthusiast. Clearness of intellectual vision is not always so far-seeing as clearness of moral vision. We need advice in matters of a moral rather than of a business nature; and therefore a vigorous and delicate conscience, and the intuition of a loving heart, are more trustworthy than mere practical wisdom and experience.

When you ask or receive advice, do not be impatient, if you do not get what you desire. We are all too sensitive to intellectual weakness, — too proud of our own opinions. Not that we are ever to give up our personality; far otherwise. But we must submit calmly and uncomplainingly to the consciousness that there are wiser and better men than we. We must receive friendly counsels with charity for its frequent imperfections. It is kindly meant, and let us receive it kindly; and, whether we accept or reject it, *be courteous*, — an apostolic direction which some Christians appear to believe savors too strongly of worldly policy to be a proper principle for them. Especially, let us never forget the reverence due to age.

Finally, therefore, let us give advice only when we have a right to give it, and when we do not trench upon the secret *things* of the soul; let us give it secretly and appropriately,

kindly and sparingly; remembering that to give advice is sometimes a manifest duty, the neglect of which is a wrong to our friend, and a sin towards God. And, when we ask or receive advice, let it be with meekness and sincerity; always and everywhere holding ourselves amenable to the laws of Christian courtesy and the "thousand decencies of life." Listen to the counsel of the great dramatist: —

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment."

And, above all, hear the words of Him who spake as never man spake, — words which are the measure of all duty to our brethren, and the test of all Christian excellence: "*All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.*"

E. S.

RELIGIOUS TEACHING.

MUCH has been said of the benefit of Sunday-schools, so far as the pupils are concerned; but their good effect on the teachers has been comparatively little dwelt upon. Undoubtedly this institution has been of inestimable worth to countless children, to whom it has been the only avenue through which they have received religious instruction; and many who are well trained in sacred things at home may have had their religious impressions deepened, and their knowledge of Scriptures much enlarged, by the more public teachings of the Sunday-school. Still it is possible that a child may, sabbath after sabbath, sit under the instructions of a faithful teacher, and maintain a highly reputable standing in the class, and yet receive no deep and permanent spiritual benefit. A recitation, however perfect, may be merely mechanical, and prompted chiefly by ambition to have a good lesson, without a thought of any moral advantage to be gained therefrom. It is true that a lesson thus learned may not be wholly lost; for the knowledge thus acquired will be valuable in itself, and may perhaps lay the foundation for future thought and action. I would not underrate the value of these weekly instructions to the children

who receive them. It is the strength and joy of the teacher to hope and believe that his labor is not in vain. But, if there be a strong probability that the pupil will derive lasting benefit from the hours thus spent, there seems to be an absolute certainty that he who sincerely endeavors to be a truly faithful teacher must grow thereby.

But what is it to be a truly faithful teacher? There is a mechanical teaching, as well as a mechanical learning, of lessons. A teacher may perhaps satisfy himself with being punctually in his place at the Sunday-school, and coming always with an answer in his mind for all the questions set down in his manual. He may do more than this, and endeavor to gain knowledge beyond what is absolutely requisite, in order that he may be able to examine his scholars in the book he uses. He may have a ready utterance, and the power of interesting the young. He may even come to the work from a desire of doing good; and yet, with all these qualifications and good intentions, he may not be in the highest sense a truly faithful teacher. Scripture knowledge is of great worth; so is acquaintance with human nature, and a facility in adapting one's self to the youthful and childish mind. But there is something which lies deeper than all these, and without which all other qualifications are of comparatively little worth. It is that true spiritual life which enables one to speak with power to the hearts of others from the depths of his own holiest experience. It is this which has made many an unlearned person a most effective teacher to both young and old in heavenly things. He who would enkindle in others the love of God and the Saviour must know in his own soul what that love is. His religion must not be a thing put on with his church-going dress, to be laid aside at the close of the service. If he have allowed the world to hold dominion over him through the busy week, he will find it difficult to resist its power on the sabbath. His best efforts to prepare himself on that day for the duties of a teacher will be of little avail. The sins and follies of the week will be a clog on his spirit, and he will often find that the attempt to speak the living word is as futile as would be an effort to draw water from the arid desert. The week must be a preparation for the sabbath, as well as the sabbath for the week; and often the cause of a lifeless meeting with one's class is to be found, not in the circumstances of the hour, not in any want of

fidelity in the study of the lesson, but in the untrue life of the preceding week.

It is a blessed privilege to be a religious teacher of the young, thus to be brought into contact with their fresh and comparatively unsullied hearts; and to endeavor, at least, to exert an influence for good, which may live on, and spread in an ever-widening circle, when he who speaks and those who now listen shall have passed away, and been forgotten on the earth. It is a blessed privilege to have the love and confidence of the young, and to be associated in their minds with some of their holiest hours. It is indeed a blessed privilege; but it also involves a solemn responsibility, which sometimes almost overwhelms him who has assumed it, when he sees himself surrounded by those who look to him for instruction on the highest of all subjects. Feeling his own unworthiness, he fears lest he should touch the ark of the Lord with unholy hands. His heart sinks within him, at times, from the dread lest any coldness on his part should chill some heart that has come to him warm with holy emotion; and, in place of the bread of life, he should give but a stone. What stronger inducement can one have to the cultivation of his own religious nature, than the thought that on his fidelity, in some measure, may depend the progress of those he loves? For their sakes he will seek to sanctify himself, as did Jesus for the sake of his beloved ones. For their sakes, going to the fountain of life in the words of Jesus, he will strive, so far as in him lies, to exhaust the inexhaustible. Giving his whole soul to the work, what new revelations will he receive from the holy book! what depth of meaning which he had not seen before!

I have spoken of the self-distrust which even the best of teachers may be supposed to feel at times, in view of his own insufficiency for the great work he has undertaken. But there are encouragements and unspeakable joys for every one who endeavors to be faithful, though he may fall far short of his own ideal, in his teachings and in his daily walk. Sometimes, perhaps, he is permitted to see the good effect of his instructions; and always he is allowed to hope, that some word, though "sown in weakness," may be "raised in power." Amid the frailty and sinfulness of his mortal life, like a draught of water to the fainting soul, is the blessed thought, that, in the revelations of the future life, he may find that some immortal being has been the wiser and the better for *his* residence on earth.

“YE WILL NOT COME TO ME THAT YE MIGHT HAVE LIFE.”

JOHN, V. 40.

“YE will not come to me that ye might live !”
 Oh, heartfelt cry !
 Behold the deepest pang mankind could give,
 To wring that sigh.

How gladly had he wandered shelterless, —
 How gladly borne
 The pain, the solitude, the weariness,
 The piercing thorn ! —


How gladly laid his life down for the sheep
 To lead them home !
 But, oh ! that cry of disappointment deep, —
 “Ye will not come !”

Absorbed in care, or lost in thoughtless mirth,
 We vainly roam ;
 While still those mournful words float down to earth, —
 “Ye will not come !”

Not come, O Lord ! Ah ! base ingratitude !
 What heart can see
 Thy tears, thine anguish, and thy guiltless blood,
 Nor come to thee ?

Alas for us that we should grieve thee, Lord !
 That we requite
 Thy love, the dearest boon Heaven could afford,
 With careless slight !

Jesus, we come to thee that we may live ;
 Thou art our home :
 Thy peace, thy strength, thy consolation, give ;
 Lord, we will come.



“THE FAITHFUL FOUND.”

NO, ELLEN; your sly look is wide of the mark. That miniature, one of the most precious memorials of bygone days, is *not* a likeness of any old “flame” of mine. So, having found at last your grandmother’s brooch, please shut the drawer, and take this seat at my side. It was good in you, Ellen, and your brother, too, to accept my invitation, and come from the West to see New York, and spend the winter with an infirm old-bachelor uncle. And, as the storm prevents you from hearing Jenny Lind to-night, I will try to lessen the disappointment, by telling you about the fair original of the picture. I think the story will interest you, and do you good. As to Master Harry, probably, a new Waverley novel, were Walter Scott alive to write one, with this tempest into the bargain, would not keep him from the “Nightingale’s” concert. Attend, therefore, and you shall have the extract from my autobiography all to yourself, and learn why I value that miniature beyond price, and hope you will keep it sacred and safe when I am gone, though I never saw the living and beautiful face it tries to represent.

Recovering from a severe illness, the consequence of incessant and exciting professional labors, I was advised to spend the summer of 18— in retirement. A long day’s journey brought me to B—, the place of medicinal seclusion; because, being an entire stranger, I could play the hermit as much as I wished; and because it was the residence of a brother of my physician, the Rev. Mr. Evans. Fortunately for my poor powers of description, B— neither requires nor admits of elaborate painting to the mind’s eye. It was a pretty place; located on gradually rising ground, on one side of a fair valley, through which a bright and swift little river ran its devious course; and commanded a fine southern and western prospect, with green meadows for a foreground, guarded by swelling hills in the distance. A chain of well-wooded highlands, not near enough or lofty enough to shut out the sunrise, formed the protecting barrier towards the north and east. Farm-houses were sprinkled up and down the interval, and among the hills. On the main road, about midway between the extremities of the town, one or two stores and mechanics’

shops, a lawyer's office, the tavern, and a few private dwellings, were clustered together, leaving a green to the undisputed possession of the meeting-house and the school-house; the whole making the "centre," or the village.

I remained for a few days at the cleanly and well-kept tavern; but the noises occasioned by the arrival of the mail, and of teamsters and other travellers at night, were too much for sensitive nerves, that seemed by some strange process to have risen to the surface of the skin, to be within reach of every whisper. Mr. Evans undertook to find me a more quiet abode; no easy task in such a place. About a week elapsed, during which showery weather and weakness kept me within doors, when my friend called to report his success. He had been compelled, he said, with a smile, to recommend me as an "object of charity;" and, by appealing to Madam Ackerson's benevolence, had induced her to take me as a boarder, on the ground that I was a young invalid, and needed rest. "And who is Madam Ackerson?" I asked. "Oh!" he replied, "she is the Lady Bountiful of this parish; the mother in our Israel; the widow of Judge Ackerson, once the head-man, the uppermost fellow-citizen of the country. Under her roof you will enjoy a better home than your bachelorship deserves; and you may prepare to test the truth of my words at once. I will go with you, and introduce you." I moved that afternoon. A short ride of a quarter of a mile brought us to a large, substantial, two-story mansion, evidently aged, but as evidently in excellent repair. A gravel-walk, bordered with box, leading from the front-gate to the generous front-door, divided the lawn into two equal squares, stocked with venerable cherry, pear, and other trees. A carriage-avenue swept round under the arching branches of noble elms to the side-entrance, and the large barns in the rear. The wooden urns surmounting the post of the fence; the substantial stone-wall facing the road; the orchard below, and the large garden above, with its ample summer-house, to say nothing of the heavy ornamented architecture of the mansion itself, verified the description given of its former owner; and a single glance told me that place had been the homestead of a country gentleman of the old school; wealthy, intelligent, and every way a substantial person. A rap with the large brass knocker brought to the door an old colored servant, in a bright red and yellow turban, green short-gown, and worsted petticoat, who ushered

with the familiarity of a faithful and indulged domestic, into the parlor; a room, the like of which is seldom seen in these latter days. Large and square, with deep recesses on each side of the elaborately carved mantel-piece; heavily wainscoted and heavily corniced; the walls papered with those thick and rich French hangings that never wore out; the windows, with stout sashes, massy shutters, and broad "seats," — were in strong contrast with the light and airy aspect of modern apartments. The furniture was in "keeping." A Turkey carpet, not quite reaching to the sides of the room, left several inches of painted and varnished wood for a border. The solid and well-waxed sideboard, with glittering brass handles, stood opposite to a capacious chintz-covered sofa; a table, with irregular top of greyish marble, had a place between the front windows; and over it hung an oval looking-glass, surmounted by an eagle, from whose beak hung branches of olive, and strings of gilt balls about the size of musket-bullets. Ponderous chairs, with harp-shaped backs, leather bottoms, trimmed with brass-headed nails, stood at fixed distances, stately and stiff as sentinels on duty. A high fender, lion-headed andirons, and a thick, warm rug, were the surroundings of a fireplace which, in winter time, sent out the cheerful heat with a cheerful blaze. Every thing, in short, was rich and solid, — indicative of order and sobriety.

The occupants of the parlor were Miss Chester, a sedate maiden of uncertain age, and my future hostess. The latter, — smile not, for the phrase is strictly correct, — a beautiful and venerable lady, rose from her seat near the half-expired fire, and gave me a quiet, but most cordial greeting. The former, though she was nearly fourscore, was erect; and her face, with its mingled expression of firmness and affection, wore a calm repose, well fitting the close of a pure and well-spent life, whilst it had not lost the light that still beamed forth from a soul retaining all its fine intelligence and loving sympathies. The plain, snow-white cap; the parted grey hair; the black silk dress; the muslin handkerchief, folded over the bosom; all bespoke the gentlewoman. Inviting me to rest on the sofa, she resumed her knitting; inquired about my illness; smiling, promised to do all she could to nurse me up; said she was glad to have her big house occupied, though no one who wanted any thing but comfort and quiet would, she imagined, care to become one of its inmates; and with like playful and kind remarks,

which let me into her character as if she had been an old friend, at me at ease and quite at home. Mr. Evans soon left, and I retired to a commodious chamber, where every thing was in readiness for my use and comfort.

At tea-time, it appeared that Miss Chester and myself were not the only recipients of Madam Ackerson's hospitality; for she introduced me to a fellow-boarder, Capt. Edwards, a gentleman between forty-five and fifty years of age, as I then judged, though an expression of seriousness, almost of sadness, when silent, made him seem older than he was. The captain had seen much of the world, was easy and courteous in his manners, and in every way intelligent and agreeable, without any thing of the roughness of shipmasters of that day. Perfect leisure made me more than usually observing; and soon perceiving that, for some reason or other, a strong sympathy existed between the captain and Madam Ackerson, I began to wonder who he was, how he came to regard the house as his home, and to be so like a son to its venerable mistress. Nothing was said to clear up the mystery; and I went to bed, imagining all sorts of explanations to account for it; but very far was I from dreaming of the true facts in the case.

After a night of sound and refreshing sleep, such as I had not known for months, I was awakened early the next morning by the song of any number of happy birds. My excellent landlady, at breakfast, observed that she was about to send her man a mile or two on an errand; and she thought it might do me good to go with him, and try the effect of a short ride, the air was so mild and fresh. A glance exchanged between Miss Chester and the captain gave me a hint plainer than words, that the errand had, without doubt, been specially arranged for my benefit; and, though a little nervous and timid, I could not but yield to the kind invitation. Accordingly, Jotham, the husband of Phœbe, with the turban, soon made his appearance, leading the sedate family horse harnessed to the square-topped C-spring family chaise, — a vehicle of ample dimensions, and easy as a cradle. Several glasses, and a parcel covered with a spotless napkin, were carefully packed into the box, and I took my seat; and, with a quite unnecessary injunction to Jotham not to drive too fast, we started to carry the "nice things" to the sick wife of a farmer. Jotham was a chatty old fellow, and I a passive listener. B—— was his native village. He knew everybody, and every event that

had happened during the last fifty years. I heard, or rather he recited, the whole history of the place, — so far, at least, as that history had any connection with the good deeds of Judge and Madam Ackerson. If their faithful servant was to be believed, — and I do not think even his reverence for the dead or the living betrayed him into any great exaggerations, — they had been the making of the town. Our way back was through a shaded and retired road. Just before we emerged into the main street, near the green, I was roused from a half-doze by Jotham's saying, as it were to himself, "Oh! there's the capt'n, to be sure! Guess he likes that graveyard better than the deck of his fine ship; and well he may, 'cause it holds precious dust." I found, on looking up, that we were passing a burial-ground; not neglected, as country burial-grounds were apt to be. The grave-stones had been reset and righted; neat walks laid out; trees and shrubs planted and carefully tended; and workmen were busy now, erecting a simple iron fence, in place of the white railing. Captain Edwards, who was apparently superintending the work, bowed as we rode by, and then turned quickly away to give some directions.

I was too tired to question Jotham; but after dinner, when alone with Madam Ackerson, I spoke of my pleasant ride, of the cemetery, and the old colored man's remark. "Yes," said the good lady, "it is indeed a holy spot to him; for there Mary was buried." She paused a moment, from emotion; and then, as if she had touched upon a theme not to be mentioned to a stranger, changed the subject.

My curiosity was not allayed by these hints. Unable to study; with little to take up my attention or thoughts, I became almost morbidly anxious to know the secret. I might have felt it wrong to indulge this desire to read a hidden page in private and personal history, had I not been sure, that, though it was probably a page of sorrow, it must be clear from any stain of guilt. The manner of Madam Ackerson, — the intercourse between her and Captain Edwards, — the respectful speech of Jotham, was enough to satisfy me that the painful memory had in it no bitterness of remorse, — no fact that needed to be veiled at all by the charity that loves to hide, rather than hold up to cold condemnation, the errors of humanity. I was certain, — I can hardly explain why, — still I was certain, that, if I knew all, I should be blessed

with some new proof of the worthiness of the parties, whose hearts were knit together by sharing a peculiar and common grief. I did not hesitate, therefore, to speak to Mr. Evans of what I had seen and heard. He smiled, rather seriously, as he replied: "There is a mournful story to be told; and I knew that I must, sooner or later, be the teller of it. But I have not time now. Wait a while; and, when a fitting hour offers, I will communicate to you the few facts, which will reveal to you strength and beauty of character that may be of use to a lawyer, so frequently encountering only the selfishness of men."

Captain Edwards had been absent for a few days on business, when, as we started for a walk one afternoon, the pastor took the way to the cemetery. The new fence was completed, and the whole place in perfect order. Mr. Evans led me to a retired corner, where, enclosed by a delicate railing, surrounded by shrubbery, mostly white rose-bushes, and overhung by a luxuriant weeping-willow, was a plain, white marble obelisk, of exquisite proportions, bearing only the name, "MARY ELLERY." We sat down on a rustic seat, near by. "Here and now, a fitting place and time," said my companion, "I will tell you that story, as I promised." Pointing to the monument, he began:—

"She was the only and orphan child of Madam Ackerson's youngest sister; and was adopted by her aunt, when about ten years old. Dearly as our excellent friend loved her niece, her good sense would have prevented her from being too indulgent, had the little girl been one of those children who can be spoiled; but she was not. Her deep and earnest feelings were united to a vigorous understanding; and the daily lessons she received, enforced by the daily example of her guardian, early won her to a disinterested and useful life. The holy truth, that, to obey the Father in heaven, she must be helpful to others, early became a fixed principle in her soul; acting, however, almost unconsciously and spontaneously; her affections were so generous, and her sympathies so quick.

"Mary attended the village-school, and associated freely with the children of the neighborhood. Among these children was John Edwards, an energetic, noble-minded boy, her senior by two or three years. This lad's home was not happy. A bad-tempered father, and a dispirited, sick mother, made a sad house for him and his sisters, — two amiable young women. Judge

Ackerson, knowing how John was situated, took a friendly interest in his welfare, gave him employment, lent him books, and at times made him almost 'one of the family.' The boy and girl very naturally were fast friends, as they were constant companions; and how and when this childish fondness deepened into a stronger feeling, they never inquired. Their mutual love grew with their growth; none the less true and strong from not being openly confessed in words.

"John had quitted school, and been for some months in the employment of the judge, as a sort of clerk, when his father died, and left him at liberty to obey a long-cherished desire to see what he could do for himself in the world. His excellent friends did not oppose his wishes. They were willing that he should be a *man*, and had no weak inclination to shield him from real life; believing him to be one of those who are made, rather than spoiled, by its rough treatment. There was sailor-blood in his veins, and he took to the sea naturally. The judge recommended him to begin at the beginning; and he was soon 'before the mast' on board of an Indiaman. If the heart-revelations made at the hour of parting had occurred earlier, possibly John's courage and ambition to be independent among men might have yielded to his attachment to Mary, and persuaded him to remain a quiet and respectable inhabitant of B—. But the decisive step was taken, and retreat was not to be thought of. Is it not a happy fact, that the understanding often settles questions of duty, before the feelings that would bias our better judgment are excited?

"The devoted heart at home bore the young sailor's absence the more calmly, perhaps, on account of an event which occupied her time, whilst it confirmed her conviction that no merely personal joy or sorrow can justify, in man or woman, the neglect of their obligations to others. A chronic disease, to which the judge had been subject, suddenly increased in virulence; and the hour of his departure was evidently at hand. He and his wife did not conceal from themselves the truth. With the firmness and humility of a Christian, he prepared to die. With the firmness and humility of a Christian, she prepared to meet the temporary separation. Mary hardly knew which most to admire, — the steady, cheerful faith of her uncle, for whom death had no terrors; or the calm resignation of the latter, omitting no service of affection, and as

faithful to the last as if the heaviest of blows was not falling upon her heart. The closing scene, especially, was a grand example of self-sacrifice and self-control. The morning was fair and bright. The dying man reclined in the large easy-chair, gently breathing his last. The wife of his youth watched every change; and, when the deep-drawn sigh told that all was over, she kissed the noble forehead, bathed the countenance with freely-flowing tears, closed the eyes that had never looked on her except with tenderness, and assisted in all the offices of respect paid to the remains of one whom she had always respected and always loved, as only a true woman can love. At the funeral, her sorrow was a still sorrow; and afterward she turned to old and to new duties with a quiet steadiness; making frequent mention of her loss, pretending to no stoicism, but indulging in no murmuring grief; thus exemplifying to Mary, who little knew then, poor girl, how soon she was to be even more severely tried, the lesson she had often inculcated, — that, whilst God keeps us in this world, we may not, however tried, omit the works of usefulness, opportunities for which are his call to discharge them.

"John returned from his first voyage every way improved, and to be still more improved by the changes at home during his absence. He mourned the death of his wise patron; and all his good and serious purposes gained strength from the instructive story of his last hours. Mary was more beautiful in person and in character than ever. He knew the earnestness underneath her outward repose of manner, and that her very serenity was a sign of inward strength. If their affection gained in sobriety, it lost nothing in intensity. The course of their true love ran smooth, and is too easily imagined to need description. After making two more voyages, John sailed first officer of the 'Thalia,' with the promise of the owners, that on her next trip he should be her commander; and then Mary was to be his 'wedded wife.' How the romance of life, — the holiest aspirations and the purest affections are hidden beneath or float unseen in their beauty round the homely work and stern realities of the every-day world! Who on board the Indiaman imagined the thoughts and emotions in the bosom of the active and watchful mate, apparently alive only to the duties of his vocation? Who could read the spirit of the gentle girl, calmly and quietly meeting the claims of her simple existence in this retired village? The unspoken, unwritten

hopes, fears, emotions, visions, of these two faithful souls, — indistinct even to themselves, — who can tell of their wealth or their signification? And are there not always like experiences, over which the ordinary current of mortal life flows, — as the river rolls above the hidden pearls and the golden sands?

"The arrival out of the 'Thalia' was reported. Next came letters from John, to say that on a certain day he was to sail for home as captain, in place of the former master, who had kept the fact that he was to remain in India as a surprise to his young friend. After this, nothing was heard for a long, long time. Mary was anxious, but not alarmed, until the ship had been over-due for several weeks. At last, a terrible certainty put out every ray of hope. An English vessel had picked up burnt pieces of the wreck of the 'Thalia!'

"The blow was so sudden, and so instantly shattered in pieces all the beauty of life, that Mary staggered and sunk under it; and her strange, calm despair, for a while, was like settled insanity. The gentle sympathy, together with the affectionate and yet plain remonstrances of her aunt, combined with her Christian training, at last aroused the stricken girl, and brought her back to herself. She heard again the call of duty; and to be useful, to live for others, became her uppermost purpose: the inward sorrow making self-sacrifice for the good of all within her reach the easier.

"Calling upon Madam Ackerson — my daily custom — one afternoon, late in the spring, as I returned from the post-office, I happened to say that the letter in my hand was from a brother-clergyman, in a seaport town, asking me to help him to a teacher for a missionary-school in a fishing-village we had once visited together; and I spoke of the interest I felt in the forlorn condition of its inhabitants, and the good that might be done among them. Mary listened, I observed, very attentively; but I attributed her earnest look to the attraction every thing relating to the sea and to seamen had for her widowed heart, and little suspected the thoughts that were passing, and the design that was forming, in her mind. Early the next morning, I was surprised by a note from her, offering, if I thought her competent, to take charge of the school I had spoken of the day before. The matter was soon settled. Mary felt the want of some regular employment, tasking her mind and engaging her affections. Madam

Ackerson was wise enough to see the advantages that might follow from a change of scene, and watchful enough to know that the progress of bodily weakness creeping over the sufferer might be checked by the bracing air of the coast. Mary was soon at her chosen post, devoted to her labor of love, winning almost immediately the respect and affection of the rude children and their rude parents.

"A bold ledge stretched out into the sea, not far from the cottage where the young teacher boarded; at the end of which was a favorite rock, on which she spent many a leisure hour, reading, meditating, or gazing on the boundless grave of her lover. The people of the settlement, though coarse in manners, and ignorant, seemed to understand that the 'school-ma'am' had some sorrow with which strangers may not intermeddle; and, with instinctive respect, left her to the uninterrupted enjoyment of her occasional solitude. One evening she failed to come back to tea. The sun went down, and the moon began to rise, and still she did not make her appearance. Something must have happened to her. The alarm was raised. Men went to the rock. There was her bonnet, sun-shade, and book; and, floating in a little crevice or hollow, below the place where she usually sat, the little basket in which she gathered specimens of algæ. The truth was at once conjectured. Venturing down probably to get a piece of sea-weed, a wave, higher than the rest, had swept her off. The next day, the body, hardly at all bruised, was found on the beach, hard by. The countenance was peaceful; and, as if all sorrow were now over for ever, it had lost entirely the sad expression that for months had been a shadow on its sweetness. The remains were removed and buried here.

"Words are not needed to tell the rest. A few weeks after the funeral, Captain Edwards arrived at Madam Ackerson's. She met him at the door. One glance was enough. The sad countenance, the deeper mourning-weeds, the vain effort to speak, — oh! how they smote down the hopes, turned to darkness the bright anticipations, of the strong man; and broke him like a reed before the sudden tempest! . . .

"There was nothing very marvellous connected with the captain's fate. His ship was burnt to the water's edge, when about two months on her passage. Part of the crew, with the mate, took one boat; and he, with the rest of the men, took the other.

They drifted about for several days, and were then picked up by a vessel bound to Sydney. From thence, Captain Edwards went to Calcutta, and took passage immediately for New York. Why he is what you now see him, and why he watches over this cemetery, you can readily understand; for, at fitting times, Madam Ackerson took care to make Mary's letters and books, and the narrative of her heroism, the comforters and teachers of the bereaved lover. To follow Mary's example of self-sacrifice, to do and to love whatever would please her, were she at his side, as indeed she may be, became a constant purpose of his soul; not morbid, because consecrated by a firm, Christian faith. He is eminent in his profession. He has prospered in efforts to acquire wealth; and what he has gained without departing from his integrity, he regards as but a trust, — a means of doing good. He is both the child and the friend of Madam Ackerson, and her house is his home; and very lovely and very touching is this union of age and manhood to those who know by what tie they are thus joined together, — what memories of the past, and what anticipations in the hereafter, they share in common."

This, Ellen, was the pastor's tale. That evening, Captain Edwards returned; and, though not a word was said, both he and my hostess knew that I had been allowed to hear of the solemn and yet beautiful passages in the history of the family; and from that hour we were intimate friends. I left B—— at the end of the summer, a healthier and, I trust, a wiser and better man. My board was duly paid, as a "business-transaction;" though, from certain hints I soon received from Mr. Evans concerning new books and a new study-chair, I suspect he was the only gainer in a pecuniary way. Years have flown. The friends I have been speaking of, and whose trials have made you weep, have all passed on; and I must soon follow them. To you I shall commit the keeping of that miniature, sure now that it will have, as it always has had, a heart to watch over it. And Harry must, in his turn, be the trustee to preserve the little cemetery in perfect order, to support the school for the fishermen's children, and to manage other charities provided for in the will of Captain Edwards, none the less Christian for being all of them suggested by the life and character of the fair girl who was never dead to the noble heart of the noble sailor.

B.

PEACE THROUGH CONFLICT.

A SERMON, BY REV. OLIVER STEARNS.

LUKE, ii. 14: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to man."

MATT. x. 34: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."

THE first of these passages declares the ultimate tendency of the Christian dispensation: the second portrays its incidental effects. The one is the song of the heavenly host at the birth of Him whose coming was the best token of the divine good-will to the human race, whose word would prove the mightiest agency for human well-being. The other was the frank confession, by the Redeemer himself, to the appointed ministers of his work, of the struggles which would mark its progress. Both together prefigured the unclosed and still progressing history of our religion; truth triumphing by controversy, a wealthier peace coming through storms of collision, and a nobler order springing out of struggle and conflict. Let us meditate upon this fact of Christian history, and this law of Christian social progress.

We are the more interested to do this, on account of the unsettled state of the world. Now nearly two thousand years since peace and good-will were proclaimed to man, at the birth of the Son of God, the world, and especially that portion of it in which Christianity is nominally received, and in which its real power has been somewhat felt, is as far apparently from peace, from quiet, from universal, or even general contentment, from that placid and serene life which our imagination pictures as the lot of man under the full influence of Christ, as ever it was. The state of opinion is no more settled, on the whole, than it was ten centuries ago; in some respects, less fixed. Religious thought is as much divided and agitated as at any period; and the social and political condition of our race, full of uncertainty and change.

Still further, this unrest of the intellectual and social and political condition of the world seems to be owing to Christianity. It is Christendom which is most disturbed. It is the portion of the human family visited with the Christian civilization which is

disquieted with theological and ethical controversy, menaced or actually scourged with war, torn with revolutions, perplexed with fear of change, distracted with violent political dissensions, and darkened with the deepest discontent and suffering. The present outward aspect of Christendom seems almost a literal fulfilment of Christ's words, "I came to send, not peace, but a sword." And a multitude, as well of those whose condition and hopes are most satisfactory as of those plunged into suffering and discontent by the chances of life, feel, in consequence, distrust of Providence, and scepticism towards Christianity, as not having kept its promises, and failed of its pretensions. Is this the religion, they ask, which was to give peace, which was to be a divine power to quiet human passions, which was to change the sword into the ploughshare? Look at the wars waged by Christian powers, as bitter and destructive as the world has ever seen. Look at the wars growing out of Christian controversies, of which past centuries are full, and in which Christian peoples have eagerly engaged, and the fields of slaughter been piled with the baptized dead. Look at the persecutions waged by disciples of Jesus against one another; at the Catholic fires and Protestant fires of former days; at the rack and wheel of the Inquisition; and at the rancor of religious parties in recent times, venting itself in personal abuse, when it dared not inflict bodily suffering. See sects subdivided, new offshoots hated by the parent; while hierarchies, grown old in the enjoyment of unchristian authority, contend for the privilege of parcelling out countries to their priesthood. See revolutions achieved by insurgents, who bear in triumph from the palace of their expelled king the image of Christ, saying, "*This is the master*;" and the tranquillity of states threatened by classes, who profess, in the changes they seek, to aim at a more perfect embodiment in institutions of the spirit and law of the gospel itself. Look at this, we shall be told, and say if this is the result of a message from God. Is this the effect of truth from heaven? To the gospel we look for an influence to calm the troubled waters of strife, to pacify, to settle, to bind together. Where is its peace? Where is the promise of Christ's coming?

Now, the legitimate and ultimate effect of Christianity is peace; but for this peace its full operation is necessary. Peace is the highest expression of its thorough and deep influence on an individual mind. Peace would be the fit name of the result

of its spirit and law thoroughly penetrating and moulding a society, or all the various communities of the world. So far as its spirit is imbibed and its law recognized, so far the result of inward rest and social felicity is enjoyed. But peace, felicity, as an earthly and social condition of man, a state of order and justice, of prosperity and mutual good-will, is reached by gradations. It is never perfect; perhaps never will become so pure as to leave nothing more to be desired. It comes by steps, and by action and re-action. But it is none the less real or precious, so far as it is attained, because it is imperfect; it is none the less, so far as it comes, a fulfilment of the promise of the gospel, because that gospel has not transformed into Christ's own image every people and every heart. In the progress towards it, evils arise; in the struggle to reach it, passion is enkindled, injustice is done, and peace itself is broken. But these are temporary evils, incident to progress, and for which Christianity is no more answerable than it is for the human passions which raged before Christ was born, or which now rage in communities where he is scarcely known by name. It is accountable for them, just as Jesus was accountable for his own crucifixion, and in no other way. It did not create them. It does not sanction them. And, if it have been the innocent occasion of calling them forth by the ideas it imparts, the truths it proclaims, and the rebuke it administers to guilt, it tends to restrain them. It tends to subdue and cure the evils inherent in imperfect human character, which, by its promulgation and reception, it inevitably, but innocently, rouses to action.

That the gospel produces agitation and controversy; that it is accountable, as the immediate occasion, for that unrest of Christendom, of which the cause lies in the whole nature of things, — is true, and is its glory. So far, we may admit the complaint of the objector or the sceptic, and tell him that the fact which moves his sorrow or distrust ought to awaken his adoration. This fact is a token of the divine original of Christianity. It excites collision of mind with mind, because it is a divine force to the individual intellect, developing it in free thought and inquiry. It provokes controversy, because it is the spirit of truth; because it inspires the soul with a supreme love of truth, which is not content to let error go unexplored and unexposed. It agitates society, because it is the active spirit of justice, wakeful to discern every

violation of equity, and bold to demand the redress of the wrongs of the humblest being, whose rights and happiness God has intrusted to his associates in the social order. In this respect, how does Christianity differ from the other religions which have prevailed, and yet prevail; which enslave their believers to empty superstitions, which have no power to throw off their own corruptions, which allow men's minds and consciences to go on satisfied for ages with the same dull round of idolatrous observances, in the same low forms of social life! Christianity is never a wholly dead religion. It purifies itself from human admixtures. It can never become utterly lifeless in any form; because it tends always to throw off abuses, and, by its own divine vitality, to seek always, as it needs them, new means of asserting its truth and manifesting its power. When the hierarchy of Christendom becomes a stifling incubus to its voice, it heaves off the load by the reformation, and speaks to hoary corruption by new societies, and gets printed for all who can read; and when the Church of England incumbers it with unseemly forms, and the Presbyterian organization fetters its liberty of thought and election, it creates the Independent or Congregational Church, and institutes at length, in America, common schools that every child may be taught to read, and every adult enabled to go to the written records of its truth.

But it does not clear the way for its own free course without opposition; without struggle with interest, and the influences of past education; without sin on the one side and on the other; without awakening passions which sometimes stain the path of its progress with blood. It stirs the depths of thought in masses of men, as no other influence ever did. It has no knowledge for a priestly caste to be withholden from the laity; it has no peculiar privileges for an order; it knows nothing of classes; it makes all kings and priests unto God; giving them a right, under an equal law, to seek their own happiness, and to judge for themselves of truth and duty. Thus, by its very life, its diffusiveness, and self-purifying force, it creates sects and parties, who contend passionately. Thus it is leaven, and makes a ferment. Not only does its righteousness draw forth the interested opposition of the unrighteousness which it would abolish, but it imparts its ideas to multitudes who have not received its holy spirit; and thus, while it sharpens the perception of rights and the sense of

wrongs, indirectly enkindles sometimes a passion, an ambition, and a revenge, on which itself is the first to frown.

Every conflict of truth with error or evil brings danger and sorrow; it is the sword which Christ sends at last into every community which tolerates gross injustice, and suffers it to become entrenched within the fortress of interest and power. But, if the conflict set men to searching for truth, it is the sword of the spirit dividing, that it may quicken and heal. The public mind may become so stagnant, so acquiescent in pernicious notions or deadly sins; so devoid of a vital interest in truth; so sordid in its biases; so divided between superstition and hypocrisy on the one hand, and secret scepticism and indifference on the other, as to need the sword of agitation and controversy to recall it to life. Such a state of things, I suppose, wrung once from the lips of Jesus the exclamation, "I am come to send a fire on the earth; and how I wish it were already kindled!"

But while the gospel is the exciting cause to collisions of opinion, and sometimes even to collisions of force; while Christendom makes its advances by unequal steps, by action and re-action, now gaining ground, and then losing it, and still again recovering it; while slowly the firm land of truth and justice is built out into the ocean of error and sin, and a barrier raised against the returning tide, — at intervals of rest, and in different parts of the world at different periods, the ultimate tendency of Christianity is more and more seen. More of the peace, the earthly quiet, it would give is enjoyed. Truth, delivered out of controversy, manifests a new power, under freer forms of administration, and diffuses her light and consolation among the people as never before. With a purer worship, and a better religious culture, man becomes a more elevated being, and tastes more rational enjoyments. Revolutions which overclouded human life with sorrow and solicitude pass away, leaving, it is to be hoped, a moral lesson from their outrages, as well as their successes, sweeping some wrongs along in their current, while the rights they asserted and won may be enjoyed by millions of enfranchised men for a long series of years; and, under the security afforded by a more perfect order, by new or reformed politics and laws, the arts may flourish, invention be quickened, industry and commerce bring to larger numbers comforts such as kings once could not command, and social life develop itself in

graceful forms of intelligence and charity to the weak and mutual support, such as the vision of inspired prophets never distinctly saw. And as Christ lives on earth anew in his influence in each believer's heart, as he breathes again in the spirit of prayer and sacrifice of one truly Christian soul, so, in that earthly felicity which flows from a social life and social institutions conformed to his laws, he comes in a definite and visible form. This is his true second coming. The highest expression of the happiness of a society living in harmony with truth would be peace on earth, and good-will to men.

Those, however, who can rejoice in the peace, the prosperity, the comfort, the freedom, the happy earthly lot, which Christianity may have sent down to them, ought to remember that it has come to them through conflict, through the fidelity of men to the truth of Christ and the call of their times. They ought to remember, that the struggle of Christianity with evil is never ended, while within their possible influence exists one human oppression, in contrast with the privileges that surround it; that the civilization which girds one wronged or wretched being, one forgotten brother, with spectacles of prosperity in which he can have no interest, and hopes which he may not share, and incitements to exertion which are cut off from him and his, is no token of peace to his spirit, but a searing blast of fire; that such a civilization, with its doctrines of freedom, its gift of personal independence, its inspirations of manliness, may convert into an intolerable agony, an indignity worse than death to the mind it has roused to the consciousness of manhood, an infliction of injustice comparatively easy to bear in the ancient orders of things, where mostly political liberty was unknown, and an imperial tyranny crushed the mass around it; or where, as at Rome, thousands of nominal freemen were little better than state-paupers, a soldier-caste, fed from the public granaries replenished from the conquered provinces. We, of New England especially, ought to shrink from no duties and sacrifices which Christian truth and justice demand. Christian sacrifice made us what we are. Christian sacrifice settled and tamed the wilderness, and wrought out the materials and laid the foundations of our goodly heritage; and we should write upon every pillar and tablet of the superstructure, as a memento of our debt and duty, "All from Christ, all for Christ."

In the last autumn, I went with the throng to see that wonderful exhibition of New England's ingenuity and industry, the Mechanics' Fair. I passed up into that ancient hall of the Capitol, where, in the days of America's poverty and trial, the people met to encourage each other to mutual sacrifices, now laden in every part with the tokens of her manufactured riches, and of the skill of her sons and daughters. I walked through the narrow passages, bewildered with the multiplicity of shows, the products of the loom and of cunning hands, piled on floor and gallery, and hanging the old walls with drapery, until, through the crowd closing around some object of peculiar attraction, I caught a glimpse of the group of statuary, Christ blessing the Children; and, presently, of another similar group, Christ taken from the Cross, lying upon a bier; and near, and ready to embalm his body with loving hands, those women, first at the sepulchre, last at the crucifixion. I know nothing of artistic perfection in such matters; but the pictures, amidst the scene about me, thrilled my soul with unutterable emotions. Then I was borne with the current over that graceful bridge, spanning the busy thoroughfare, from the old to the newer structure, whose chambers were stored with more novelties, and at which we gazed, at a loss whether most to admire the fertility of brain that devised, or the patience that elaborated, models and implements so perfect, so polished, so adapted to human convenience, and some seeming almost endowed with human intelligence and motion. Here, I thought, is the nineteenth century brought within the compass of a few feet of space, and the observation of an hour. And when a chime of bells chanted that grand old air of Martin Luther, it seemed to me an anthem of divine praise, celebrating the triumph of the inventive genius of the times in which I was living. With the harmony still sounding in my soul, I passed on to the last recess in that great cabinet, where yet again the Last Supper and Christ Rejected were reverently gazed on by a circle ever closed as soon as broken, and with an absorbed attention, scarcely fixed by any other spectacle. They spoke also to my soul. I felt, that with no more fit accompaniments could the image of Jesus, in some of the most significant acts and trials of his mission, be associated. I felt that the encompassing tokens of mind's triumph over matter, the works of Christian civilization, were so many trophies of his moral victories.

I felt that the whole scene was due to the cross. And the prayer arose within me, "So may Christ be with us in this nineteenth century!" So, from the pride of our scientific achievements, which unsanctified must be unblessed, may we look up to Christ crucified, and learn to humble ourselves before God! So at the plough, the loom, and the anvil, may his image be nigh, in our hearts, to elevate the purpose of our toil! So may Christ be with us of every calling and profession, — with us all of this prosperous community, in this wonder-working age, to bless our children through our hallowed parental devotion; to draw us around him in the communion of the highest life; to teach us to love others as he loved us; to call us to ever-new consecration of ourselves and our gifts to himself, "through whose poverty we are made rich."

AUTUMN LEAVES.

I LOVED you well, ye bright and perishing things,
While in the greenness of your summer glory:
Now, to my heart, your autumn radiance tells,
And yet more earnestly, the same deep story.

I feel as Moses, in the land of sojourn,
Fervent communion holding with his God,
While the great Presence in the bush was glowing,
And sanctified the dust whereon he trod.

The Father seems to smile upon his children
From out decay and death, in each warm hue,
As if the earthliness had only faded
To let the spirit-glory glisten through.

God's summer work is done, — and it is good!
Now, in this sabbath of the year, he sendeth
A robe of joy, to wrap the earth in light,
And crown the season, as its mission endeth.

So, when the summer of our life is o'er,
And autumn breathes decay on what is mortal,
May God's own smile illumine our being through,
And arch with light the grave's mysterious portal!

A. D. T. W.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO A BROTHER
IN CALCUTTA.

LONG ere this reaches you, the tidings of my widowhood have filled you with grief, dear Walter; and, besides your sympathy for the agony of my bereavement, I know that you mourn your inability to assist me and my three children. It is all true, as we apprehended, my beloved Marcus has left only the memory of his virtues and his good name as an inheritance to his offspring. We have not a kinsman or near friend who is able to aid us, even were we willing to eat the bread of dependence. O Walter! cheerfully could I have borne poverty with my husband; but how to be poor without him!

But we will not be dependent. I have a hundred plans floating confusedly through my mind: surely some of them must prosper. Fanny and Mary are so young, the eldest not yet six, you know that I can get along with them, I am sure; and Arthur, almost nine, will live with his uncle George, and go to school with his cousins. I shall, of course, pay his board and schooling; for a country minister's salary is not enough for the support of so large a family as George's. I will strain every nerve to give Arthur an education; and, in a very few years, with God's blessing, he will himself be prepared to become the staff of the family. I am full of hope. Thankful am I for the children, who compel me to labor for the future, instead of breaking my heart over the past. . . .

So far I wrote last week. Since then, we have done a great deal. Our affairs were easily settled. There were no debts to be paid; no property to be arranged. Our furniture, books, &c., had been sold a month ago; and I have one thousand dollars at interest. I had no idea there would be so much; and all that income I devote to Arthur. At the request of some friends, I am to receive some young ladies in my own room, and teach them — plain sewing. A very unambitious scheme, certainly; but your greatest surprise will be, that young ladies over sixteen should require such instruction. Yet so it is. These are highly intelligent, accomplished girls; some of them are really belles:

but their mothers have the good sense to desire that they should be prepared for the contingencies of life, by knowing how to cut and make garments in ordinary use; and such skill, it seems, is very unusual now. The thing does not seem very popular among the young people; for Mrs. C. has had some difficulty in engaging eight to form a class. It is the fashion now, I find, for young people to say what they will learn, and what they will leave unlearned; parents having little to do with the decision. I trust, however, the number of pupils will increase; and, as I am to be well paid, I begin to-morrow with a grateful heart. How rejoiced am I that this part of my education was not neglected! It will be pleasant to take such a quiet, unobtrusive mode of laboring, and to have my little girls with me. . . .

EXTRACT SECOND.

I fear my late letters have betrayed a flagging spirit, dear Walter; and, to own the truth at last, I have had some disappointments since I wrote to you in the spring so hopefully. Oh, it is a great way to Calcutta! and, since you cannot lift a finger to help me, I do not like to annoy you with the fluctuations of my hopes and fears; when, by the time you get my letter, the clouds and sunshine may have alternated half a dozen times.

But I must tell you that my sewing school has broken down completely. My pupils, almost all, came reluctantly at first. One could not imagine of what use plain sewing could be to her; another said it took much time from her music and German; another could not bear the confinement, it made her nervous; another went away to a New York boarding-school. Those who professed to like needlework tolerably, sometimes forgot the day, or, unfortunately, had so many invitations to drive into the country, or sail on the river, at the very hours when they were engaged to me, that their attendance was any thing but punctual, and their improvement was as slight as might have been expected. Their ignorance at the outset was a perfect marvel to me. They hardly knew what was meant by "seam, gusset, and band." No Chinese puzzle could have perplexed them more than the various parts of a shirt, if exhibited for the purpose of being put together by them. And some of them evidently felt that such knowledge would be unladylike; and some remarked carelessly,

"Mother thinks it will be time enough to learn such things when I find them necessary."

And so my class dwindled to two, and I could not afford to go on with them.

I have now consented to add some other "branches," as people call them, to my instructions. I used to write and speak French fluently, and shall open a regular school next Monday, teaching geography, history, grammar, &c. I have the promise of five scholars, and am still determined to teach needlework every afternoon, so important do I consider it.

EXTRACT THIRD.

I have a violent headache this afternoon, dear brother, but am determined to write by this opportunity. My headaches are too frequent to be regarded as a hindrance to any thing I would do. I suppose the last three letters have all left you convinced that I was not rejoicing in any very brilliant success; and when I tell you that a young Frenchman and his wife have just come to our little town with letters of introduction to the parents of my best scholars, and that they are to open a school immediately, you will guess that it is not my head alone that aches. I hear a great buzzing and whispering among my young girls, and the names of "Monsieur and Madame de Soissons" do hiss most uncomfortably in my ears. I hear that sound of ill omen after my head is on the pillow, and the soft breathing of my little girls alone stirs the night-air. Poor things!

Monday.—I began this letter last Tuesday, and now my sentiments are darkening into realities fast. There is a little witch among my scholars, so idle and troublesome that I have been forced to send her home more than once, so bad was her influence upon the other children. The first time, I went to consult with her mother as to the best course to be pursued, imagining that I should find maternal anxiety all alive for the child's good; but the coldness of my reception, and certain innuendoes, convinced me that I was the culprit in the lady's estimation, instead of Eliza. And now I understand that the blinded mother says, I have never understood nor appreciated her child; and her friend, Mrs. C., whose two daughters are exceedingly dull, declares that she always thought I had my favorites; and

another lady, of the same "clique," pronounces it impossible for any one but a French person to teach the French accent properly. It is all over with me, I am convinced.

Saturday.—Yes; seven of my scholars have given their names to the patrons of Monsieur de Soissons; and nearly all of those whom I had depended on having next quarter. Some of these children have seemed to love me very much, as I loved them; one or two, who have been assailed by importunities, still resist and cling to me. God bless them! it is soothing to my heart not to be wholly forsaken, though my purse falls soft upon the floor.

Thursday.—I have kept my letter back, hoping for better things. I cannot bear to write to you at any disagreeable crisis in my affairs, knowing that you, too, are toiling hard, in the hope of coming home with the means of usefulness. I find my spirits are inclined to be influenced by trifles more readily than they used to be: a few scholars taken away, I am depressed. I have just had a promise of two new ones, and you would be surprised to see how glad and hopeful it makes me; so now it is time to close this budget.

Think of me only as busy, hopeful, successful; for I am sure the patient industry of a mother toiling for her children will have its reward; and the gay Frenchman may be the fashion for a day, only that people may find how hollow are superficial accomplishments.

L. J. H.

(To be continued.)

It is the humble and retired, not the dwellers amidst the glare of the world, who most clearly perceive moral truth; as the watchers, placed in the depths of a well, may observe the stars which are obscured to those who live in the effulgence of noon. Free from the prejudices of self-interest or of a class, free from the cares and temptations of wealth or of power; dwelling in the mediocrity of common life, in seclusion or obscurity, they discern the new signal, they surrender themselves unreservedly to the new summons. The Saviour knew this. He did not call upon the Priest or Levite or Pharisee to follow him, but upon the humble fishermen by the Sea of Galilee. — *Charles Sumner.*

SUNRISE ON THE SEA-COAST.

It was the holy hour of dawn :
 By hands invisible withdrawn,
 The curtain of the summer night
 Had vanished ; and the morning light,
 Fresh from its hidden day-springs, threw
 Increasing glory up the blue.
 Oh sacred balm of summer dawn,
 When odors from the new-mown lawn
 Blend with the breath of sky and sea,
 And, like the prayers of sanctity,
 Go up to Him who reigns above,
 An incense-offering of love !

Alone upon a rock I stood,
 Far out above the ocean-flood,
 Whose vast expanse before me lay, —
 Now silver-white, now leaden-gray,
 As o'er its face alternate threw
 The rays and clouds their varying hue.

I felt a deep, expectant hush
 Through nature, as the increasing flush
 Of the red Orient seemed to tell
 The approach of some great spectacle,
 O'er which the birds in heaven's far height
 Hung, as entranced, in mute delight.
 But when the Sun, in royal state,
 Through his triumphal golden gate,
 Came riding forth in majesty
 Out of the fleckéd eastern sky,
 As comes a conqueror to his tent ;
 And, up and down the firmament,
 The captive clouds of routed night,
 Their garments fringed with golden light,
 Bending around the azure arch,
 Lent glory to the victor's march ;
 And when he flung his blazing glance
 Across the watery expanse, —

Methought, along that rocky coast,
The foaming waves, a crested host,
As on their snowy plumes the beams
Of sunshine fell in dazzling gleams,
Thrilled through their ranks with wild delight,
And clapped their hands to hail the sight,
And sent a mighty shout on high
Of exultation to the sky!

Now all creation seemed to wake;
Each little leaf with joy did shake;
The trumpet-signal of the breeze
Stirred all the ripples of the seas,—
Each, in its gambols and its glee,
A living creature seemed to be;
Like wild young steeds with snowy mane,
The white waves skimmed the liquid plain;
Glad ocean, with ten thousand eyes,
Proclaimed its joy to earth and skies;
From earth and skies a countless throng
Of happy creatures swelled the song,—
“Praise to the conqueror of night!
Praise to the king of life and light!”

And shall the soul of man, I said,
Amidst such praise lie dumb and dead?
For one, far sooner would I be
A fire-worshipping Parsee,—
At rise and set of sun to bow
Thrice to the ground a lowly brow,
Revering the creative might
Of the mysterious solar light,
Deeming the glorious orb to be
The very face of Deity,—
Than, with a soul held down to earth,
Unmindful of its heavenly birth,
Slave of the senses, blind and bound,
Run, daily, care's or pleasure's round
In life's great prison-house, nor raise
A thought of wonder, thanks, or praise
To the great, universal Soul
Whom billows worship, as they roll,

And breezes, as they wander round,
Praise with a swell of solemn sound.
Ay, Nature! sooner would I be
A Pagan worshipper of thee,
Than see no face and hear no voice
Of God, nor in his life rejoice.

But, Father! 'tis on thee I call;
Father of lights! revealed in all.
Give me the glorious liberty
To live in nature and in thee!
I am thy child: oh! let me hear
Thy voice, and feel thy footstep near;
And as, upon my bended brow,
It comes with holy influence now,
So, Father! may thy gentle breath
Refresh me in the hour of death!
Then be my feverish temples fanned
With breezes from that unseen land,—
With morning-breezes from the shore
Where death and darkness dwell no more,
And dawns of eternal light
Prevent the steps of life's last night!

C. T. B.

Newport, July, 1851.

READING. — It matters little how many books one may have read; but it does concern us to know what was their character, and how much of them we have digested. There are many book-worms who are very impractical men, and many who read none at all can be much commended for their forethought. Yet this argues nothing against readers; for genius will work its own way, and he who is in conscious possession of a mind will feel an insatiate craving to know of other minds. No one feels perfectly content to hear an echo of himself; while thousands are stirred by the movements of others. It has been said, no man would be satisfied to read his own biography.

H. S. E.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SOME of the following works have been on our table several weeks, and, had it been possible, would have received an earlier notice.

GOULD & LINCOLN, who seem to be still enlarging their extended business as publishers, have lately issued an American edition of the important and valuable work, *The Popular Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature*; a well-printed octavo of eight hundred pages, embodying a vast amount of biblical information in alphabetical arrangement, designed especially for the people, but not always possessed by their ministers. The work was originally prepared by the learned Dr. Kitto. The task of abridgment has been performed principally by Dr. Taylor, of Glasgow. On the list of contributors, we find the names of forty theologians, English, Continental, and American,—among the most distinguished of modern times. Nothing more impresses upon us the disproportion between the fame of an erudite author and the extensive benefits of his patient labors, than a book involving so much research and toil as this. It should be in the hands of every religious and Sunday-school teacher, and every student of general literature as well as of the Bible.

From the same publishers, we have *Arvine's Cyclopaedia of Anecdotes*; another fruit of indefatigable industry, from an American divine lately deceased, comprising a vast and entertaining collection of anecdotes, illustrative of all manner of trades and professions and nations and habits, gathered from the diversified departments of art, science, and society, and from all ages; the whole carefully chosen, and purged of every thing impure or profane.

Also, *The Christian's Daily Treasury, a Religious Exercise for Every Day in the Year*, by *Ebenezer Temple*, containing outlines of religious meditation, somewhat like plans of sermons, intended to guide the thoughts and aid the life.

Also, *A Wreath around the Cross*, adapted to comfort and edify readers in sympathy with the author's religious views, by Rev. A. W. Brown, introduced by a preface from Rev. John Angell James.

CROSBY & NICHOLS, who sell for PHILLIPS & SAMPSON, publishers, have now on hand a second edition of Rev. Mr. Judd's *Margaret*; a book that has made its mark in American literature,


and established for its author the reputation of a man of original genius. We have adverted more particularly to its characteristics in a former notice. This second edition is in two volumes, and has a note by the author, meeting some unfavorable criticisms that have been mixed with the general praise.

Also, *Life in Varied Phases*, by Mrs. Caroline D. Butler, a series of animated and graceful sketches for young people, from the pen of a talented lady, who knows what young people like, and should have.

C. & N. offer for sale *Poetry of Observation*, a little collection of well-written verses out of the heart of an Old Colony bard, who sings from a love for the things his song is of, and who seems to possess, if not much of what we find in Byron and Moore, something good which Byron and Moore could never have given him.

S. C. FRANCIS & CO., of New York, have conferred a favor on readers among us of a liberal taste, by placing within their reach a volume of sermons, entitled *Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty*, by one of the most cultivated and respected of the English Unitarian preachers, Rev. John James Tayler. Rev. Mr. Bellows kindly introduces it to the American public, and engages favor in its behalf. It comes to us too late for examination in this number; but we intend reading it carefully; and we understand it is just now the uppermost volume on the clerical study-tables of our brethren.

Discourses and Essays on Theological and Speculative Topics, by Rev. Stephen Farley, is the title of a neat and valuable duodecimo, just published, in Boston, by H. Farley, and for sale at the "office of the Christian Register," and the bookstores. Mr. Farley evinces in his writings strong sense, directness of purpose, a well-balanced mind, and large learning. Many a more showy and popular preacher would be wiser for knowing the contents of this book, and might well covet an equal reflective power, patience, and clearness of mind, with its author. No considerate person could fail to be moved by the affecting circumstances referred to in the faithful daughter's preface, — herself a woman of honorable distinction, — beginning thus: "It is with feelings of solemnity, though not of sadness, that we suspend again for a few moments our watches by the sick-bed, to trace the lines that terminate a task which has for the last season had so prominent a place amid our thoughts and cares," — nor any but obdurate hearts despise the plea at the close: "The hardest part is now before us; and assistance in this we ask of the thinking, liberal public, by a response to the appeal, 'Will you buy our book?'"



The *Discourse at the Funeral of the Rev. William M. Rogers, by his Colleague, Rev. George Richards*, is an appreciating and condensed tribute of Christian friendship and sorrow to a true and eminent servant of the Great Master.

The Railroad Jubilee is the title of two very appropriate and eloquent discourses, by Rev. T. S. King, minister of the Hollis-street Church. In the first, the preacher offers a series of ingenious and beautiful illustrations of the truth, that "God bends the good which men achieve to some better offices than the agent could have conceived;" and, in the second, admonishes his hearers against suffering an abundance of material prosperity to overshadow or contract the manhood of their characters.

Two Discourses, delivered in Canton, Sept. 21, and Sept. 28, by Rev. Robert P. Rogers, also expound recent public events, and with a great deal of justness of thought and beauty of style. The first is occasioned by the jubilee. The second was suggested by a county agricultural exhibition; and so ingeniously does it spiritualize the theme, and so admirably exhibit the moral forces and influences that gird in the husbandman's lot, that we can hardly conceive a treatment of the topic more excellent in effect or faultless in taste.

The Illustrated Family Christian Almanac for 1852, crowded with reading, adapted to all latitudes (as to its calendar), and printed by the American Tract Society.

Reports have lately been published, worthy of reference in their several departments, of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, of the Colonization Society, and of the Liverpool Domestic Mission Society,—the latter prepared by that intelligent and successful Minister to the Poor, Rev. Francis Bishop.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

IN accordance with what we believe to be the general preference of our readers, we suspend a regular record of ecclesiastical events in these pages. As the weekly newspapers report the frequent ministerial transfers, and other intelligence, a monthly narrative of such facts must be, to a large extent, a stale repetition. Subscribers will be quite willing to see the space formerly occupied in that way filled with more fresh and substantial matter.

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ANOTHER CHAPTER OF PATRIARCHAL HISTORY.

ISAAC AND HIS SONS.

THESE persons fill the space in the Bible between Abraham and Joseph. Each of them is a character distinct, peculiar, interesting; each the type of a numerous class in every age.

In order to understand and appreciate them, it is necessary to study them as we do the men of any other history, freely, without traditional biases; without supposing that one is necessarily better or greater than the other, because he happens to have a more honored name, — judging them solely by those facts recorded of them respectively, by which character is indicated. As in Abraham's sons, disregarding common opinion and tradition, we knew no difference between Ishmael and Isaac, except that which their lives disclosed; so of the sons of Isaac, — Esau and Jacob, — let their lives decide which is the more to be honored, the more to be imitated. Let our judgment of them be formed in this way, and not from the prejudices of Jews even, though perpetuated in eminent Christians.

And first ISAAC, let us look at *him*; son of the old age of his parents; a gift long desired, and at length vouchsafed under circumstances which justified them in regarding it as a special token of divine favor. His birthplace was the extreme south of Canaan, where his father had temporarily pitched his tents, in a district held by a petty sovereign named Abimelech. In the

year of the world one thousand nine hundred and eighty (about), he first saw the light. His name signifies "laughter;" and he was called by it, either on account of the great joy created by his birth, or because of a circumstance anterior to it which the reader may see more particularly described by consulting his Bible in this place. Altogether it evidently appeared to his aged, but sprightly, warm-hearted, laughter-loving mother, a ludicrous affair; though she could not but see in it the wonderful hand of God.

The first incident related of Isaac is that of a festival being made on the day of his weaning; an incident which, though unimportant in itself, except as showing a pleasant custom of the time, was the cause of a very serious rupture in his father's family. Young Ishmael, his half-brother, born of the Egyptian woman Hagar, then a lad of sixteen or seventeen years, for some reason did not enter into the spirit of the occasion; but, treating it with derision or petulance, his conduct awakened the displeasure of Isaac's mother to such a degree — for she was a spirited woman — that she demanded that both he and his mother should be immediately expelled from the family; and that he, though the eldest son, should never be an heir with *her* son of their father's estate. Rather a rough measure for one uniformly so kind! The demand was, of course, very painful to Abraham; for to him Ishmael was as dear as Isaac. Nevertheless, to keep the peace, — ah! how many sacrifices of right are made for that, — he consented. It was a very sad thing for him to do; but he found his grief not a little consoled by a divine intimation, that, although Isaac should be his proper successor in respect to family honors and religious promises, Ishmael should also become the head of a great people.

And so, at Sarah's stern behest, poor Hagar and her son go forth, with nothing but a little bread and a bottle of water to subsist upon, — go forth, solitary, wandering, into a wilderness; led by no human hand, but protected by Him who is everywhere the support of the helpless, and the consolation of the afflicted! With heavy hearts, anxious and afraid, they travel on, not knowing whither they go, till, overcome by sorrow and fatigue, they can walk no longer. And then the mother, beholding her boy prostrate and almost lifeless, having covered him with leaves and shrubs, withdraws from him "a good way off," in utter despair,

and sits down; "for she said," in the touching words of the narrative, "let me not see the death of the child; and she sat over against him, and lift up her voice and wept." And it came to pass, — no thanks to Abraham and Sarah though, — that, as she wept and sighed, there came down into her anguished bosom a thought which gave her confidence, and in the strength of it she opened her eyes and looked around; and, as she looked, she descried a well of water near by, from which she immediately drew, and hastened to give of it to her exhausted son. It revived him, and she was thus fortified for further struggle. It need only be added here, that he succeeded, by the use of the bow, in sustaining himself and his mother in the unsettled region called Paran, till a change in their fortune occurred.

The next thing we hear of Isaac, after the weaning celebration, is the part he bore in the transaction on Moriah, in which he came so nigh losing his life by the hand of his father. Then a young man of twenty or more, he exhibited in that trying hour those characteristics of meekness, gentleness, confiding affection towards his father, and piety to God, which strongly marked his whole life. And if, in this trial, Abraham's faith was marvellous, the quiet and uncomplaining submission of Isaac was very lovely. Yet this submission, and his whole deportment at the time, show him to have possessed but little energy of character, and to have been much better fitted for living at home, provided for by his wealthy father, than to go abroad and seek his fortune. He was a gentle boy, an inoffensive youth, imbued with the spirit of religion; and, as a young man, was exemplary in conduct, kind in temper, sincere in worship, and thus pleased the Lord. He was all this, and for all this let him be praised! But there was wanting in him that force, decision, life of purpose and character, which would have made him much more efficient as a man, a much greater man, — perhaps not, however, a better.

After the happy return of father and son from the mountain of sacrifice to their dwelling, Abraham received pleasant tidings from his old friends at Haran, where he buried his father, informing him of the good health of his brother Nabor; that he was married, and that he was blessed with a quite numerous family. It was just at this period of his life that Isaac's mother died; a peculiarly heavy affliction to him, since she had regarded him from his infancy with the fondest affection, which he had returned

in a filial love and duty the most devoted. He was then in his thirty-eighth year, and had probably never known or felt the want of any other female companion and friend. And even then, in his loneliness and mourning, he seems — quiet man! — not to have been moved of *himself* to endeavor, as well as he could, to supply her place, content to live on with his aged father, sharing his grief, and extracting such comfort as he was able from his situation, and especially from his pure and simple religion. But, at length, that father begins to feel the silver cord of his life loosening, and to perceive that the hour is nigh, when, with his lamented Sarah, he will lie down to his rest in the consecrated sepulchre of Macpelah. And, as that time hastens, he becomes more solicitous to provide for the domestic happiness of his affectionate but bachelor son. He supposes that he will wish to “change his situation;” but knowing his disinclination to adventure, or to any enterprise that would take him away from home, he fears that he may be betrayed into a matrimonial alliance with a daughter of some one of the families amongst whom they were sojourning in the land of Canaan. It was natural that he should prefer a different “connection” for his son, — a family in closer sympathy with him, and cherishing religious views more nearly like his own than any in that region. Accordingly, entrusting the whole matter to a favorite servant, — for the son appears hardly to have been consulted at all, — he makes him take a solemn oath that he will not favor the marriage of Isaac to a daughter of the Canaanites, but that he will go himself to the country whence Abraham came, and bring back thence a wife for his son. Considering the age at which Isaac had arrived at the period when these arrangements were made, one is left to marvel at the disinterested equanimity with which he appears to have regarded them. But it is evident, that in this, as in all things, he deferred to the superior wisdom of that parent whom he looked upon (and rightly so) as the chosen servant of the Most High.

Not long after the oath, which was required in the deepest spirit of religion, under the most awe-inspiring conviction of God’s presence, had been administered, Eliezer, the head-servant of Abraham, taking ten camels, and whatever else he deemed necessary for the novel enterprise, set out on his journey to Mesopotamia, to the city of Nahor, Abraham’s brother. The circumstances attending his arrival are familiar to every reader of

the Bible. They are related in a style so graphic, so touchingly simple, so life-like, that, as we read the narrative, we feel ourselves carried back to those primitive times, and witnesses of the engagement entered into between Rebekah and her friends on one part, and the servant of Abraham on the other.

It is a noticeable fact, the *religiousness* of this servant. He had been instructed in the pure faith and worship of his master; and therefore, when he comes near the city where his journey terminates, and his negotiations are to begin, and stops near a well just at evening, the time when women go out to draw water, he lifts up his soul to heaven and cries: "O Lord God of my master Abraham! I pray thee, send me good speed this day, and show kindness unto my master Abraham." He then asks that God would ratify the choice which he has determined to make on his wise. When the young women come to draw water, he will ask one of them to give him drink; and, if she courteously complies, and offers at the same time drink for his camels, he will select her. He will take such kindness as an intimation from God, and be encouraged by it to persevere till his end is gained. And the Lord hearkened to his prayer. Soon, even before he had finished his supplication, there came to the well the very person whom, of all others in the city, he would have chosen, — a grand-daughter of Nahor, — with her pitcher upon her boulder. "She was very fair to look upon." Had she been quite otherwise, he might have waited perhaps till another came, before he ventured to apply his test by asking her for drink; for when personal beauty was thought more of than even now, since there were fewer accomplishments of an intellectual kind to counterbalance the want of it. The servant proceeded: "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher." And she said, "Drink, my lord; and she hastened and let down her pitcher upon her head, and gave him drink." Then she said, "I will draw water for thy camels also; and she ran again unto the well, and drew for all his camels." What sweet and graceful kindness! In a moment, he is wrapt in joyful amazement, wondering whether it can be that a good Providence is so soon to fulfil his desires. In this state of excited hope, he advances — not unwisely as our human nature is constituted — one step further, and offers her a small but brilliant present; a golden pendant, weighing half a shekel, and a pair of bracelets, weighing ten shekels. So far

well. Then he ventures to ask her name; and then whether the situation of her father's house would admit of his being lodged there. On receiving a gratifying answer, he cannot repress his gratitude, but bows down his head, and worships in such words as reveal his connections: "Blessed be the Lord God of my master Abraham, who hath not left destitute my master of his mercy and his truth. I being in the way, the Lord led me to the house of my master's brethren." And now comes Rebekah's turn for surprise and joy. She has glad tidings, and she runs to tell her mother and her brother Laban. All is gladness through the household. The brother hastens to show hospitality, and welcome the stranger within his gates. Every thing is done for him and his attendants, which their condition as messengers of one so honored as Abraham demands, — water provided for their feet; straw and provender and room for their camels; food for themselves to eat. But mark the eagerness of the servant in his duty. He refuses to take a morsel of food till he has made known his errand; and that he proceeds to unfold, rehearsing all that had transpired from the first opening of the subject by his master to his interview with Rebekah at the well. When he had concluded, so providential did the whole appear to Bethuel, Rebekah's father, and Laban her brother; so plainly did they see the finger of God in it, and so well pleased were they to be thus remembered by their distinguished kinsman, that they could interpose no objections. "The thing proceedeth from the Lord," they said. "Behold, Rebekah is before thee: take her, and go; and let her be thy master's son's wife, as the Lord hath spoken." (*The Lord hath spoken.* See here what that phrase meant sometimes in those Scripture days.) And now the servant, with his accustomed piety, becoming as it was fervent, again worships the Lord, bowing himself to the earth. The object of his journey is attained. Little remains further to do but to return to his master, bearing the precious treasure he had obtained; yet something. For he has presents richer than those he placed at first in Rebekah's hands. These he opens and distributes, — jewels of silver and jewels of gold and raiment to Rebekah, and costly things to her mother and brother.

The arrangement between the contracting parties having been completed, it remains to obtain Rebekah's consent. She is asked, "Wilt thou go with this man?" The answer is characteristic.

It is simple: "I will go;" decided enough! "I will go," and with no delay she set out with an entire stranger, to meet only strangers, to be the bride of a stranger. We may imagine, but cannot know, her thoughts, nor the emotions that swelled in her bosom, as she pursued her journey. Did she know what her reception would be? No. Did she know that the California she was going to would be a pleasant land to her? No. Did she know that her betrothed would be a person to interest her heart? No. But she trusted, — she trusted in God. Her family were religious. She knew that her uncle Abraham was so, — eminently so. From what she had seen of his servant, she might justly have inferred that he had brought up his family religiously; and so she had reason to think that she might safely entrust herself to him who was to be her husband.

And now the journey is completed. The long suspense is nearly over. At a distance she espies a man walking by himself, "calm as a summer's evening," and is told, "That is Isaac." "Indeed!" "Yes; he has gone out 'into the field at even-tide to meditate.'" Approaching him, — how inimitably graceful and becoming! — she lights from off her camel, and spreads a veil over her face, according to the custom; and thus and there is presented to that son of Abraham, in whom, it was promised, all the families of the earth should be blessed. And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and she became his wife. It is added: "And he loved her, and Isaac was comforted of his mother's death!"

Scarcely could a marriage have taken place promising more conjugal happiness than this. The personal character of Isaac, without reproach, excellent. He had shown himself a most faithful son, — no slight ground for confidence that he would prove a good husband. His father was a prince, of large possessions; and, in his spirit and life, a friend and worshipper of the only living and true God. Rebekah was beautiful, modest, of pleasing manners, of robust health, accomplished, affectionate, and, like her husband, of strong religious sentiments. Here, then, was laid, we should think, the foundation for much domestic happiness. And there was. But, as no state is wholly exempt from trial, it could not be reasonably supposed that they should altogether escape it. Years, however, rolled on with them evenly, — several years; no incident occurring of sufficient importance to

be noted; no birth in their family; no death among their near kindred.

Twenty years thus glide away before their hearts are made happy and their homes enlivened by the voices of children. At the age of sixty, Rebekah becomes mother of two children at a birth. Happy mother! Happy in their birth; but, as often happens, quite unhappy afterwards, she and her husband, too, in some of the events of their lines. For how little can we know, at the moment we are blessing God for the gift of a child, how much sorrow, perchance, that same child may cost us! Esau and Jacob are born. And here we pause. J. W. T.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIUMPH OF ART OVER NATURE.

WHAT I am about to relate is one of many instances of the power of taste. It is even looked upon by many as the most remarkable victory of cultivation over all the infelicities of a poor soil, a monotonous plain, an unattractive panorama, the destitution of such noble mountains, and monarch-forests, and majestic rivers, as our own. It is not truly a conquest over nature; rather is it the submission of a lower spirit to a higher; the development of a better, though not the best life. The good time is coming when similar transformations will be wrought by truth, holiness, and love.

I like to recall this charmed scene too, because it is the effect of peace. Had the storm of war howled over this Bavarian plain as it has around Acre, how little would remain to engage the notice of the traveller! — not even those ancient ruins which carry one back to the crusader's time, to Saracenic splendor, to manifestations of religion, the more graceful that they are perishing. But this central capital, having neither had its finances drained by huge armies and costly navies, nor its buildings bombarded by the fearful modern artillery, nor its suburbs burned by Goth and Vandal hosts, nor its citizens swept away as conscripts to garrison distant towns upon strange soil, has silently and steadily concentrated its little resources upon its own embellishment; has invented some kinds of art, and carried others far

beyond their common standard; has peopled itself with architects, sculptors, painters, engravers of the highest order; is preparing for its future still nobler renown. — But to my tale.

Munich, in the last century, was an ordinary, castellated town, not so quaint as Nuremberg, not so well situated as Dresden, not so interesting as Berlin or Vienna. Now it has become world-famed for its palaces, its galleries, its public buildings, its achievements in all the fine arts. And the most of this transformation has been wrought by one man, with a very moderate income for a modern monarch; but devoting his whole means, with actual self-denial, to the purchase and production of painting and statuary. It must be remembered, when anybody censures the Bavarian Louis for not having built roads and factories, instead of Pinacotheks and Glyptotheks, that these things are all public property, thrown open nearly every day, without a cent's charge; shown under the best regulations, with every imaginable convenience, to stranger and to citizen alike. You need not wait for a particular day, through a limited season of the year, or carry your way-worn passport, or register your name, as at the British Museum, or be puzzled as at the Vatican by hours which nobody understands, and which seem to inconvenience everybody except the peremptory officials. No matter if the king is in the palace, you are still shown the more celebrated apartments, and every part and picture explained, — even the keen features of *Lola Montes*, — and quite enough enjoyed for one afternoon. And not the least pleasant part is, that half the company are very common sort of people, who never think of pretending to enjoy the more elevated kind of pictures among us, and who here go through the "*Nibelungen Lied*," the *Landscape Greece*, the *Historical Germany*, upon the frescoed walls, with quite enough enthusiasm, though not any too much discrimination and taste.

One of these series, occupying a suite of apartments, but to be removed to a new and modern gallery, is a discovery characteristic of Munich. The pressing want, especially where such an immense amount of fresco-painting is in demand, was something which should not perish by exposure. Some of the gayest pieces around the capital have nearly vanished, under the combined assaults of sun and rain, particularly a superb gateway. But this *Greece*, by Prof. Rottman, seems to be proof against injury. The colors are so fixed into the rock-like cement, that

not even the smoke of a chimney will obscure, or any exposure to snow and rain fade them. Mr. Martineau mentioned the discovery as gratifying in the highest degree; and at some future day it will interest us in America. It is worthy of the spot which gave the first lithograph to the world.

I should far exceed the limits appropriate to an article like this in a religious journal, were I to mention half the interesting peculiarities of this Athens of Southern Germany. The most impressive recent painting in the present "low estate" of the art is here: Prof. Kohlbach's Destruction of Jerusalem; a picture that, once seen, can never be forgotten. It appears to me just as distinct after six months, as if six hours had only passed since the studio was so generously thrown open to two Americans without any introduction.

Here it is: At the right of you, a small Christian party moving off in evident triumph. Some Jewish children are imploring to go with their old playmates; but the stern elders do not recall the curse, "His blood be upon us and *our children*." In the background, the Roman general is leading on his host, confident enough, yet solemn as a destroying angel. In the middle are the frightful self-martyrdoms of fanatical Jews; the high-priest stabbing himself; his beautiful children bleeding to death around him; his aged parent just before him, with a drawn sword, ready for the same fate. At the extreme left, the Wandering Jew, flying, and tearing his bosom as if in the fresh agony of a young remorse; the gorgeous temple wrapped in flames; seven destroying angels coming down with their curses. A startling picture, conceived with power, executed with spirit, relieving its horror a little by its exquisite female figures; yet, as a whole, little less appalling than the thing itself.


Other palaces as vast as that of Munich, and more sumptuously furnished, are easily found; but no other has been illustrated by one presiding taste, so as to present a connected, and yet entirely distinct, series of paintings in each suite of apartments. And it is a relief indeed from Sevres china, Gobelin tapestry, and the tawdriness of overdone decorations, to pass through grand halls, where the mind is left undisturbed to the effect of not always the best paintings, but the best then and there to be procured. It is not a little satisfaction, too, to see hundreds of excellent artists sustained in this isolated capital,

quite out of the line of ordinary travel, by the direct or indirect influence of royal patronage. Alas that it should be seen here, too, that these things have no necessary connection with sound morals; that the same social corruption fattens on the art-loving banks of the Iser, in the smile of royalty, as at other European courts; and that nearly half the children born have no natural, legal protector. No stranger would suspect such a state of things, when the streets seem so still, and the people so retiring; but sad stories of domestic infidelity are told and believed here as at Vienna.

One of the national monuments, now erecting, is as great a wonder as the Sphinx. The common people name it "the Bavaria." A colossal female stands crowning a lion; a grand patriotic emblem. You ascend ninety feet into this bronze-lady's head, which is large enough for a good-sized tea-party; the whole forming one of the best works of the lamented Schwanthaler. But this is only the presiding genius of the scene. She stands facing the city and the race-course; and, back of her and upon either side, is a lofty, open marble portico for statues to the present and future heroes of Bavaria; a shrine which, filled by the real benefactors of the land, may well deserve the admiration of crowds of future pilgrims; but, occupied by mere names of office, by fortunate place-hunters, by court-parasites, will receive a contempt from which it can never recover.

It would need a volume to describe the Pinacothek and Glyptothek. The statuary is remarkable, not only for occupying the most elegant building of the kind in Europe, and having every advantage of arrangement, but for rejoicing in the only complete collection of Etrurian marbles; and superb indeed they are. It is curious that the British Museum actually offered more than was paid by Bavaria, and before the purchase was made, but now has to mourn an irreparable deficiency.

The Pinacothek enjoys the pre-eminence of having been sifted out from several royal collections; and so containing (as is frequently said by a little exaggeration) not one poor picture, but far less inferior pieces than the renowned Pitti Palace of Florence, or the mammoth collection at Dresden. Besides an immense collection of engravings, a hall of vases, and a Loggia of the finest frescoes, there are thirty-two saloons, so abundant in masterpieces, that even Vandyke, Tintoretto, and Rubens have



sometimes to stand nearly out of sight in order to accommodate Murillo and Domenichino, Guido and Raphael; and yet a New York merchant, whom I met here, saw the whole in two hours, and was quite satisfied with a glance at Raphael's Holy Family, Rubens's Falling Angels, Guido's Assumption of the Virgin, and Murillo's Beggar Boys, a mere copy of which makes the pride of a certain collection in England! What an idea intelligent Europeans must form of our appreciation of art! What wonder that poor imitations pass current among us for pictures which wealth cannot buy, whose beauty is the world's praise, whose almost inspiration once awakened devotion at Catholic shrines, and now fails not to stir the very depths of every living soul!

F. W. H.

THE CHURCH.

THE church of God, — I use the expression now as applied to the building consecrated to the service of our heavenly Parent upon earth. What a holy habitation must it seem to every thoughtful mind, this temple devoted to the highest capacities of our nature, where we may expect the peculiar presence of the Most High! Upon reflection, one would suppose we could not enter the portals of such a place without feelings of reverence, and even awe. We are as guests in the immediate earth-dwelling of our God, surrounded on every side by the invisible presence of angels. This influence, pervading all, must and would affect every meditative mind, even did we only enter and sit in silent communion. And yet with what preparation of heart do we attend, sabbath after sabbath, this sacred gathering?

Having dedicated, with most solemn ceremonies, this temple, it is no longer property, but a free-will offering to Heaven. From our midst, we choose an apostle of our own faith to minister unto us. His life devoted to the cause, he makes it his duty and constant aim to revive us spiritually, from the well-spring of eternal life. He comes to us as one clad with the divine blessing, — a human being temporarily acknowledged as the humble representative of the wisdom of God.

This much would we say, in answer to those persons who

speaking of the church in a trifling manner, as a building made by man, and of no more consideration than any other edifice. We sum up all in saying, the purpose for which the house is erected sanctifies and makes holy the spot. With what thoughts, then, should we go forth from our homes to worship together, with angels and men, the great Creator of all?

It is the custom, generally, to clothe the body in its best attire, to array it in graceful and becoming habiliments, selecting colors that harmonize, making the outward a pleasant picture upon which we can complacently gaze. Do we thus clothe the inner man? Is the drapery of holiness gracing us with a meek and quiet spirit, and the harmony of universal love to God and man reflecting rays of heavenly light from our own immortality? Few of us can, with much truth, make the assertion, that we clothe the inward as carefully as we decorate the mere semblance, the outward, visible symbol of ourselves, — the frail, perishing body. Why is it so? Is it not that our materiality of nature has been under more instruction; that the supposed wants of the body have been encouraged to the neglect of those real wants of the true life within? If we come to this conclusion after study and reflection, what is our duty as regards attendance upon what is termed public worship? Should we not go in all humility, even the most learned among us, as pupils in the school of Christ? — with meekness and love, ready to receive divine truth; discriminating only that the medium through which it is conveyed is imperfect, but receiving the spirit of religion with loving kindness, welcoming it as a blessed necessity of our immortal being. Should we go as critics? — to sit in judgment upon the appointed teacher? Would it not be well to remember, it is not the man alone we hear? he is the interpreter of the holy word of God. To be sure, oratory, or a graceful manner, may convey the truth in pleasanter strains to the mind; but the least talented should receive respect and attention, his office being the same. A right spirit, willing to hear the most gifted, could be profited either by the inculcation of some new truths, or the farther strengthening of those already imbibed. We are yet as babes in the knowledge of that which truly enlightens and makes glorious the object of our creation. Then, however feeble the instrument, the vocation should be honored.

Various are the motives of persons attending the house of

God. Some go for display; others to gaze around the audience, and see who may be present, to learn the latest fashion, to discover who, for the first time, perchance, may be clad in some new attire; others, from curiosity to hear and pronounce upon the talents of the preacher. If the singing has been considered fine, music may be the attraction. If the minister is young and handsome, he, the man, may be the magnet for the younger female portion of the assembly. Some really go to hear, for the time being; but the frivolous conversation, on their return home, dissipates all the good they might otherwise have received. Few there are, but still there *are* a few, who go in meekness and sincerity to be taught to treasure up the truth, making evident application of it to their own character; not hearing for others, considering this or that remark as having a powerful bearing upon the circumstances or faults of a friend or neighbor. Would there were more of us going up to worship God in the beauty of holiness, — the only spirit worthy of our true nature, the incense alone that rises upward as an acceptable sacrifice from the altar of human hearts! If we conscientiously erect and dedicate a temple to the Almighty; if we designate the purposes for which it shall in general be used, — should we not act up to our principles, and not make mockery of ourselves by the strange inconsistency manifested in our conduct as regards the establishment of a church and its purposes? Does not this subject offer itself for reflection?

Let me relate specimens of conversations I have heard upon the different points above mentioned.

Mr. B. Good morning, friend Thomas; going to church, I presume.

Mr. H. Yes, sir: will you accompany me?

Mr. B. No, thank you: one place is as good as another for me to worship in. My ideas are not so narrow as to be confined within the four walls of any building. I do not consider it a matter of consequence to go and sit in a particular spot to perform *my* devotions.

Mr. H. Surely, Mr. B., you would not abolish the church?

Mr. B. Oh, no! It is a very good thing for those who feel it *necessary*, to gather, in an appointed place, to worship upon the sabbath. They have the privilege of so doing, even as I exercise what I consider my right concerning the same.

Mr. H. You are an influential man, Mr. B., one looked up to with much respect. What effect upon the community do you think your non-attendance upon public worship likely to have? A person well educated as you have been, and one who is deemed worthy of holding public offices of importance, — I cannot feel he is so free to act for his own individual pleasure, without any regard to the effect produced by pursuing such a course.

Mr. B. I disagree with you, sir. I think I have a private privilege concerning religious opinions, which I also have a right to exercise.

Mr. H. You say you would not give up the church; you undoubtedly feel that good comes from its institution, yet you do all you can to debase it by so disregarding its intention. Those who, through ignorance or disinclination, have no desire to be instructed in religion, would have no possible method for such teaching, did they not one day in seven congregate in this manner. These persons who would gladly be excused from what the not utterly annihilated conscience yet whispers in the most obdurate heart, lull the still small voice to comparative rest, by quoting the example of persons highly esteemed as you are, in not only the political but moral world. Do you then, my dear sir, feel you have undoubted right to exercise your individual gratification with regard to its influence?

Mr. B. I have not thought much of this subject, only in a selfish light. I esteem you as a sincerely good man, sir, and will consider what you have said.

In farther illustration, let me state the following conversation: —

“Fine preaching we have had to-day, Mrs. L.”

“Do you think so? It seemed to me the young man’s text was the glorification of himself, under division and subdivision of display in oratory, manner, and taste. The upraised eye did not appear to me as if the soul was absorbed in the spirituality of its gaze, disregardless of the effect produced upon his countenance. Neither did the manner in which the little, white hand was extended betoken so much earnestness of purpose as the graceful wave to set off to advantage the delicate texture of the skin. For my part, I was so amused watching the studied method of his delivery, and his perfect, apparent satisfaction with himself, that I have even forgotten what the youth *was* trying to prate about.

But were I to suggest what the portion of Scripture *might* have been he was endeavoring to explain, I should have thought these words appropriate, from the Gospel of St. John, nineteenth chapter and fifth verse: 'Behold the man!'"

"Indeed, Mrs. L., I did not notice the young man's appearance much, I was so impressed with some parts of his sermon: they applied particularly well to a neighbor of mine, — his very condition portrayed. Were this man not a stranger, I should presume he wrote the discourse for the sole benefit of Dr. Trouble. I hope the doctor was present, and will improve under the treatment he has this day received."

Not far off from these two persons, quite a merry conversation was taking place: —

"Mary, Jeannie Poor has at last compressed her head into a new bonnet: it has so long been hid in that dark-looking coal-hod of an affair, I had no idea it would seem so well developed, exhibited as it now appears in the tiny fashion of the day. Her face will have the semblance of deformity, if she must wear this through the range of the next seven years' change. What a lovely dress Louise had on! But the minister's wife, — is she not antediluvian?"

Melancholy as we feel the necessity of such descent in these illustratory fragments, they are only true to the fact; and, would we amend, we must probe.

Is not this subject of the church, the good effects resulting from its appointment, and our duty regarding it, a proper theme for sincere reflection? As true members of society upon earth, looking forward to communion with the eternal church of God in heaven, can we neglect any means which will enable us to attain the result intended, — life everlasting?

C. L. P.

VARIETY. — Human life is like one large piece of patchwork: the dark and light colors are adjusted so as to produce effect. They may be nicely fitted, so that each square shall be in beautiful harmony with every other. This affliction and that blessing, this cross and that comfort, all meet; and, being mingled, make a fairer and more attractive fabric than were all the covering but one color, or life but one incessant sunshine.

H. S. E.

TO A FRIEND.

ON THE DEATH OF A SON.

LOCKED is the casket, and the key is thine,
 And treasured next thine heart with earnest care;
 But oh! bethink thee of the love divine
 That did from thee that hidden jewel bear:

Treasured and guarded by a love more fond
 Than, lonely mother, could thy heart bestow;
 Enduring ever in a holier bond
 Than earthly tenderness could ever know.

If, in our mortal dreaming of that land,
 With our weak sight we've pictured it so fair,
 What is the bliss we cannot understand,
 Oh! watchful spirits in the Father's care?

Perfect and fair shall shine thine angel-boy, —
 Bright with the lustre of his own pure soul;
 Seraphs attend him on his path of joy,
 A tiny part of that All-perfect whole.

Bathed is his vesture in a flood of light;
 O'er his young brow a dazzling radiance streams;
 His eye has caught the seraphs', beaming bright, —
 Bright with the glory of celestial beams.

His voice has caught that air-harp's heavenly tone;
 His ear has learnt that harmony divine:
 Cease then, oh cease that melancholy moan!
 Mother! is not that joyous angel thine?

PEACE AND JOY IN BELIEVING.

THE deepest peace and the highest joy of human hearts come from the sight and love of God. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." To repeat the thought in other phrase: the firmest foundation of intellectual rest, and the fullest fountain of spiritual gladness, are the recognition and embrace of a Divine Wisdom working in all the ways of the world, and a Divine Affection waiting in all the recesses of the soul. We desire, and shall now try, to illustrate these statements a little, and recommend them to the gentle and thoughtful reader.


He who *realizes*, as every Christian should realize, the constant presence and action of God in every hour and place, as the immediate Cause of things and the direct Ruler of events; who feels that the infinite Spirit is the pervading life and the moving force of the universe; who believes that God decrees all the occurrences that happen to his creatures, for purposes of unmixed beneficence, and that there is always an unspeakable nearness of communion between him and his children; — he whose ways of thinking and results of experience assure him of this, may well have a peaceful mind and a happy heart; for the exhaustless serenity and bliss of heaven are consciously flowing through him for ever, filling the capacities of his nature with the satisfactions of so sublime a lot.

The only consistent solution of the eternal problems of human experience has brightened, to such a one, the dark mysteries of time and sense, and set his straining intellect at rest. The only unalloyed, enveloping, and imperishable pleasure — which is a loving communion with God through the diffusing perfections of his interior will, and through the universal glories of his active attributes — bathes the soul of such a one in angelic joy. And so his petty repinings and his superficial griefs are swallowed up in the greatness of his privileges, and lost in the depths of his gratitude. Like Paul, he then has "peace and joy in believing." To be the favored child of God, to receive his visits every moment, to enjoy more and more of his manifestations through eternity, it is enough; he cannot murmur; and, while he feels the mystic Presence, his troubles grow insignificant, and disappear.

To possess a nature and inherit a destiny so glorious is a blessing of such transcendent moment as to absorb his whole being, at times, in rapt contemplation and love. He who knows this experience — and though few of us know it, perhaps, yet there are such persons to the fact that there are such, we cling as to the sheet-anchor of all immortal hopes — has the surest foundation of contentment, the chiefest source and element of blessedness. He cannot allow the unimportant anxieties and cares of this world to annoy him, and destroy his peace; for he remembers, that, let the world move as it will, the Lord closely folds him in his everlasting arms. If he is lonely, an almighty Friend is instantly with him, to hear his prayers, and more than return his love. If he is beset by dangers, a Guardian, unseen but felt, is a shield on his right hand and on his left hand. In the ceaseless play of outward phenomena, dawn and sunset, the round of seasons and the march of systems, he sees the tireless activities of the omnipresent Creator. To his reverential gaze, the mighty splendor of the sky is the starry crown glittering from of old upon the solemn brow of God. He perceives the inspiration of the all-comprehending Intelligence in his thoughts, beholds the smile of the divine Benignity beaming on him from every side, and feels its emanations throbbing in his heart and cherishing his affections. He lives and moves, and has his being, in the bosom of a Father, infinitely tender, wise, and powerful, who blesses his virtuous aspirations, sympathizes with his joys, wipes off his tears, and, in the hour of dying, bears him away to a still more heavenly abode and experience.

Whosoever realizes this, we say, has spiritual peace and happiness, because God himself fills and satisfies the great yearnings of his soul. Fear, grief, misery, and despair are a kind of atheism. They can only be experienced where the all-loving God, for the time, is not felt to be; as ravenous beasts only come forth for their prey in the absence of light. And as the rising sun drives the prowling monsters back to their dens; so, when God lifts the light of his countenance upon us, our cares and wretchedness flee away, and with the fruitions of the Christian faith in his embosoming presence and overseeing goodness we are content. We have "peace and joy in believing."


A peasant, who had spent all his days in a poor town among the mountains, travelling once to the court of his sovereign, was



so delighted with the splendor and refinement which there surrounded him, that he could never again be satisfied with the homely circumstances and dull routine of his former life. He could not be contented and glad any more, unless the king would permit him to dwell with him in the imperial palace, and be his friend. The monarch, out of the abundance of his goodness, granted his desire, and allowed him to take up his abode in the royal courts, and witness and partake the regal pomp and luxury. And thereafter his soul knew rest and happiness. Ah ! so is it with man. When once he has been lifted above the dull, gross things of earth, and has caught a glimpse of the central glories of the spiritual world, he can never again be contented with the poor meagre life of sense which formerly satisfied him. And God, the infinite Sovereign, knowing our aspiring hopes and wishes, is so good that he condescends to fulfil our soaring desires ; allowing us to dwell with him in this creation, his gorgeous palace, to gaze admiringly on the procession of his glories, to behold him rule the undisturbed affairs of his empire, and to reciprocate his love, as it were, face to face. When we have sinned, he permits our repentant spirits to feel his encircling arm around them, and to sob their anguish away on his bosom ; and, when at last the death-call is heard, it only summons us to a higher apartment, nearer the king's throne. Thus highly favored, shall we not be submissive, peaceful, and joyous throughout all our days ? If, indeed, we believe in God, and import into real experience the Christian possibilities of piety, we shall cease to complain ; for our annoyances will be lost in the fruitions of a knowledge so consoling and a love so enrapturing.

The medical student, beginning to investigate the constitution and secrets of his physical being, shudders as he lifts the curtain of ignorance from his interior structure, and, gazing upon the awful mysteries laid bare to his mental eye, feels that he is " fearfully and wonderfully made." At first he hardly dares to move, from fear of rending some frail tissue that separates life and death ; or breaking some delicate filament that binds the soul to the body ; or bursting some thin vein, through which rivers of blood are rushing ; or disorganizing some exquisite arrangement, that the touch of a needle's point might spoil for ever. Sometimes he becomes so sensitively conscious of his vital mechanism, and his attention is so morbidly fixed upon the action of certain

organs, that nervous irritation is induced, and disease brought on. But this is an unusual weakness and perversion, not a common nor a legitimate result. The true object of anatomical and physiological knowledge is attained when it teaches a man the laws of his body, and, leading him to avoid all infringements of them, secures to him safety, health, and prolonged life. In like manner, the pious devotee, who, by holy contemplation and prayer, by inward purification and sacred sensibility, has succeeded in lifting up the veil which hides from sensual eyes the essential life and significance of things, and gazes with spiritual vision upon the immanent God, sometimes trembles with fathomless awe and joy at the overwhelming thought that the dread laws of matter and of spirit are the habitual volitions of the infinite Will, incessantly radiating through the universe, and ruling it with unquestionable despotism. He thrills with solemn, exulting emotions at the belief, that the vast realities which flame and roll visibly or invisibly through the ingulfing expanse are a manifestation of the energies of the awful Person who built this limitless fabric, who breathed the breath of life into all creatures, and who is everywhere to be traced moving on his stupendous designs in a course of accomplishment without beginning and without end. The incomprehensible grandeur and the unutterable satisfaction of the truth thus made known to him absorb his whole attention, and he finally loses himself in the wild maze of mysticism, or possibly in the reeling abyss of insanity. Turning from all meaner objects, neglecting the proper occupations of time and sense, he fixes his eyes directly on the absolute Deity, until he is "blasted with excess of light." Communion with God has sometimes reached an intensity, and an extravagance of proportion, that have led to such results. But this is a perversion of its tendency, and an abuse of its nature, and an exaggeration of its prerogatives, which are extremely rare, and of which, among us, there is not the least danger at all. In the turmoil of worldliness, excitement of pleasure, and chill of doubt, which mark our times and our people, we fall far short of the legitimate effect of such a faith as we have been describing. Before being troubled about the evils of excess, let us win the possession of its needful and proper influence, which is to make us completely submissive and grateful, leading us to a glad and hearty conformity and



devotedness to God's decrees in every event. So shall we believe like earnest Christians, and find "peace and joy in believing."

If any one wishes to win the broadest and surest contentment, the divinest and longest happiness, then let him learn that the way they are to be obtained is through conscious recognition of God, and embracing of his holy spirit, in thought, in affection, and in good works. By personal communion with the God and Father of Christ, let him make the old traditions fresh realities. Then, really knowing what it is to believe in the unfailing presence and protection of God's power, wisdom, and love; beholding the inconceivable glories of the Divine attributes through the blue sweeps of space and dazzling glitter of worlds; feeling the ineffable sweetness and eternity of the Divine goodness and truth gushing in his heart and gleaming in his brain, — he shall be able to exclaim from the fervor and fulness of experimental certainty: "Father, thou art my all in all; my rest in toil, my ease in suffering, the balm to heal my broken heart, in storms my peace, in loss my gain, my joy beneath the frown of the world, in shame my glory and my crown, in want my plentiful supply, in weakness my almighty power, in bonds my perfect liberty, my refuge in temptation, my comfort in bereavement, my assurance in doubt, in death my endless life. Sustained, O God! by the delightful thought that thou art ever with me, I will make it my meat and my drink to do thy will, and learn, under whatever circumstances may surround me, to be contented and cheerful." Thus it may be seen that the sight and love of God are the purest, most copious, most abiding of all the possible sources of peace and joy. Who, then, will not endeavor, by purity of heart, fidelity of will, and earnestness of desire, to see the perfect visibleness of the true God, love the infinite loveliness of the good God, and embrace the deathless perpetuity of the living God?

W. R. A.

REPAIRING AND MODERNIZING.

WHEN I began the business of repairing my house, I had no idea it was so needful to do so. There had been for some time a small leak in the drain, and some crevices in the cellar which needed chinking with mortar. There were some cracks, likewise, in the parlor wall, which had been a long time neglected; but the impression that some time we could have the whole done together had been the cause of omitting a part. But there was a dread about beginning. The idea of tearing up, and having layers of brick and hods of mortar about the premises, made me postpone the job. Besides, I knew my own irritability; and the doubt whether I could procure suitable mechanics, who would faithfully keep on until the work was completed, for ever haunted me. At length, however, I proceeded so far as to ask a master-workman to examine the defects, and ascertain pretty nearly the probable expense, and the time it would occupy to do the work. He did so, and reported most voluminously the radical need of so much which ought to be done that still the work was deferred.

Dog-days were approaching, and I had a particular aim that every thing offensive should be removed. I thought now of the broken drain, and resolutely stirred myself to do all that was requisite for health or comfort, consistent with the contents of my purse. Workmen were soon engaged, and the job commenced. In the first place, we ascertained, in removing the planks from the cellar, which was necessary, that the boards were mostly decayed; that the floor was uneven, damp, and mouldy. It did not take me long to decide upon the propriety of introducing cement in place of rotten wood. This was doing the work thoroughly.

Next we came to the drains. These were caved in perfect pathways for rats, and needed entire relaying. Some were to be cut off, and new directions given to others to obviate all disagreeable effluvia. Sundry boards about back passages were to be inserted; and, advancing above, the cracked walls were found so mutilated that it was thought judicious to scrape them, and give a fresh skimming, to make them present an entire smooth surface. When all this was done, "Now," said Mrs.

Jones, "how beautifully gilded paper, with a rich border, would look!" I felt the truth of what she said, but thought only of the extra expense. Then I reflected my wife was an ambitious woman, and had helped me accumulate: why should she not be indulged in this wish? Besides, she did not haunt nor coax me; but I knew her desire, and this seemed to inspire me with the wish to gratify her. I did so. The whole appearance of our parlors was now so beautified that all my neighbors declared it seemed a shame to put down our *old carpets*. Here I began to think if new carpets were wanting, so were new chairs; if new chairs, how the antique sofas and tables and mantel-ornaments would look! All these had grown old with us, and careful usage and continual brushing had preserved our mahogany, so that it shone more brightly every year. But then this scrubbing was hard for Mrs. Jones: why should I inflict upon her what her neighbors had been excused from doing years ago? So I renovated every part, putting in and taking out, transferring and adding, until my house was *almost* perfect.

We were just congratulating ourselves upon the end, and considering in what we could curtail to meet the additional expense we had assumed, but perfectly satisfied with what we had done, when Mr. Beath, the fastidious man, entered.

"So you are finely brushed up?" said he to Mrs. Jones.

"Only looking a little more decent," was my wife's modest reply.

"Why on earth," resumed he, "didn't you take down your folding-doors, and make your parlors like one spacious hall?"

Mrs. Jones looked profound.

"The advantages," resumed Mr. Beath, "would richly repay the outlay. How many times a year do you close those doors?"

Mrs. Jones replied, "Never."

"Then," continued our friend, "I would introduce a fountain in the yard, and the jet would be perfectly discernible from the back parlor windows."

Mrs. Jones's eyes dilated with future prospects. She always had a passion for the beautiful in nature and art. She went so far as to remark, "I wish, Mr. Beath, you had laid the plan for us before we commenced."

The bell rang, and our family physician entered.

"And so you are some of the wise people," remarked the

doctor, who find comfort at home, while everybody else seems seeking it elsewhere." The medical man expatiated upon our airy residence, the breeze from the ocean, the beauty of the western sky, and the true philosophy of keeping in such a home, where solid comforts could be obtained.

Mrs. Jones suggested the remarks from Mr. Beath concerning additional improvements, all of which met with the cordial approbation of the physician. The more air, the greater the assurance of continued health; the more beauties presented to the eye in one's dwelling, the less fear have we of becoming hypochondriacs and mere brooders over temporal ills.

Mrs. Jones thought the folding-doors had better be removed, and the fountain in the yard immediately introduced.

Poor Mr. Jones felt his purse lightened at every suggestion, and inwardly wished he had never introduced a workman about his house.

The clergyman called the same week. To him Mr. Jones always opened his temporal as well as his spiritual interests. Mr. Jones spoke of his "repairing," which had far exceeded the sum he intended, and evidently betrayed some uneasiness about the outlay. Mrs. Jones waved her fan very quickly to and fro, interspersing some remarks upon the propriety of finishing the whole at once.

The worthy parson examined the premises, and sat down. "Well," said he, "Mr. Jones, I see the business of *repairing* is very thoroughly finished, while the business of *modernizing* has no end. It seems to me you have blended the two, whereas they are really widely diverse. I think we may draw an analogy between the two as it respects character. Amendment or repairing of one's character is always reluctantly undertaken, as you entered upon this job. As we begin, too, we are surprised to find so many crevices and cracks where the mortar is gone, to speak metaphorically. We apply the cement, and hardly have we closed one aperture, before we discover another; then the walls need examining, and often they are so battered as to require scraping and skimming pretty deep to rub out all the impressions which have falsely attached themselves to our motives and acts. By and by, however, by a laborious process, we find the work all gone over, and feel that we have to maintain a continual watch to *keep* the premises in a sound condition. Just at this time steps

in the *modernizer*. He holds up the latest fashion, recommends you to pull down part of your structure, speaks little about repairing, but more of glossing over, so that the surface may appear fair; and, by running you off the old beaten track, you become entangled with thorns, lose your path, and never know where to stop.

"Is it not so with you, just now? It is not the *repairing* which has exceeded your expectations, but the proposed modernizing, which lowers the purse. I," quoth he, "once narrowly escaped such a vortex. The improvements of the parsonage were left at my discretion. I thought of tearing down this and that antique niche; but, after all, the whole was in good keeping as it was, and one modern innovation made all the former finish ten times more apparent; so I repaired, and made a comfortable residence within, and directed my improvements without. I planted an orchard, set out shade-trees, made walks and hedges, and, when my means would admit of it, I purchased *trees* instead of *paint*, and you see the result. Posterity, however, will more effectually receive the benefit of my labors; but to me they are not lost. I have been recompensed a thousand times, and reminded, too, that the work of him who *builds* begins immediately to decay, while the work of him who *plants* begins directly to improve."

The movement of Mrs. Jones's fan became less violent, and she never again spoke to Mr. Jones upon the subject of *modernizing*.

H. S. E.

THEY who believe only with the understanding, soon cease almost to believe at all. Even the knowledge which is only of the understanding dwindles and sickens and shrivels. While the God of natural religion is an object of mere belief, Christ is an object of faith; and where faith shrinks up into belief, Christ will almost be lost sight of. To mere speculation, when disjoined from a living, personal, practical faith, he is still as he ever has been, — foolishness. — *Archdeacon Hare*.

THE MINGLING OF SADNESS WITH JOY IN HUMAN EXPERIENCE

A THANKSGIVING SERMON, BY REV. NATHANIEL HALL.

Esra, iii. 12, 13: "And many wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy; so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people."

It is in connection with the event of the laying the foundation of the second temple at Jerusalem that this incident is related. In the minds of many who witnessed it, there were touching memories which the event revived. The image of the former temple rose before them; and, as they remembered it, its fair proportions, its majestic greatness, its glorious beauty, they wept. They recalled the days when their eager feet first pressed its hallowed pavement, their hearts swelling and throbbing with the mingled currents of a patriotic and a pious joy, — and they wept. They thought of those, the long departed, in whose endeared companionship they had worshipped there, — and they wept. The event before them was in itself a joyous one, and as such they felt it; it was an event for which God was to be greatly praised, and they did praise him, — but still they wept. Sadness mingled with their joy. Tears were the accompaniment of their festivities. Their rejoicing and their weeping were alike in audibleness.

The incident has more than a mere historical interest. It is the testimony to a universal fact in human nature and human life. It describes what must be familiar to every one who has at all reflected on his own experience. Joy and sadness are not the entirely unallied and separated things which, in the common thought, or at least in the common speech, they are made to be. They are not opposite poles in the world of emotion. They stand not apart in mutual repulsion. Their times and seasons do not come and stay and go, each with an entire exclusion of the other. They are combined in all human experience. Their streams meet and mingle as they flow, and the sparkling current of the one is dashed and tamed by the subtle interfusion of the other. "There is a time to weep," said Solomon, "and a time to laugh." There are seasons in which one or the other of the

emotions thus signalized are so actively prominent, as with propriety and truth to be named by its respective appellation. And yet they who think of them as entirely and exclusively the one or the other, can have but little knowledge of the deeper workings of the heart. "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful," is another of the wise man's sayings. A tone of sadness, a breathing of melancholy, not perhaps made audible, nor often even self-recognized, is yet, I think, to be detected among the fading vibrations of each peal of merriment. And it does not come of any false condition of the inner man, any disordered action, any untuning of the viewless harp: in our best and truest states, our spiritually happiest moods, we are conscious of it.

It has been said, — and it may be named as a somewhat analogous fact with that we are considering, — that, to the attentive ear of the discriminating listener, a touch of sadness, or at least of plaintiveness, is more or less perceptible in the inarticulate voices of nature, even in those whose prevailing and obvious expression is that of joy: in the notes of birds, whether it be their matin or their vesper song; in the chirp of insects; in the lowing of herds; in the wind, breezing gently through summer's foliage, or sweeping, with ruder blast, over winter's nakedness; in the ocean, as it rolls in, with gentle swell, to pebbly shore or rocky cave, or lifts up, in answer to the storm, its sublimer anthem; in the rivulet, singing, as it runs, to the flowers that fringe it; and the cataract, making the hills to tremble as they reverberate its majestic chant; in the patter of the rain-drops, and the roll of the thunder. Certain it is, that there is something in nature's music, which appeals to, and accords with, the spirit of a sober thoughtfulness; that, cheerful and cheering as the burden of its strain may be, it yet bears within itself, and stirs within the heart, in the midst of its gladness, and as a part of it, at least as an accompaniment which it would not silence, a tone of plaintiveness.

This mingling of sadness and joy, of which I have spoken, in human experience, is especially realized on those occasions in life which take us back over the track of the past; occasions kindred with those we have previously known and enjoyed, and which stand out to memory with a fixed prominency and distinctness. However joyous they may be in their character, and however joyous, in the main, the emotions they excite; however

welcome their coming, and delightful their stay, — there is yet an under-tone of sadness blending with their joy, a wavy thread of melancholy woven into their robe of gladness; and, with many, it is even as it was with Israel's tribes at the event referred to: sadness shares, almost equally with joy, the heart's dominion. It is not easy to know which predominates, — the plaint of the one, or the chant of the other.

And of such occasions there is none, I think, so prominent, in the general experience of those of this community, as that which brings us together to-day. It is an occasion of rejoicing; so regarded, and so in fact. It wears a face of gladness. It is welcomed with smile and song and hospitable cheer. And yet, feelings allied, at least, to sadness are awakened by it in many hearts, and mingle with and temper its festivities. It is a season of touching memories; when the past of our personal history, the beings and incidents of our earlier years, relive to us. To those nurtured in a New England home, there are no occasions, I think, towards which memory is so minutely faithful as towards these ancient festivals, as they run back among the days of childhood. And as they rise before us, — as the unfading picture of that domestic group, of which we were cherished and happy members, is again unrolled to us, and we gaze and gaze until it seems less a picture than a reality, less a memory than a presence, — there steals in upon the heart a feeling pleasurable, and yet sad; a feeling which we cannot analyze, and which we would not part with, though the breast heaves, and the eye is moistened by its power. That picture, — that group; we are children here. Hearts that know no heaviness; spirits which yield to no depression; hopes that disappointment has not mocked; affections which coldness has not wronged; innocence, peace, unfearing trust, unshadowed happiness, — are ours. We are surrounded by loving and beloved forms. We hear the accents of sweet and gentle voices. We feel the pressure of the fond caress. A father's smile is resting on us, and a mother's glance of love, — true, devoted, changeless love. Those hands are laid, in sweet endearment, on our lifted brow. Those eyes are shedding down into our own the light of their unutterable tenderness; are shedding within our hearts, by their approving gaze, a quiet, but sufficing ray. — It is a picture *only*; and, as we turn away from beholding it, and think of the broken circle, the scattered group, the sun-

dered ties; of forms we miss, and shall for ever miss, from the homes of earth; hearts in whom we so confidently trusted, so fondly loved, and who, to their life's latest hour, returned our confidence and love,—it cannot be but that a shade of sadness should overcast the beamings of our joy. There are those—and they are most of us—who need not go so far for saddening change; to whom the season recalls, with peculiar vividness, the images, ever dear and sacred, of the kindred and companions of later life;—young, happy spirits, twined around our own as they were indeed a portion of them,—the light of our homes, the idols of our hearts; aged and venerable forms, the objects of a fond and filial regard, whose presence was a continual benediction,—to anticipate whose wishes, to smooth whose descending way, a daily satisfaction; associates, endeared by closest intimacy, and devoted services, and truest sympathy, and tenderest love; children of maturer years, fulfilling the hopes that rested on their earlier life, and making the future bright in the promise of increasing excellence. The departed,—the departed,—once with us in a common home; bound up with us in the same household sheaf; protectors and guides of our infancy and childhood, companions and trusts of our riper years; how intimately are ye associated with this returning festival!—“festival of kindred,” it may well be called, and with reference to more than those who are around us. How do these gatherings of the remaining remind us of the gone! How, by this occasion, as by no other, is all that is holiest and dearest in the past brought back to us on a tide of tender thoughtfulness! And shall we love the occasion the less for this its tendency and power? Nay, shall we not the more? What though it *do* awaken sadness! It is a sadness by which the heart is made better. It shall dim but to consecrate the joy with which it blends. Seek not to dispel the sadness, to suppress the tear, as being inconsistent with the occasion, and unworthy of it. They are not so. Surely, it is most fitting, it is most worthy,—the tribute we are thus led to pay to home's dear departed, amid the festive rites which once they shared. They shall share *them* no more; but our fond affections they shall ever share. We miss them from our household group; but at the heart's fireside they shall gather still, cherished guests, while warmth or vitality is there.

Such is one class of memories that breathe a strain of sadness

into the songs of rejoicing which belong more peculiarly to the occasion. There is another class, relating to departed possessions, advantages, comforts, joys, of a more external and worldly sort. The retrospective glance to which the season invites, disposes many to sadness, in the comparison they are led to institute between the present and the past of their history, as respects these. They recall the "Thanksgivings," when it was far different with them from what it is in the present; when they were the favored children of prosperity, and a wreath of rich and manifold blessing was encircling them. How changed their circumstances! How impaired their fortunes! How shattered and fallen the once fair fabric of their earthly hopes! The former days, how much better than these! The remembered temple, how much fairer and more desirable than the existing one! What wonder that the contrast saddens them? It is natural that it should. Philosophize as we may, moralize as we may, concerning the loss of worldly substance as of trifling moment, concerning the sweet uses of adversity, — while we are human, and have our dwelling here, there will be feelings of regret in view of those changes in life which bereave us of what we had learned to prize; of what had become essential, as we may think, though we may err in that, to our happiness. There may be an uncomplaining acquiescence; through the power of a religious faith, there may be true and cheerful submission; and yet, had the good Providence of God so ordained it, we had rejoiced to have had spared to us the good which is removed. Inasmuch as it was seen and felt to be a good, it cannot be otherwise than that its departure should be lamented. Let, then, the tribute-sigh be given at life's unwelcome reverses. Let the shade of sadness therefor come upon our joy. Only, I would say, — and I say it in the name of reason and religion, — beware how you suffer regrets for what you miss, to prevent an appreciation and a thankfulness for what you find. Beware how you overlook or undervalue, in the contrast of the present with the former days, the blessings which yet crowd the present, — blessings which, of themselves, demand the offering of a perpetual gratitude. Let the dirge-like strain which, for a time, the heart must breathe above the wrecks of the past, be lost in, as it mingles with, the swell of an exultant joy. In a word, let not sadness become gloom, become murmuring, become despondency, become discontent. Alas! it is

too often thus. It is a weakness which belongs to our humanity, that of undervaluing the blessings we possess, in a sorrowing thoughtfulness for those which we have lost; that of looking backward in fruitless regrets, until we forget to look upward in pious thankfulness. "The former temple, how much fairer than this!" It comes from the man of diminished income; and the sigh that escapes him at the remembrance of comforts and luxuries which are his no more, is succeeded by no throb of grateful acknowledgment for the unnumbered favors he still retains. It comes from those whom disease has made its captives; and the tear of sorrow at the thought of once vigorous health and joyous freedom is chased by no smile of cheerfulness at the many sources of enjoyment, and some which infirmity has itself unclosed, still open to them. It comes from those whose household circles have been invaded by the destroyer, death; and with the wail of lament which is rising from the depths of their stricken hearts, are no praises mingled for the links yet unsevered of that golden chain.

The blessings in possession! number them! measure them! The attempt could not fail, if we have hearts, to incite to gratitude and to praise. And the blessings we mourn over as departed, are they no longer blessings because of their removal? Have they left nothing inward and abiding as the result of their mission; yea, as the token that it was divine? a good far better than themselves? Is not the experience involved in their possession and their loss; the discipline to which they subjected, and which, as remembered things, they are still subjecting; the influence effected in their stay, and bequeathed at their departure, — are not these something to be prized, and to be thankful for? In a sense, and that a blessed one, there is no gift of the Heavenly Goodness, once bestowed, that can ever be withdrawn. It may be to us, if we will, a possession permanent and immortal. Bodily it may depart, but it shall have within us a spiritual presence. It shall be witnessed to in heart and life, in the elevation and increase of some virtue or some grace.

There are those who understand this, as no words can express it, no assertions convince; who are permitted to *see* how in wisdom and in mercy the circumstances of their lot have indeed been ordered; how the cloud at which they trembled, enwrapped an angel in its folds; how the tears which affliction wrung from them

have freshened and renewed the fading garden of their hearts ; how the path into which most reluctantly they turned, so drear was it and unpromising, has led to the realization of a far loftier good than they left to enter it ; how disappointment and deprivation, and trial and toil, have but composed the rounds of the ladder of their spiritual ascent. Tell me not that life is full of saddening and mysterious change, — of darkness, of disappointment. I know it. And I know, too, that it is full of God ; that over all its scenes and changes, over each individual lot, is a watchful and paternal One, who out of its darkness can bring a brighter than morning's dawn, out of its disappointments a better than earthly hope ; who sees the end from the beginning, and is conducting all things to blessed issues. "The voice of weeping," then, there needs must be (not, indeed, to the extent that it is actually heard ; for much causing it is not of God, but permitted as a consequence of man's ignorance and perversity) ; but "the voice of rejoicing" there should ever be, clear and full and overpowering, from all the children of earth, — the rejoicing, if not of experience, yet of trust and of hope.

The occasion which has brought us together is a public one. We are called upon to rejoice and give thanks as a people to-day. It is well that such call should be made upon us. For surely, as a people, as members of this ancient State, and this confederacy of States, there is much that demands of us a grateful recognition. Our past is full of the tokens of a providential guardianship. Our present is beaming with the light of a transcendent prosperity. But there is much also in the position which our nation, through its government, has assumed, — in the course of inhumanity and oppression to which it has lent itself, — that may well sadden the hearts that love her. The tribes, as they came back to Jerusalem, mourned chiefly the departure of an *outward* glory from their land. It was the contrast of their temple, in its former magnificence, with the humble pile which was to succeed it, that caused them to weep in the memories of the past, while they rejoiced in what the present was giving them. Far better this than to mourn the departure of a *moral* glory. Far rather would I see the fair temple of my country's prosperity laid low, than to see her basely compromising her avowed principles, recreant to the promises of the past, and dimming the bright fame that the former generations had achieved for her.

Yes, there is cause for sadness. Let it mingle, as it must, with our rejoicing. If we felt as we ought, the voice of the weeping of the people to-day would almost vie in volume with the voice of their rejoicing. But no: I would not say that. Rejoicing let there be; ay, let its voice ascend over all sadness and misgiving; rejoicing, for the hallowed and inspiring memories which attach to our country's history, and which cannot be torn away; rejoicing, for the rich and priceless privileges which, as a people, we yet possess; rejoicing, for the increasing bands of the faithful, who are gathering around her altars, not to weep only at her criminality, but to pledge themselves to holy strivings to do it away; rejoicing, above all, that God reigns,—the God of our fathers,—who watched over us in those earlier days, who will watch over us still, and whose judgments, however and whenever they shall come, will be nought else but mercies.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO A BROTHER
IN CALCUTTA.

(Continued.)

EXTRACT FOURTH.

WHAT shall I say to your complaints of my not writing more frequently? I wait sometimes in the hope of having good news to communicate, and sometimes because I feel so sure that the gleam of sunshine on my fortunes is but a gleam, I cannot bear to indulge any exhilaration, as I should do, probably in writing to you. I do not believe, Walter, that there is any sadness like the sadness of a gay person. What a flow of spirits I once had! The children, in their frolics, make me laugh sometimes now; but the sound of my own laughter brings such a sudden pain at my heart!

It is not the one deep abiding grief of widowhood that makes me heavy-hearted, Walter. Though I miss the society of my husband as keenly as I did four years ago, I have grown into a sort of enjoyment of his present happiness, by meditating upon it frequently; and it is a solemn, pleasant thing to love a pure

disembodied spirit, who, I know, is serving his visible God joyfully, without forgetting to love me and our children. Such is my faith. Ah! it is not grief, but anxiety, that oppresses me; not memory of the past, but dread for the future. It is my duty to support and educate these children. How am I to do it?

The young Frenchman who carried all my scholars away so long ago is still flourishing, with a full school, though his wife died soon after he came to L—. Of course, no needlework is taught in his "seminary;" the mothers say plainly that they value other kinds of instruction far more, and that there is no teacher like a *man*. You know I tried schools in two other towns afterwards, and with no better success.

I thought at the time it must be because I lacked some important qualifications as a teacher. But I now remember that in every case I was superseded by a *man*; and I feel that there is a prepossession in the public mind in favor of a male teacher. Even if I had not persisted in teaching the womanly art of needlework, I doubt if I could have obtained patronage against a male competitor.

So it was, you remember, when I opened a dry-goods store. I could not buy my goods as cheaply as men do, and of course could not sell as cheaply; and I know that some ladies actually charged their friends never to go to a "woman's store," unless they meant to be cheated, "things are always so dear there." Then it must be that we cannot buy at the same advantage, and that must be somebody's fault. There must be something wrong, if we cannot buy and sell at prices as low as men do, without being ruined, as I was. Never did I feel more satisfied that I was laboring, as a woman should labor, in a vocation most fitting for my sex, than when I stood behind my own counter. Those who knew all about my business-transactions said that I manifested both energy and judgment; yet the customers flocked into the store of a tall, muscular, powerful young man opposite me, whom God meant for a sailor or a farmer; and I dwindled into a seller of thread and needles, and at last—failed. Oh, the anxiety and final agony, when I found that it must be so! and my thousand dollars half gone!

I have been running over the thing in my own mind, till facts overwhelm me; and I see plainly that we women have not a fair chance in the struggle for support.

You remember how warmly you and all my friends used to admire my reading English poetry, in those happy youthful days when our little circle met from house to house in B——. I trust I was not vain of the accomplishment; but in my utter uncertainty whither to turn, just after my failure in business, I consulted some friends about giving some readings in public; and they begged me not to think of any thing so masculine. I acknowledge that my heart throbbed fearfully at the idea of confronting the gaze of many strange eyes in a public hall; but the love of my children, and the necessity of exertion, would have taught me to control such emotions, and I could have found many a page of literature so well adapted to my voice and feelings that I could have thrown my whole soul into reading, and beguiled the winter evenings with an innocent and refining entertainment. But no! the reader's platform must be reserved for men. I shrunk from the charge of lacking feminine modesty, and so gave up the chance of turning one of the few talents God has given me to any useful purpose. I have not even dared before to tell *you* of this broken plan.

If I can only get along till Arthur is able to exert himself, then will my anxieties cease. He has fine powers; and, if I can but give him an education, he will enter the field with that prodigious advantage of *sex* in his favor. His sisters are as intelligent and earnest as he; but, alas! to how little purpose, so far as their ability to plunge into the terrible struggle for support is concerned! I have some hopes, however, from Fanny's uncommonly fine ear for music; and, young as she is, I have her already in training to become a teacher.

For myself, think how little time I now have for writing to you, my dear brother. I take in needlework; I make fine shirts. It is profitable; but oh, the "song of the shirt" rings in my ears from morning till night! It is "stitch, stitch, stitch!" till my side aches, my fingers ache, my head aches, my heart aches. I do my own housework now, except the help my little girls give me; and sometimes it is all the exercise I have for a fortnight. When a dozen shirts must be finished by a *certain* day, for fear of offending my employers if I disappoint them, of course I give up the fresh air, and swallow my meals so hastily that they almost choke me; and I sit up so late that I get excited, and

cannot sleep well when I do lay my weary head at last on the pillow.

Oh that I were a man! I cannot help it, Walter. I would that I were a man! No man ever wished himself a woman; no boy ever wished himself a girl. But I do believe that many a struggling, toiling woman has sighed from the bottom of her suffering heart, because she had not been born of the other sex. I can see that even my little girls do almost envy their brother at his studies and his healthful sports. I can understand it, and can perceive how their energetic natures will, for a long time, fret in bonds. Even so far as the physical being is concerned, is it not strange that those whose delicate and nervous constitutions most require exercise in the open air, are, by the customary occupations of their sex, confined almost wholly to the house? If I cannot be a man, I wish I were an Indian squaw. I would work, I would serve, I would tramp the woods with the burden on my back, so that I might be blessed with the strong frame of that much-pitied daughter of the wilds.

"The sea, the sea, the open sea!"

No, it is for the open air that I long and pine. It is my life: body and spirit both crave it.

EXTRACT FIFTH.

And now let me try to remember something of my last letter. I was in a sad state then, and probably said some strange, wild things; for, while I was writing, I felt as if I were going crazy. I was writing on Sunday; all that week, till twelve on Saturday night, I had been putting the needle in and out, in and out! sitting in a close little room, till it seemed to swim round with me; and, whenever I looked up, I saw the flame of the candle wherever I turned my twinkling eyes. After I went to bed, my fingers would twitch, and my back would ache! Ah! how I envied the ploughman!

And when those twelve shirts were finished and sent home, I received twelve dollars. But first I waited seven weeks, and was sick four weeks out of the seven, and ran in debt fifteen dollars!

My dear brother, perhaps I wrote incoherently in my last, ex-

travagantly, foolishly; but I did utter some sober truth, be sure. No man regrets his sex; thousands of women mourn secretly over theirs. What means this tremendous fact? They talk of the anxious lives men lead, on whom falls the responsibility of labor, of supporting a family; but what shall be said of a woman, when the same responsibility falls on her, as it often does? At how many of the avenues to competency stands man, blocking up the entrance! She is thrust back from one; she is scoffed back from another; she is *lured* only towards that which leads to false, fiery gains, that scorch the fingers which grasp them.

I have no restless ambition, no desire of power, Walter. It is not in his public life that I envy man. No, no! After all, I would not become a man; I thank God I am not one. I had a gentle, mighty influence in one heart, and it was kingdom enough for me. I still behold the eyes of my bright manly boy turned reverently to me for counsel, and it is power enough for me. And his fame will be fame enough for me. And the good that I do through him will widen my circle of influence as far as I desire. Yet I still feel that there is something wrong in the customs of society, in the ways of thinking among men about us. Changes have been going on, are going on; and they must, they will go on, for our advantage. I know not what may happen, or what can be done to accelerate them; but it is a comfort to think that God knows. God is providing. All that "right-minded women" need will be given them.

EXTRACT SIXTH.

I remember writing to you, some years ago, in a very bitter mood, because of my womanhood; and you scolded me a little; and, after the custom of your sex, have teased me a little about it in many of your letters since. I have never been able to make you understand exactly what I lamented, or what I wanted. In fact, my own notions are very vague.

I see that hitherto, in the world's history, women have been excluded by custom and prejudice from many employments which they could discharge as well as men. Is it not so?

I see the probability of mighty changes in this respect; and that whatever women can *do well*, they will find opportunities of doing, as readily as men can.

I see that now the labor of women, compared with that of men, is underpaid. One of my daughters is now undermining her constitution as teacher in a public school, for which her salary is half that of a man, who teaches little more than she does, needs no more, and suffers less. And my youngest daughter has obtained a few scholars in music; and, with her exquisite voice and taste, she dares not ask one-third of what Mr. Carnfeldt receives.

EXTRACT SEVENTH.

God bless you, dear brother! Oh, I thank Him from the bottom of my soul. I forget my raging headaches, my half-blinded eyes, my constitution, broken with toil and anxiety, in the thought of seeing you once more. And you are coming home, as you proposed years ago, with enough for us all. Generous brother!


And yet the thought comes back, When did a woman ever make a fortune? Why must woman be dependent?

Ah! something within me asks these questions; but I believe it is a higher something which whispers that it is sweet to lean on those who love. Arthur is prospering too; and the time has come when he declares that he must see his mother and sisters toil no more beyond their strength.

But if you and he support us, dear Walter, will there be nothing in the world for us to do? Ah! in how many ways we can work for you, for him, for others! Some things in woman's lot may and will be mended. But how many are beautifully right!

L. J. H.

WHEN the time for saying *Why* comes, let us say it with a stout heart of faith; let us wrestle with truth, as Jacob wrestled with the angel, and refuse to part from it, until it gives us its blessing. But to precipitate this time in children is unwise and unkind, and produces minds all sail and no ballast, which are driven along before every puff of wind, in momentary danger of upsetting; minds which catch fire from their own restless revolutions. — *Hare's Victory of Faith.*



KNOWLEDGE A HANDMAID OF RELIGION.

MY DEAR B——, I confess myself surprised by your letter just received. You tell me that you are astonished to find a man of so varied and extensive learning as Mr. A. at the same time an earnest and devout Christian; and you ask me why his case is so rare; why eminently intellectual men are generally immoral or atheistic; why knowledge is so sorely at variance with religion; why ignorance is the mother of devotion. Now, I certainly am willing to answer you; but I must do it by denying all that you seem to hold as certain facts.

You remember, doubtless, that, as Christian and Hopeful went down from the Delectable Mountains along the highway toward the city, they met, at the entrance of a little crooked lane which led from the country of Conceit, a very brisk lad, whose name was Ignorance, who vexed the simple pilgrims by his arrogant readiness to jangle on subjects of which he had no knowledge. Bunyan has shown here, I believe, his wonderful knowledge of human nature, and his recognition of a truth I hope to convince you of, namely, that ignorance is no help to true religion. Certainly, I believe that religion is eminently a *sentiment*; that all devoutness of life and all spiritual growth must originate in the regeneration of the heart; that Christ, as a Teacher and as a Redeemer, speaks first to the affections. The history of the race and the experience of each man attest the truth of Byron's famous line, which was an intense reality to the poet's own baffled and wretched life:—

“The tree of knowledge is not that of life.”

But we must not forget that they grew side by side in the centre of Eden, their intertwining roots fostered by the same sunshine and the same rain. The commandments of Christ are exceeding-broad: he recognizes no one-sidedness as a preparation for entrance to his kingdom; he calls for the consecration of the *whole* man to the Father's service; he bids us *love* the Lord our God with all our mind, as well as with all our heart and all our soul. Surely God has not implanted in us a natural and resistless desire of knowledge, and at the same time made the gratification of that desire the necessary ruin of our souls.

You tell me that the apostle says, "Knowledge puffeth up," and "knowledge shall vanish away." But I think, if you study his meaning, you will find that he *does not* censure all knowledge, but only knowledge "falsely so called," and knowledge devoted to the service of Satan. Paul himself is an illustrious proof that knowledge is a vast power for *good*, a strong support to religious faith, when it is penetrated with the spirit of Christ. His long study at the feet of Gamaliel, his thorough acquaintance with Jewish and Pagan learning, his keen and subtle logic, fitted him to grapple successfully with Jewish rabbis and Greek philosophers, and to declare the unknown God to the Athenians on Mars' Hill, or the pure and *weak* Redeemer to the proud and licentious Romans, and to place Christianity in a clear and strong light for the guidance and trust of all believers. What! do not you and I, my friend, owe to Paul's knowledge as well as to John's love? Can you remember how, during the black midnight of the Dark Ages, the light of Christianity was kept glimmering in the cloisters of learned monks, and that it was by their faithful guardianship that the truths of Christ's teachings were preserved for us, and still say religion owes nothing to knowledge? Have you forgotten, that Erasmus and Luther and Melancthon were famous for their learning as well as for their piety; and that, had it not been for their liberal studies, we might to-day be the servants of the religious hierarchy, whose policy is to keep its followers in the bondage of ignorance? Have you not read in the records of prisons and almshouses, that ignorance is the fast friend of vice and want?

Yet, in spite of these warning vices from the past and present, you ridicule the idea of knowledge ever being a helpmeet to religion; and say that "if we may but get contentedly through the world, and safely to heaven at last, all our earthly knowledge is utterly worthless." Will you forgive me if I say, that such a wish for contentment is the offspring of a selfish and querulous discontent, rather than of a Christian resignation and trust? That is not a healthy soul which is *always* looking to heaven as a mere resting-place for the weary. Such a spiritual tone ill accords with the constant and active benevolence which is here, and may be there, the test and the employment of virtue. We are not made pilgrims here to walk with eyes so fixed on heaven that we stumble and fall over the duties of earth. To be sure, we ought

to live contentedly; but we must not seek contentment in idleness or dotage, but in doing every duty to God, to man, and to ourselves. We must cultivate our intellects as well as our hearts; or our Lord, at his coming, will find some of our talents buried in the earth. Our consciences may not be burdened with the memory of flagrant crimes; but sins of omission are as fatal as sins of commission. Our faculties are to be educated, as well as our evil passions subdued. If we would be "chimed to our grave with the music of a good conscience," we must not only eschew knowledge of falsehood and evil, but grow in knowledge of truth and goodness. If we would have our life end in heaven, it must be, not a stagnant pool, but a running stream.

It may be, that all our earthly knowledge is infinitely small, when compared with what we may attain in an eternal future; still it is not utterly contemptible. The processes by which we learned the alphabet were long since forgotten, together with all the drudgery of early discipline; yet, without them, we could not have outgrown imbecility. So our earthly knowledge may be but the dry alphabet of the heavenly knowledge, and yet the former may be essential to the latter. Even now, we get a high — though not the highest — apprehension of the wisdom and goodness of God through the intuitions and perceptions of our intellect. As we understand more of the laws of nature and of the proximate causes of things, we are more strongly forced to bow in humility before the Infinite Intelligence, in whose nature those laws originate, and those causes centre. Our knowledge becomes vastly significant, when in the instincts of a bee we recognize the work of an Infinite Geometer; when in the growing leaves and opening buds of the summer flower we discern a symmetry and a plan which attest the workmanship of God.

Knowledge is not incompatible with love. The affections are not necessarily palsied by the increased activity of the intellect. But knowledge is rather a strong stimulus to piety, reverence, and love. The stronger beatings of the heart quicken the brain also into a more vigorous life. The children of true knowledge are not pride and self-sufficiency, but humility and awe. Only charlatans in science presumptuously advertise the possession of unlimited powers. Men, as Lord Bacon has said, must enter the kingdom of ideas, as well as the kingdom of heaven, like little children. The higher we ascend in knowledge, the deeper will be

our faith, sincerity, and truthfulness. "A *little* learning is a dangerous thing," not full and deep learning. Bacon, in his *Essay on Atheism*, says: "It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for, while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no farther; but, when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to providence and Deity." The greatest and wisest men are always ready to repeat the sublime words of Newton, and count themselves "but children gathering pebbles on the shore of the boundless ocean of truth." It was a beautiful tradition of the Jews, that among the archangels of heaven there are cherubim as well as seraphim, — angels of perfect knowledge as well as angels of perfect love.

There is a tendency, I think, at this time to undervalue knowledge as a help to religion and to civilization. Men are ready enough to seek knowledge at the bidding of pride or ambition or curiosity, but not to consecrate it to Christ. The practical and the useful are claiming too exclusive a sway in prejudice to the just demands of the theoretical. The practical sciences are trying to push the classics from their vantage-ground in education. Reproaches are cast upon the science of theology; and ministers are told to study men's hearts and lives more and books less, to live amid the realities of action, and leave the mouse-eaten folios of learning to lie entombed in the thick dust of libraries. Now, there is some truth in this. A pedant or a mere scholar cannot be a true minister, any more than a "dictionary of dates" can be a history, or than a skeleton without flesh and blood and a living soul can be a man. It is doubtless better to have the piety of a "Dairyman's Daughter" than the learning of a scoffing Diderot; but it is better than either to have the learning and the piety of a Newton or a Chalmers. The gospel, that makes men free, "is not the patron or the parasite of ignorance." The "brisk lad" that came from the country of Conceit was ferried over the river by Vain Hope; but he was carried back to the door in the side of the hill; and the last vision of Bunyan's dream was, that there is a hell even from the gate of Heaven, as well as from the city of Destruction.

"Add," says the inspired apostle, "add to your faith, virtue;

and to your virtue, *knowledge*." From the violation of this precept has come much of the world's sin and misery. Men have stopped with an ignorant though devoted faith, with an unenlightened though sincere virtue; or they have sought to make knowledge the ground-work of their progress, without faith, without virtue; forgetting that, while Solomon has said "that the soul be without knowledge, it is not good," a far greater than Solomon has said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you."

But you must be weary of this epistolary preaching. Next time I will try to sermonize less and gossip more. Yours,

E. S.

UNHISTORIC WORTH.

TRUE worth is for the most part unhistoric, and so of all the beneficent causes and powers included in the lives of simply worthy men; causes most fundamental and efficient, as regards the well-being and public name of communities. They are such as flow in silence, like the great powers of nature. Indeed, we say of history, and say rightly, that it is a record of *e-vents*, — that is, of turnings out, points where the silence is broken by something apparently not in the regular flow of common life; just as electricity, piercing the world in its silent equilibrium, holding all atoms to their places, and quickening even the life of our bodies, becomes historic only when it thunders; though it does nothing more in its thunder than simply to notify us, by so great a noise, of the breach of its connections and the disturbance of its silent work. Besides, in our historic pictures, we are obliged to sink particulars in generals, and so to gather, under the name of a prominent few, what is really done by nameless multitudes. These, we say, led out the colonies; these raised up the states and communities; these fought the battles. And so we make a vicious inversion of the truth; representing as causes those who, after all, are not so much causes as effects, not so much powers as instruments, in the occasions signalized by their names, — caps only of foam, that roll conspicuous in the sun, lifted still by the deep under-swell of waters hid from the eye. — *Dr. Bushnell's Kings and Queens of Homespun.*

ANECDOTAL.

MRS. KNOWLES affected to complain to Dr. Johnson that men had much more liberty allowed them than women. "Why, madam," replied the doctor, "we have all the labor and the danger, and the women all the advantage. We go to sea; we build houses; we do every thing, in short, to pay our court to women."

"You reason very wittily, but not convincingly," replied Mrs. Knowles. "Now, take for instance the matter of building: the mason's wife, if she is ever seen in liquor, is ruined; the mason may himself get drunk as often as he pleases, with little loss of character; nay, may let his wife and children starve."

"Madam," said Johnson, "if the mason does himself get drunk and let his family starve, you must consider the parish will oblige him to find security for their maintenance. We have different modes of restraining evil, — stocks for the men, a ducking-stool for women, and a pound for beasts. If we require more perfection from women than men, it is doing them honor. And women have not the same temptations we have; they may always live in virtuous company: men must mix with the world indiscriminately. If a woman has no inclination to do wrong, being secured from it is no restraint. I am at liberty to walk in the river Thames; but, if I were to try it, I should soon be restrained in Bedlam."

"Still, doctor," reasoned the lady, "I cannot help the thinking it a hardship that more indulgence is allowed to men than women. It gives a superiority to men to which I do not see how they are entitled."

"It is plain, madam, one or the other must have the superiority," replied the doctor. "As Shakspeare says, 'If two ride on a horse, one must ride behind.'"

"But," said Mr. Dilly, "I suppose, sir, Mrs. Knowles would have them ride in panniers, one on each side."

"Then, sir, the horse would throw them both," answered Johnson.

"Well, I hope there is another world where the sexes *will* be equal," pursued Mrs. Knowles.

"That is being too ambitious, madam," retorted Johnson, "*we* might as well desire to be equal with the angels. We shall all hope to be happy in the future state; but we must not all expect to be happy in the same degree. It is enough if we be happy according to our several capacities. A worthy carman will get to heaven as well as Sir Isaac Newton; yet, though equally good, both will not have the same degrees of happiness."

David Hume used to say, a little miss, going to dance at a ball in a fine new dress, was as happy as a great orator after having made an eloquent and applauded speech. Dr. Johnson remarked, "A pail does not hold as much as a tub; but, if it be equally full, it has no reason to complain." Mr. Dilly thought this a clear illustration of the phrase, "One star differeth from another star in glory."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Natural History of the Human Species: its Typical Forms, Primeval Distribution, Filiations, and Migrations. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. By Lieut.-Colonel Charles Hamilton Smith, President of the Devon and Cornwall Natural Hist. Society, &c., &c. *With a Preliminary Abstract of the Views of Blumenbach, Prichard, Bachman, Agassiz, and other authors of repute, on the subject.* By S. Kneeland, Jun., M.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59, Washington-street. 1851. f

COLONEL SMITH has condensed into a volume of moderate size the researches of a long and laborious life; presenting matter of great interest to scientific students in a scientific phraseology. So much learning on the subject of the distribution and physical characteristics of the human race has hardly been compressed before into so small a compass. On the question, so much agitated of late, of the original unity or diversity of origin, the author leans to the latter hypothesis, with Prof. Agassiz, Van Amringe, and others; though he adopts the impartial method of exhibiting the arguments on both sides, leaving the reader to form his own opinion. The engravings of the different types are very perfect. Col. Smith seems throughout to have pursued his investigations with

the enthusiasm of the antiquary and the genealogist combined, with little of a poet's expression.

Arvine's Cyclopedia of Anecdotes, of Literature, and the Fine Arts.

This serial publication, in the hands of Gould & Lincoln, has reached its fourth number, and the one thousand six hundred and sixty-fifth story. One would hardly suppose there could be such an enormous amount of anecdotes in literature. Read continuously, a collection like this would be as insufferably tedious and unprofitable, as an individual whose conversation is composed entirely of the same material. It needs a wise man to use anecdotes well; but, wisely used, they would enliven many a dull discourse. A large proportion of the pages before us are occupied with historical and biographical facts of a really important character, — the editor being careful to discriminate between history and imagination; and one can scarcely dip in anywhere without finding amusement.

C. S. FRANCIS, in New York, and J. H. FRANCIS, in Boston, are issuing a course of juvenile books, under the general title of *Francis & Co.'s Little Library for Young Persons of Various Ages*. From what examination we have been able to give them, and from the opinions of competent judges, we are led to believe they are remarkably happy specimens in their department; and persons in search of children's books for the approaching holidays will do well to call at 128, Washington-street, or 252, Broadway. We have received the following: —

“Right and Wrong, or the History of Rosa and Agnes; The Affectionate Brothers, by Mrs. Hofland; The Blind Farmer, by Mrs. Hofland; The Sisters, a Domestic Tale, by Mrs. Hofland; The Whisperer, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.”

Our friends CROSBY & NICHOLS have contrived something new for the children, and quite fascinating. Here is a neat pasteboard box, about five inches by six, into which are snugly packed a dozen little volumes, well designed, well written, well printed, and prettily illustrated. Take off the cover, and the whole — box and all — may be set up conveniently in a book-case, presenting a bright row of thin gilt-edged books. It is a great invention of little books for large families of small people. The titles are: —

“The Alphabet of Birds; The Alphabet of Animals; the Young Rabbit Fancier; Annie and the Elves; Stories and Legends;

The Boa Constrictor; Johnny and Maggie; The Princess Unca; Lucy's Canary; Christmas Eve; Rose Tremaine; Just in Time; The Morning Walk."

Slavery in the United States; its Evils, Alleviations and Remedies.

It is not necessary to assent to every statement or argument in a treatise like this, in order to appreciate its exalted spirit, admire its judicial calmness, or acknowledge its power. To find that, after all attempts and failures, a topic so beset with points of irritation and prejudice on every side, embittering men's temper just in proportion as it involves their interests or their pride of opinion, and making them the more intolerant as it enlists their moral sympathies on the one side, or their consciousness of loyalty on the other, can be treated at once ably and dispassionately, — affords a satisfaction of no ordinary kind. It positively buttresses up our general confidence in human right-mindedness, and clarifies the mephitic air. One such contribution of clear, strong, wholesome thought to a vexed question of public and profound concern, like American slavery, is worth all the ephemeral matter that gets abroad, under the name of "splendid writing," in a year. To have made that contribution is honor and labor enough for a year of any educated man's life. And although we find it extremely difficult to moderate our hopes of negro emancipation within the limits proposed by the views of this article, we are ready to believe that the scheme it contemplates promises as practicable and as early a solution of the problem as any yet definitely proposed, while it offers certain and vast benefits to Africa. It is probably known to most of our readers, that the pamphlet before us is reprinted from the North American Review, and is written by Rev. Ephraim Peabody, D.D., of Boston.

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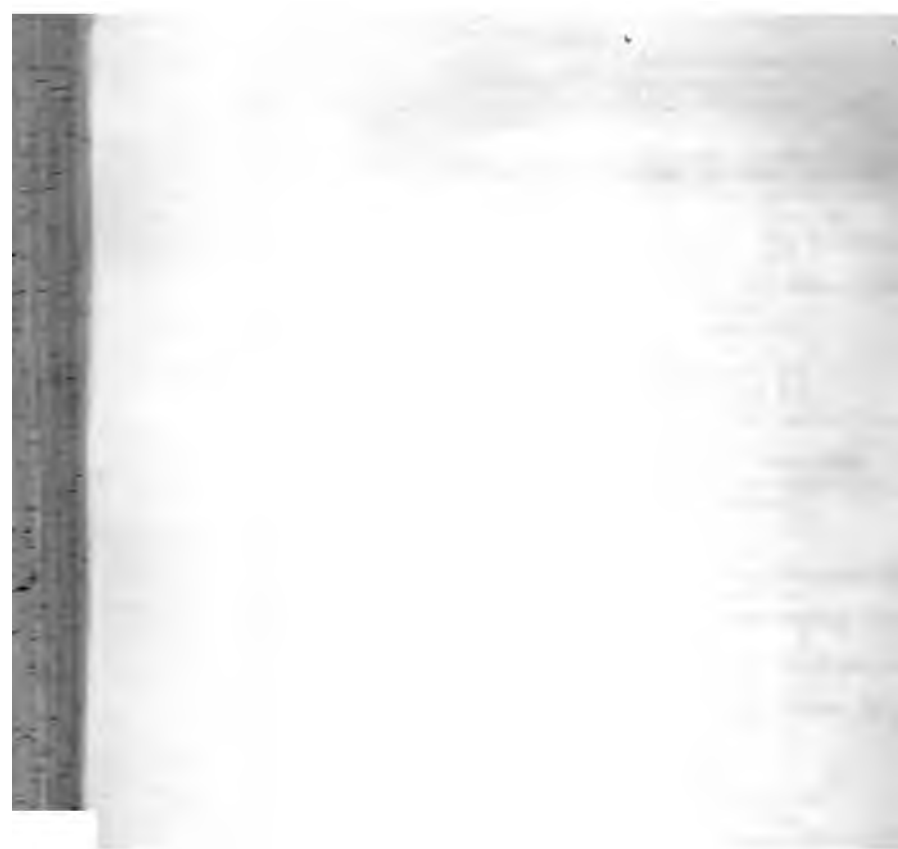
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